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A Hop Down Memory Lane

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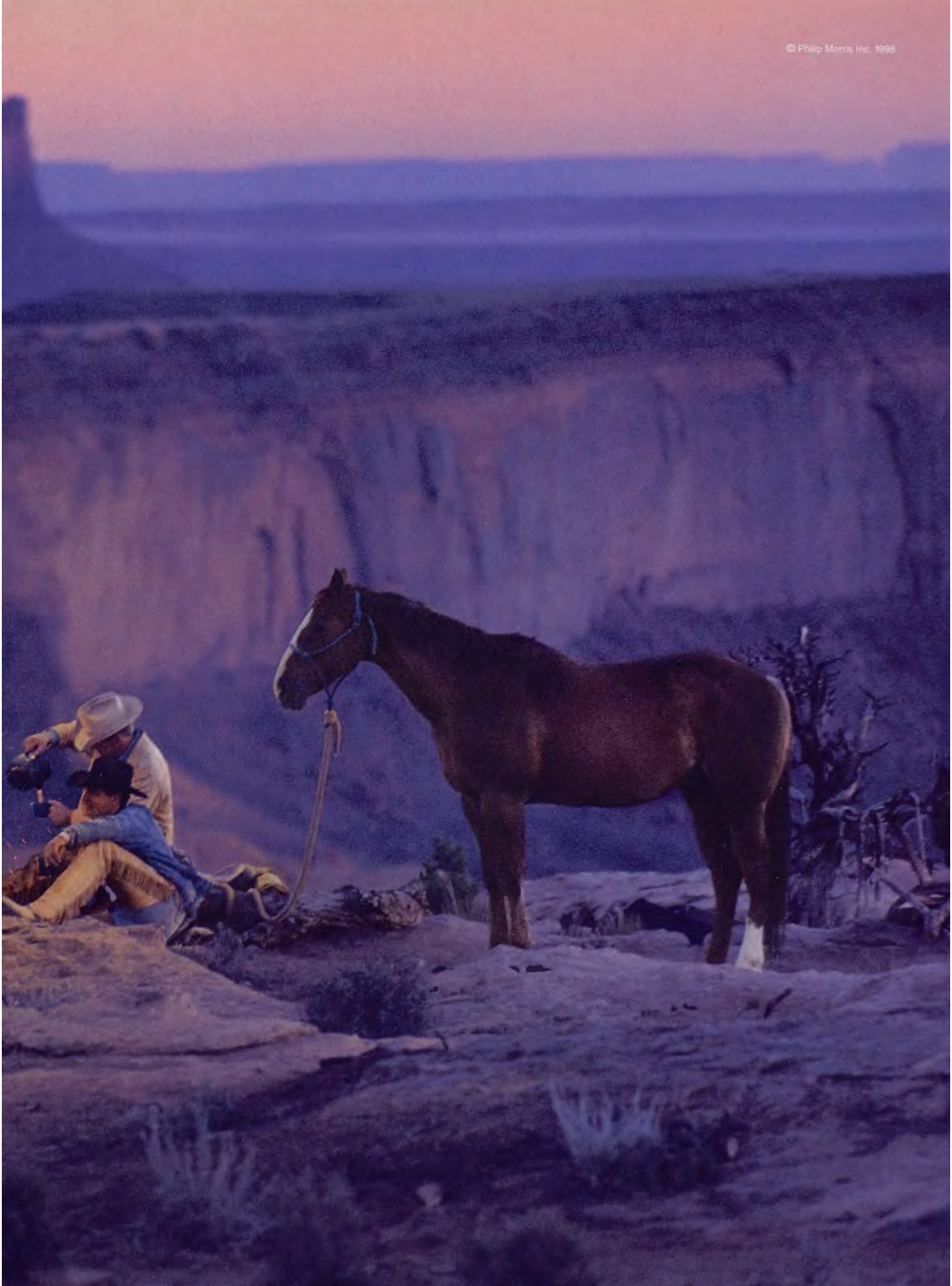
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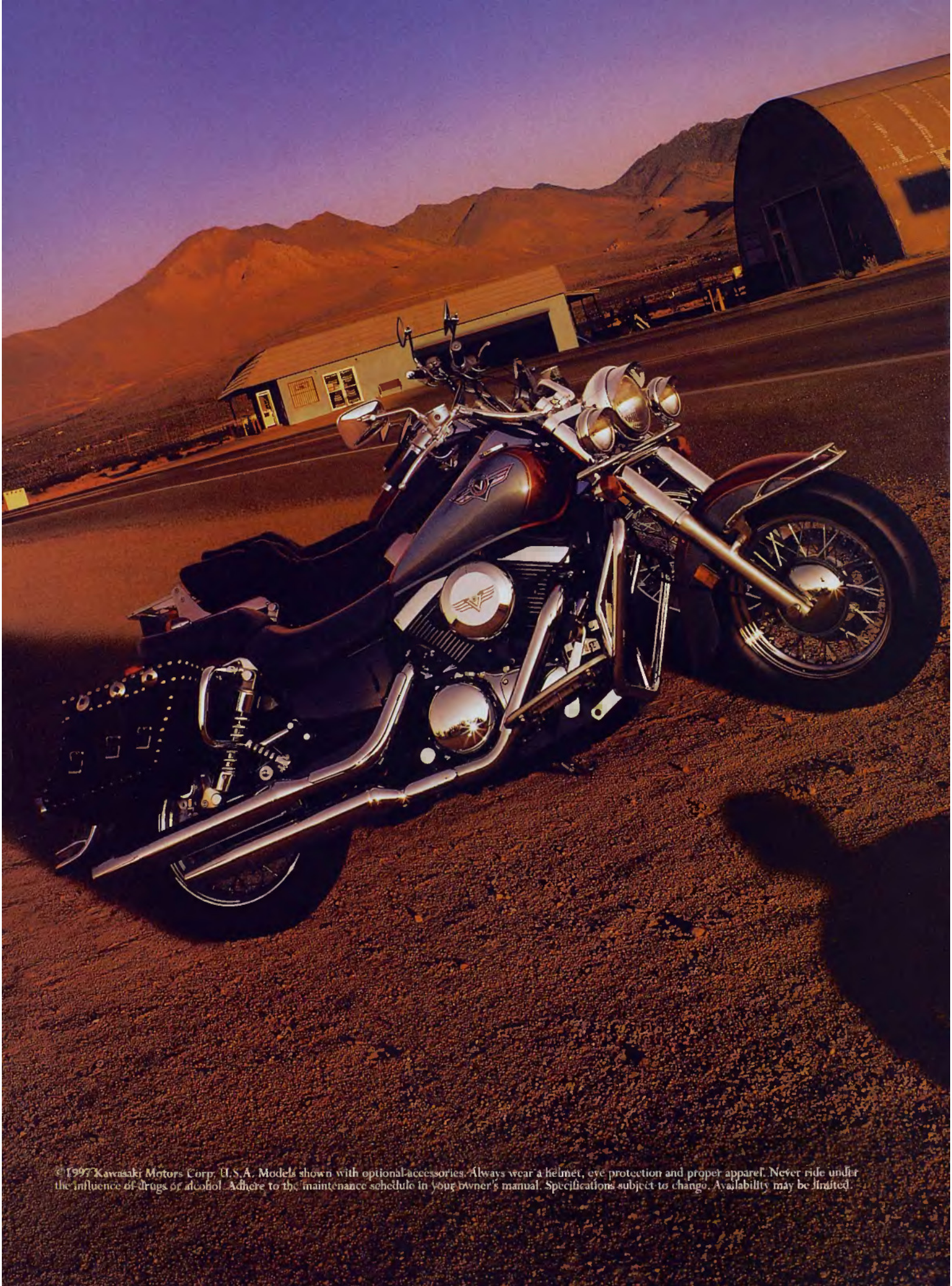

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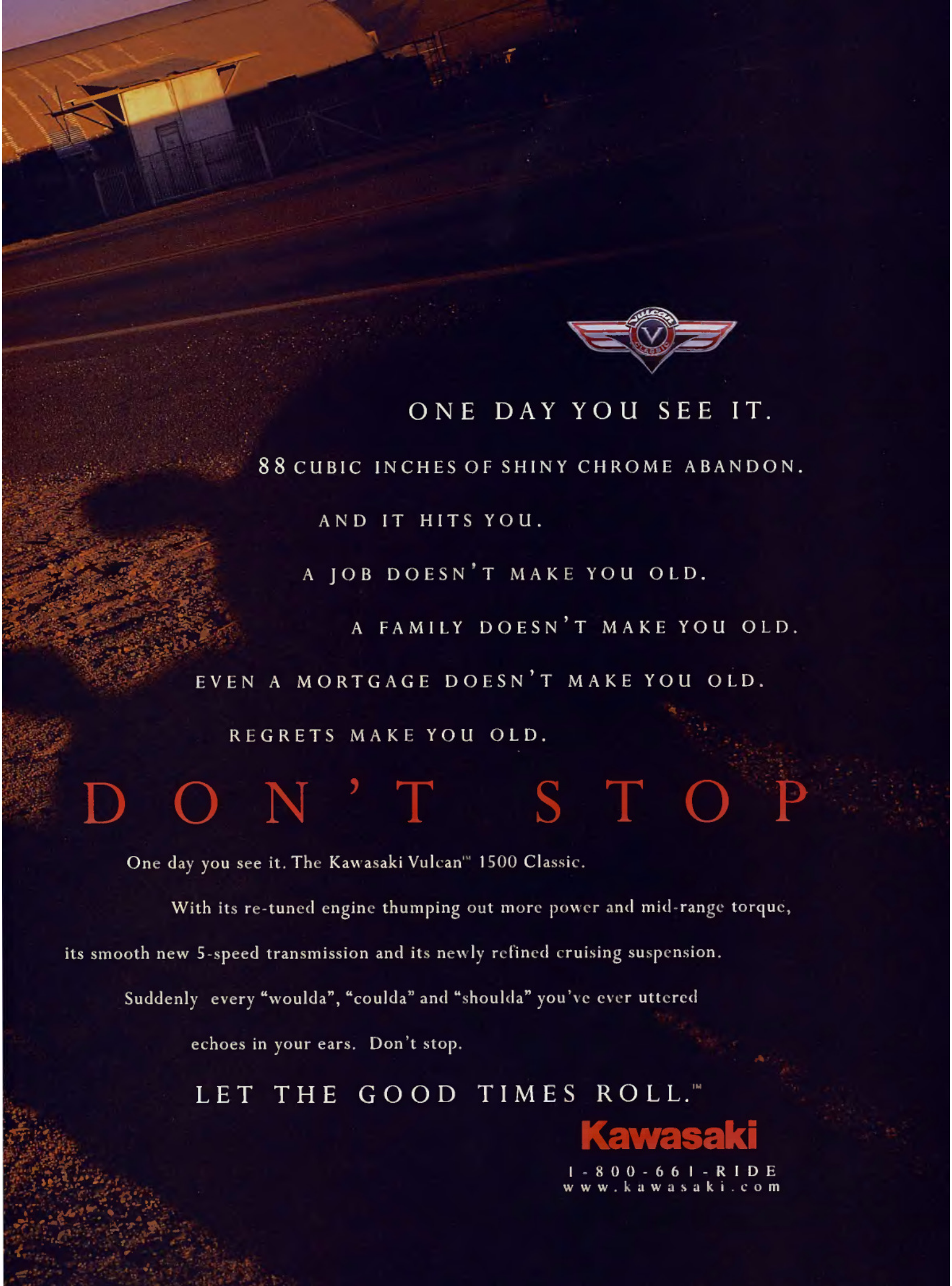
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You have two more wishes.

OUR AGENDA this month involves international affairs of state. In front, up top and on the cover is zesty Ginger Spice, a.k.a. **Geri Halliwell,** member of the tongue-in-cheeky Spice Girls. To date, Halliwell has pinched a royal ass and failed to curtsy before the Queen for fear of spilling out of her dress. She should know—in her pre-Spice days she was a nude model. The piquant pictorial *Spice Girl* (no clothes, no music!) is fresh Ginger.

Political commentator **Arianna Huffington** infuriates liberals not because she's conservative but because she's conservative and funny. Put Huffington in a hot tub with Bill Clinton (who, even before Paula Corbin Jones, was accused of having a rightward bent), add a gimlet eye of Newt and what do you get? *Bubba Bubble*, a biting excerpt from Huffington's new, satirical book, *Greetings From the Lincoln Bedroom* (Crown). The Monica Lewinsky scandal broke shortly after we acquired this steamy property, so Huffington updated the spoof for us—it read a bit too much like nonfiction. (The art is by eminent caricaturist **Sebastian Kruger.**) **Elizabeth Ward Gracen,** Miss America 1982, was once numbered among all the president's women. When she posed for **Richard Fegley** during Clinton's first campaign, the tight-lipped actress proved to be the classiest and certainly the most beautiful of Super Fly's alleged conquests. Today Elizabeth's still not talking about Slick Willie. But that doesn't matter; her poses in *Amazing Gracen* will have you pulling Democratic.

Speaking of good sports, artist **LeRoy Neiman** is a world champion when it comes to capturing pro athletes in paint. At last year's Masters, Neiman created a portfolio of images for *Tiger at Play*, a visual homage to golf superstar **Tiger Woods.** For the accompanying text, we turned to **John Andrisani.** He's a free-swinging golf pro who has written books with everyone from Fred Couples to Woods' instructor. (His latest is *The Short Game Magic of Tiger Woods*, published by Crown.)

We spend way too much time thinking and talking about it, yet hardly any time doing it. Thankfully we have **Scott Adams** and his hugely popular cartoon strip *Dilbert* to help us laugh about work. Now comes his *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor **David Sheff.** In it, Adams analyzes cubism (how cubicles depersonalize us and rob us of privacy). He also talks about the sex-charged atmosphere at Microsoft and reveals new ways of getting paid for having fun. As director of *Reality Bites* and star of *Flirting With Disaster*, second-generation actor **Ben Stiller** also provides the middle class with comic relief. In a *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane,** Stiller calls TV a narcotic and says *Get Shorty* is a bad title for a porn film (this from a guy who spent a day sporting a fake boner on camera).

Men adapt to any situation. We love adventure. We also have penises and know how to use them. These are just three of the *Twenty-Five Things Men Do Right in Bed*, as reported by Playboy Advisor **Chip Rowe.** The article is our long-overdue response to all those foolish sitcom cracks and women's magazine rants. No, we're not asking you to believe Chip—the praise comes from dozens of satisfied women. *Bunny Memories*, an excerpt from *The Bunny Years* (Pomegranate) by **Kathryn Leigh Scott** (Bunny Kay), is another sexy tale with a happy ending. Scott contacted members of her elite sorority, including actor Lauren Hutton and rock star Deborah Harry, for stories of hopping good times, and offers anecdotes about feminist mata hari Gloria Steinem.

In our *Baseball Preview* **Kevin Cook** weighs realignment and expansion and says not to pick the Braves. Even Bobby Cox admits the fall classic is a crapshoot. (Either that or he's a lousy manager.) If short-term suspense is your thing, turn to *Netmail* by **Brendan DuBois** (art by **Robert Giusti**). The message "You have mail" has never been so creepy. To get back in the mood, check out *Make It Champagne* by **Gary Regan** and **Mardee Haidin Regan.** And while you're at it, toast Playmate **Deanna Brooks.** She's naturally intoxicating.

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COVER STORY

Sugar, spice and everything nice: That's what Ginger is made of. The Spice Girls' unofficial ringleader, Ginger (born Geraldine Estelle Halliwell) says, "My largest muscle and my biggest asset is my brain." You may also note a few of Ginger's other assets in this month's pictorial, which proves that Spice is the variety of life. Thanks to Richard Young and Rex USA Ltd. for our cover photo.

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THE PLAYBOY PRESIDENT

BY HUGH M. HEFNER

Kevin Siers, a political cartoonist for *The Charlotte Observer*, was the first to see it. He put together the world's most sophisticated logo—the Playboy Rabbit Head—and the world's most powerful seal, that of the president of the U.S.

We have a playboy in the White House. And depending on the poll, as many as 65 percent of Americans think that's just fine. President Clinton has become a sort of sexual Rorschach. I have been in a similar position for more than 40 years. As I said in a *Playboy Interview* 24 years ago, I enjoy the public's fantasies about my life almost as much as I do the way I really live. And I can't deny being amused at the mixed reactions I arouse.

Columnists and commentators characterize the president as a rake, babe magnet, alpha male, hound dog, a man fascinated with the opposite sex. *Newsweek* magazine reported that when Vernon Jordan was asked early this year at a party what he and Clinton talk about on the golf course, the answer was simple: "Pussy."

It is the one great mystery, the one genuine grace note, the one true power. It is guaranteed to bring out a sense of play in a grown man, and it holds us in its sway from adolescence until death.

In one sense, that answer sums up the conversation this magazine has had with its readers for decades. There are some who say the conversation is degrading or disrespectful. The truth, one that fuels the president's approval rating, is that awe, curiosity and just plain horny obsession are forms of respect.

Try as it may, the puritan mob will not be able to put Clinton into the stocks. Most Americans look at the president and say, "More power to him. We didn't elect him to be the Pope." And that is a triumph in the history of the sexual revolution.

The president's enemies are enemies of sex. Hillary is right: There is a conservative cartel out to get the president—and anybody else who is openly sexual. It never ceases to amaze me how a handful of self-appointed protectors of our moral fabric can command the machinery of government.

It is a continuing saga: A few moral charlatans—from Charles Keating to Jerry Falwell, from Ed Meese to Bill Bennett, from Pat Robertson to the Reverend Donald Wildmon—have sought to impose their will on the nation. I saw it happen when zealous prosecutors went after Lenny Bruce, when bluenoses in Cincinnati had a museum director arrested on obscenity charges for exhibiting photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe, when a fanatic like Randall Terry, founder of Operation Rescue, incites action against Barnes & Noble for selling books by David Hamilton and Jock Sturges. The attempted character assassination of Clinton may be the final battle in this century-long culture war.

Conservative publisher Alfred Regnery, who has published several books attacking Clinton's politics and peccadilloes, used to head the Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. While he was there he gave rabid antisex crusader Judith Reisman more than $700,000 to look at cartoons in PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* in hopes of concocting a link between sexual imagery, children and crime. Regnery also gave one of Ed Meese's friends a $4 million noncompetitive grant to set up a program at Pepperdine University. (The same Pepperdine that waved money and position at Ken Starr, to reward him for his attempts to bring down the president.)

A lawyer associated with the Rutherford Institute (a think tank avowedly devoted to religious freedom) filed a frivolous lawsuit on Reisman's behalf against the Kinsey Institute. She has long claimed that the sexual revolution was a conspiracy, that Kinsey fabricated statistics, that homosexuals are a deviant minority. Reisman and conservative Pat Buchanan also fanatically opposed Clinton's attempt to protect gays in the military, as did Falwell.

I was not surprised when the Rutherford Institute became involved in the Paula Jones case, helping her to find and pay for new lawyers when her previous ones quit. Or that Judith Reisman now passes herself off as an expert on sexual harassment. The issue is not sexual harassment but the annihilation of sexual freedom.

What does the public support for Clinton augur? I think it means we have at last come of age. We do not expect our leaders to be the stuff of McGuffey's *Readers*. They are living, breathing, sexual beings. We don't ask, they don't tell. In this regard, it is proper to keep sex in the closet, especially if there's someone else with you.

Whatever the truth of the allegations against Clinton, our sexual Rorschach test has been enlightening. We have had a national teach-in on the sex lives of former presidents, on oral sex and seduction, on the value of tiny gifts and late-night phone calls, on discretion and reckless abandon. The sexually charged atmosphere of the White House has lit a thousand points of lust—around watercoolers, on the Internet, in bedrooms, on telephones—and a thousand points of tolerance.

We are human. We are sexual. Now let's get on with life.

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WHY WOMEN SAY YES

Two things became clear to me as I read Alison Lundgren and Tracey Pepper's article *Why Women Say Yes* (February). Every woman wants something different from a man, and women don't base their attraction on tangible things like clothing, cologne, cars or cigars. No wonder men haven't figured out what women want.

Douglas Gray
San Leandro, California

Sound the trumpets and release the hounds. Our sexual freedom is at hand. After reading *Why Women Say Yes*, I'm confident. Now we know that what every woman wants is either a Don Juan or a passive-aggressive paranoid schizophrenic. My advice to men: Be yourself without being too much of a pig and things will usually work out. And if that fails, at least we'll always have the beautiful women of PLAYBOY.

Todd Fontaine
Gulfport, Mississippi

There is no common reason why women say yes. I don't feel I've learned any secrets about women, because it all comes down to pushing the right buttons and hoping you'll win her over. Perhaps that's why another term for getting laid is getting lucky.

Steve Larsen
Newport Beach, California

CONAN O'BRIEN

The *Playboy Interview* with Conan O'Brien (February) is everything a great interview should be. I'm still laughing. He's the funniest comedian-entertainer-interviewer out there. Now let's hear from Andy, his second banana.

Dave Dygert
Grass Valley, California

Kudos on a terrific job with the text and photos of O'Brien. I'm sure a lot of people will want to correct him on a point of anatomy: The pyloric sphincter is actually at the bottom of the stomach and allows partially digested food into the small intestine. The cardiac sphincter is what prevents acid and food from reentering the esophagus. Apart from this minor error, O'Brien is a witty guy.

Paul Burnside
College Station, Texas

Thanks, Paul. It looks as if Conan slept through his anatomy classes at Harvard.

NIGHT MOVES

Before eyeballing *Night Calls*' hostesses, Juli Ashton and Doria, in your *Couch Tomatoes* pictorial (February), I wasn't a subscriber of Playboy TV. Now that I've seen the pictorial, I'm a subscriber and never miss their show. Thank you, PLAYBOY, from the bottom of my libido.

Kurt Altenburg Jr.
Palo Alto, California

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

February's *Mantrack* contains an item about a new, exotic rum from Venezuela called ocumare. You reported that its secret ingredient, guarana, is a seed from the Amazon rain forest that is prized for its aphrodisiac qualities. That so-called secret ingredient is actually caffeine. That's what makes guarana-based drinks so popular in Brazil and why Pepsi is marketing a guarana soft drink called Josta.

Ed Rosenblum
Brooklyn, New York

COMEBACK KIDS WHO NEVER LEFT

I have to take issue with three of your "Comeback Kids" (*Video*, February). Tom Hanks had two movies that grossed $100 million before *Philadelphia*—*A League of Their Own* and *Sleepless in Seattle*. Julia Roberts had some high-grossing movies as well—*The Pelican Brief* and *Sleeping With the Enemy*. Lastly, Marlon Brando's comeback movie was *A Dry White Season*, for which he received an Academy Award nomination. Are you

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saying he didn't make any good movies between 1972 and 1990? How about *Last Tango in Paris* and *Apocalypse Now*?

Robert Keller
Durham, North Carolina

BEAU TIE

It's about time someone gave clear instructions on tying a bow tie (*Mantrack*, January). After reading an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* about the history of the bow tie, I went to the library in search of visual instructions. Thanks to PLAYBOY and lots of practice, I discovered a trick: Think of the bow tie as a shoelace. The crossover, the loop and the pull-through are all the same. Now on casual days at work, I wear my bow tie proudly.

Scott San Antonio
Boston, Massachusetts

DVD SUPPORT

I just finished reading February's *Wired* item about Digital Video Express System, and there are a few additional facts your readers should know. A DiVX disc will not incorporate many of the improvements that make the DVD such an attractive format. Current plans are to release one screen format and one audio track, so DiVX viewers will be stuck with pan-and-scan and no alternative audio. Then there are many questions of availability and pricing. It's not surprising that two thirds of DVES is owned by Circuit City and one third by a law firm in Los Angeles. Leave it to a bunch of bottom-feeding lawyers to screw up life for the rest of us.

Frank Harris
Irvine, California

SEX IN THE FIFTIES

I read about James R. Petersen's sexual-history tour of Washington, D.C. in the Baltimore *Sun*, which sent me to the magazine for the sixth installment of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (February). The visuals are fabulous and the section on the Kinsey Report on women is fascinating. It certainly ends the lie that women in the Fifties were straitlaced and dull.

Barbara Nelson
Baltimore, Maryland

THE CEO OF MARGARITAVILLE

As a Parrothead since the days of Jimmy Buffett's *Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw?*, I begrudge him none of his success. David Standish's piece (*The CEO of Margaritaville*, February) shows me that you don't have to be an asshole after all your dreams have come true.

Kevin Block
Chicago, Illinois

As one of the nine people who purchased early Buffett albums, I'm thrilled by his success, which came despite the lack of radio support. Thanks for the article about an inspirational guy.

Cathryn Sanders
Carson City, Nevada

Buffett bills himself as the good old boy who made it big while keeping his perspective. He tries to convince us he is still a regular guy while he flies around the world in his private planes and rubs elbows with pretentious idiots. After a bad encounter with him at one of his concerts, I no longer buy into his act.

Christopher Barca
Palm Beach, Florida

GUNNING FOR BOND

In the February *Playbill*, you state that "When it comes to Bond, nobody does it better than Lee Pfeiffer." If that's so, then Pfeiffer must have spilled his martini—shaken, not stirred—when he saw the picture that accompanied his article, *Bond's Little Black Book*. The photo of what is supposed to be 007's infamous Walther PPK shows, in fact, a 9mm Kurz, not the 7.65mm that Bond carries. Also, instead of having a blue finish like 007's gun, it's stainless steel. The reflective surface could reveal Bond's position. What would Ian Fleming think of this?

Richard Verbanc
Wilmington, Delaware

Thank you. We have exiled our Armaments Editor to Chechnya.

I READ IT FOR THE ARTICLES

No, this isn't a letter of appreciation for your photos. It's a note of thanks for PLAYBOY's editorial content. You have made a significant difference in the life of an 85-year-old blind lady in Quebec. My mother suffers from adult-onset blindness. I've tried to help her pass the time with audiobooks, but the selection in Canada is sparse. Under the heading "Listen Up" on your February *Books* page, you list an address for a fabulous books on tape Web site. I'm now able to send my mother a new book on tape every week. I'm forever thankful.

Ken Hayward
Vancouver, British Columbia

YOU FORGOT ONE

"Oxymorons of the Month" (*Party Jokes*, February) omitted the most obvious one: happily married.

Kris Garrison
Greenville, Ohio

BREAST WISHES

I love Pete Turner's erotic photo of the pinched nipple in *Playboy Gallery* (February). I found a similar picture, titled *Gabrielle d'Estrees and One of Her Sisters*, on the Louvre's Web site for French paintings. I guess the French do know a few things about the female form.

Kevin Murphy
Rosebud, South Dakota

DUTCH TREAT

I have never seen a woman more exquisite than Bond girl Daphne Deckers (*Bonding With Daphne*, February). I love her sexy spiked hair, her beautiful eyes,

her long, tawny body and her killer legs. Michelle Yeoh and Teri Hatcher may make Bond's heart beat faster, but I'll take the lovely Daphne any day.

Joseph Coffey
Hartford, Connecticut

Your February issue is truly fabulous. It's great to see Bond and PLAYBOY together again. Daphne Deckers is stunning and lives up to the tradition of past Bond babes.

Stephen Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

DON'T CRY FOR ARGENTINA

I'd like to congratulate David Standish for the beautifully written travel piece *The Madness Begins at Midnight* (January). It captures the essence of a Buenos Aires night—its beautiful women, its restaurants and nightclubs, the pizzerias along Corrientes Avenue and the magic that makes this the most charming city in the world.

Sergio Millan
Buenos Aires, Argentina

CENTERFOLD SWEETHEART

Congratulations on a great *Playmate Revisited* pictorial with Miss September 1963 Victoria Valentino in your February issue. It was a pleasure to read about a Playmate who has made the most of her life and still looks great. Having lost a son myself, I empathize with Victoria, and applaud her commitment to grief counseling.

Gordon Reigle
Midland, Texas

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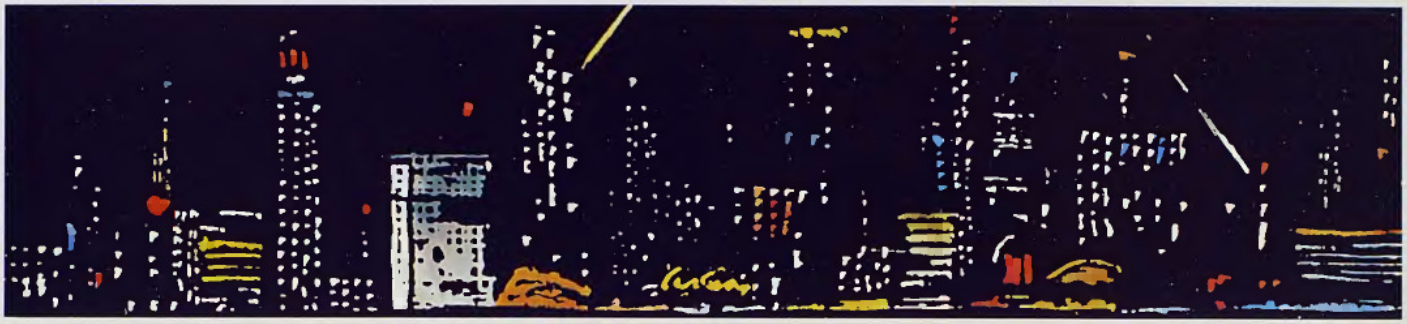
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NO PEPPERONI, THICK CRUST AND EXTRA CREEP

According to Domino's Team Washington, the most popular fictitious name given when ordering a prank pizza in Washington, D.C. is Janet Reno.

HOUSE PROBE

We like a plainspoken congressman such as California Democrat Pete Stark. He's the guy who wrote the fine bill that prohibits physicians from bringing up the subject of payments with Medicare patients while conducting intimate physical examinations. Then he gave it an even finer name: the No Private Contracts to Be Negotiated When the Patient Is Buck Naked Act of 1997.

ARTERY CLOGGER

Last December, security scanners at England's Manchester airport were unable to detect the difference between Semtex plastic explosive and Christmas pudding, according to Reuters. An airport spokesman defended the screening system, which cost $23 million, claiming it had not malfunctioned. "It is designed to detect organic matter, and Christmas puddings have unusual density, which alerts the system," he said. "The system is simply doing its job and doing it very well." Meanwhile, security personnel had to hand-search hundreds of pieces of luggage containing the sometimes unsettling but rarely lethal holiday dessert.

CHIP SHOT

Here's a gift for the golfer who takes his game sitting down. The Harriet Carter catalog offers Potty Golf, a type of miniature golf you play while seated on the throne. It comes with a putter, two balls and a putting green and sells for $17.95, plus shipping (800-377-7878). And we thought you were supposed to be quiet during putting.

GOVERNMENT ZEROS

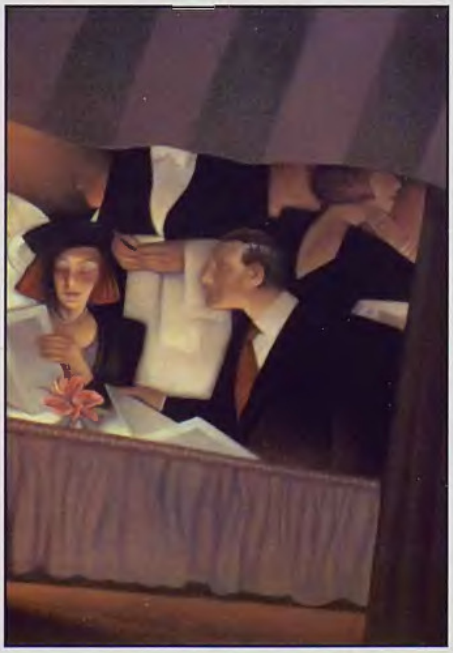
It comes as no surprise that the U.S. government may not be ready to face the impending computer crisis. The long-anticipated predicament will hit on January 1, 2000, when various systems may shut down when computers fail to recognize the first two digits of the year. Republican Congressman Steve Horn has projected that computers in the Energy and Labor Departments won't be upgraded to identify 2000 until 2019. In all, Horn said that 14 of the government's largest 24 agencies, including the Defense Department, may not cross the bridge to the 21st century.

ORTHODOX JUICE

San Francisco beer lover Jeremy Cowan is the man responsible for He'Brew, a new kosher microbrew. "Don't pass out, pass over" is one of his slogans; "Exile never tasted so good" is another. Cowan, head of Shmaltz Brewing Co., says he hopes his "chosen beer" is seen as a "hip Manischewitz." Lox of luck.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

From the please-baby-baby-please dept.: According to a ten-year study of 918 Welshmen age 45–59, orgasms could save your life. Statistics reported in the *British Medical Journal* indicate that frequent sex prolongs your life and halves your risk of early demise. As the study declares, "Sexual activity seems to have a protective effect on men's health." Mortality risk was 50 percent lower in the group with high orgasmic frequency than in the low-frequency group. You still won't live forever, but at least you'll die smiling.



KENNEDY'S KITCHEN CABINET

Get ready for another D.C. definition of oral sex. During Senator Ted Kennedy's annual staff holiday party, his wife Vicki entertained the invitees by saying that she had heard stories about couples who had been married for several years and whose interest in sex had been replaced by an interest in food. According to *The Washington Post*, she said she knew it had happened to her marriage when Teddy moved the ceiling mirrors into the kitchen.

TRAVEL TIPS

The Malaysian minister of culture, arts and tourism suggested last year that mass circumcision ceremonies be promoted as tourist attractions.

GOAT'S HEAD SLIP

Keith Richards told *Rolling Stone* recently: "Phones are the bane of my life. Alexander damn Graham Bell, I'd shoot him." Score one for the Luddites, except for this hitch: The Stones' *Bridges to Babylon* tour was sponsored by Sprint. Richards has apologized to the phone company.

IN A LATHER

Take this job and flush it. The Associated Press reports that a workplace hygiene system undergoing tests in an Atlantic City hotel is turning Big Brother into Big Mother. According to the plan, employees will be asked to wear a badge that triggers special sensors in the lavatory. The electronic sensors then note and record whether the wearer uses the sink for at least 15 seconds. A blinking

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I saw Charles in the shower and all I can say is there's a lot of acreage there—but there's no way that it's worth $8 million."—HOUSTON ROCKETS FORWARD MATT BULLARD COMMENTING ON A LAWSUIT FILED AGAINST CHARLES BARKLEY BY A WOMAN WHO SAID SHE SAW BARKLEY'S BUTTOCKS WHEN SHE WENT INTO THE ROCKETS' LOCKER ROOM

TURBOCHARGE

The percentage of automobile owners who admit that they have emotional attachments to their cars: 19.

STEVE TURK

FACT OF THE MONTH

A total of 333 paintings, drawings and prints by Pablo Picasso—the most popular artist among thieves—have been stolen. With 266 works stolen, Joan Miró is runner-up; Marc Chagall places third with 230 pieces.

REGAL ESTATE

Highest price ever paid for a private home in the U.S.: $50 million (for a 140-acre estate in Lake Tahoe). Previous record: $47.5 million (paid in 1990 for a home in Beverly Hills).

AIRBORNE VIRUSES

In a study of 40 international flights arriving in New York and Los Angeles, number whose onboard sewage contained infectious viruses (even after having been sanitized with that blue stuff): 19.

TV DINNER

On a scale of one to 30 in the renowned Zagat restaurant survey, food rating earned by Al Yeganeh's Soup Kitchen International, real-life home of *Seinfeld*'s "Soup Nazi": 27. Food rating of the upscale restaurant Le Cirque 2000: 25.

SOUND BARRIER

According to a survey by Black Pearl Records, percentage of men who feel that having music on while they make love inhibits their sexual performance: 32. Average number of times per week that couples who listen to music during foreplay have sex: 4. Times per week couples who prefer silence have sex: 2.

STAR DUST

Number of tons of man-made litter—such as defunct satellites—that are cluttering up outer space: 2500. Number of pieces of junk in space: 100,000. Speed at which many of these objects travel: about 360 miles per minute.

BANK ROLL MODELS

According to a 25-year study of 1000 children and their parents, percentage increase in income of sons who were raised in homes rated "very clean" over income of sons raised in homes that were "so-so," "not very clean" or "dirty": 40. Percentage increase in income for male adults whose fathers had savings worth two months' income compared with men whose fathers did not: 18. Percentage increase in income for adult men whose fathers used seat belts: 18.

ILLEGAL-MINDED ALIENS

Number of immigrants who were granted U.S. citizenship in 1996 without a full FBI background check: 180,000. Number who were later found to have a criminal conviction disqualifying them: 369. Number of immigrants whose citizenship could be revoked because they failed to reveal past arrests: 5634.

WOMEN'S STUDY

In a one-year study of 50 U.S. magazines conducted by the University of Florida College of Journalism, percentage of all articles appearing in men's magazines that were about sex: 66. Percentage of articles in women's magazines that were about sex: 72.

—BETTY SCHAAL

badge indicates that the wearer failed to properly wash his or her hands. A battered, nonfunctioning, heel-marked badge indicates that the wearer fails to appreciate the company's concern in this area.

LOVE MATCH

Should you find yourself on a tennis date, you may want to bear in mind a survey by Club Med. It found that couples who play tennis against each other enjoy romantic interludes three times as often as couples who play as a team. Your serve.

SPURIOUS YELLOW

When does a borderline hustle become a legitimate calling? When it is given the imprimatur of the Yellow Pages and receives its own category heading. Brow-raising enterprises that recently attained such distinction, according to *USA Today*, are aromatherapy, funeral art, aura photography, breast-feeding counseling and angels. (The latter group, we assume, involves some extreme long-distance charges.)

AND THE WIENER IS . . .

Ed "The Animal" Krachie lost the crown in December 1996 and the Japanese have reigned since. But George Shea of the New York hot dog chain Nathan's Famous believes the hot dog–eating championship will return to American hands. He singles out Joey Serrano, a young Philadelphian who ate 17 dogs in 12 minutes last year. "This kid has the excitement you see only in a young athlete who is just becoming aware of the miracles his body can perform on the field of combat." At least until he discovers girls.

THE ICEMAN COMETH

Men who want to preserve their sperm for future use but are put off by the usual method—visiting a sperm bank and staying until they deliver—now have another option. OverNite Male, a service that is available through the University of Illinois at Chicago Medical Center, allows donors to take care of business at home and ship their samples via Fed Ex. While samples produced at sperm banks must be frozen immediately, OverNite Male provides kits that will keep sperm viable for later freezing.

THE LAST WORD ON 1997

The American Dialect Society debated the words or expressions that best sum up 1997. Among the winning phrases that caught our eye are "El Nonsense"—to describe the erroneous association of an event with El Niño; and "exit bag"—a euphemism for the plastic bag placed over the head to commit suicide.

CHROME
CHROME
AZZARO
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
MACY'S

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

If you've been making demon meat out of the competition in online rounds of *Doom* or *Quake*, it may be time to go pro. A newly formed organization called the AMD Professional Gamers' League plans to dole out more than $250,000 in cash and prizes each year to champions of the hottest Net games. Of course, if cash and swag aren't incentive enough, you could also get your mug on television. The quarterly PGL competitions—the most recent of which was held at Gameworks in Seattle—are aired on a syndicated show called *TV.Com*. Like other pro sports leagues, this one has its own commissioner, Nolan Bushnell, the developer of Pong and founder of Atari. There's even a Michael Jordan equivalent in Dennis "Thresh" Fong. This 20-

JOE CIARDIELLO

year-old Californian has won every tournament he's entered and counts a Ferrari as part of his earnings. For more details, or to sign up for the next season's game play, check out the league's Web site at www.pgl.com.

COMPUTING ON THE FLY

The new handheld personal computers from companies such as Sharp, Toshiba and Mitsubishi are more than just glorified organizers—they're excellent tools for firing off e-mail and faxes from the road. Most weigh under three pounds and come with software that makes transferring files to notebook or desktop systems a snap. One of our favorites is Sharp's new Mobilon. Priced upwards of $600, it runs on the Windows CE 2.0 operating system (a scaled-down version of Windows 95) and features a color LCD screen, a 33.6-kbps fax modem and an Internet browser. An optional Digital Camera Card ($400) connects to the Mobilon's PC slot, allowing you to jazz up your e-mail with pictures and sound. Mitsubishi's entry into the market, the Amity CN ($1500 and up), is a bit larger than the Mobilon, but it can run a full version of Windows 95 and other Windows applications. Its screen and keyboard are lilliputian by desktop standards, and it has a track point device for easy scrolling through documents. Other models to consider: Toshiba's Libretto, Casio's Cassiopeia and, for Mac fanatics, the Message Pad 2100, which comes with an optional keyboard for easier word processing. Prices range from $300 to more than $1000.

SAY CHEESE

And you thought one-hour photo processing was quick. The makers of color printers are now providing photographers with direct connections for their digital cameras. That means no laborious downloading to a computer and no software glitches to contend with. You just plug, print—and show off your snapshots in minutes. Among the most versatile color printers is Lexmark's 7200V ($450). A Snappy video capture device built into the 7200V makes it possible to print from a variety of sources, including digital cameras, camcorders and VCRs. Epson's Stylus Photo ($400) prints directly from the company's Pho-

A.J. GARCES

to PC600 camera (or by way of the computer when using other digital shooters). Though you may nod off while your images are processing (this printer is fairly slow), the photos you wake up to see will be colorful and crisp. For top resolution, there's the Olympus P-300 ($400), a printer that connects directly to any Olympus digital camera and uses a type of processing called dye sublimation to create prints virtually indistinguishable from the 35mm kind.

WILD THINGS

A computer isn't the only thing that can get fried by a brownout. Today's complex home-theater setups are equally susceptible, which is why several companies are developing uninterruptible power-protection devices for the media room. One of the slickest we've seen is XS Technologies' Strata 800 AV Power Command Center (pictured here), o $600 unit that protects up to six AC-powered components with 800-volt amps of battery backup. (There's also a 1000-volt version for $150 more.) The Strata's detachable display, which orients to a horizontal or vertical position, provides visual assurances that all is well with your gear. Other features include a removable control panel (for powering connected devices), a free tech-support hotline and a $30,000 guaranteed-replacement program for system failures. • Next time you loan your car to a girlfriend or a less-than-reliable buddy, you can watch the driver's every move with a Ceres car security system by RoadTrac. The security system uses cellular communication and global positioning satellite technology to provide 24-hour monitoring of your vehicle. (There's even an audio feature that allows a monitoring service to eavesdrop on a conversation in the car when the car is reported stolen.) Its new Big Brother companion, a Windows 95 CD-ROM, allows you to keep track of your car on your desktop or notebook computer. With a few clicks of the mouse, the software instructs your PC to dial up your car's cellular phone to retrieve data, including current speed, direction of travel and mapping coordinates (recorded by the security system's GPS receiver). Using this data, the software can show you where your car is headed on a map displayed on your monitor. The price: between $660 and $860 for the security system, plus $75 for the software. Installation fees vary by installer and locotion.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TRACK STAR Steve Prefontaine was favored to win a gold medal at the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal, but he died in a 1975 auto accident. He was 24, a cocky and confident Oregon athlete with innate star power who had a volatile but rewarding relationship with his coach, Bill Bowerman. Originally Prefontaine's mentor at the University of Oregon, Bowerman went on to become an Olympic coach and develop the first Nike running shoe. Their story is recapped in ***Without Limits*** (Warner Bros.) by director Robert Towne. Billy Crudup plays "Pre," as he's called by his fans and friends, with Donald Sutherland on the money as the low-key, paternal coach. Nostalgic and inherently heart wrenching, *Without Limits* scores as poignant testimony to one man's integrity and guts and the unstoppable will to win. ¥¥¥

•

Brigitte Roüan is the star and director of the French-language ***Post Coitum*** (New Yorker). She also co-authored this steamy saga of a 40-year-old book editor's *amour fou* for a much younger man. It's after her first carnal liaison with handsome, carefree Emilio (Boris Tarral) that Diane (Roüan) forgets about books, her faithful mate Philippe and their two children. Patrick Chesnais is excellent as the cuckolded Philippe, a defense lawyer caught up in the case of a woman who has murdered her philandering husband. In her emotionally raw portrayal, Roüan doesn't soften the harsh depiction of the mental and physical agonies her heroine suffers when 20-something Emilio moves on, abruptly ending their dalliance. *Post Coitum* portrays love as a flesh-and-blood addiction, and Diane's withdrawal symptoms take their toll on everyone close enough to hear her anguished moans. ¥¥½

•

More marital woes shatter a high-society household in ***The Proposition*** (Polygram). Boston in the Thirties is where a powerful, presumably infertile attorney named Barret (William Hurt) tries to satisfy his wife Eleanor's desire to have a child by hiring a young lawyer (Neil Patrick Harris) to inseminate her. The persistent young surrogate falls in love with beautiful Mrs. Barret (Madeleine Stowe, convincing as a trophy wife, though you may not believe she's also a popular writer). When her hired lover mysteriously turns up dead, Eleanor suspects her husband, loses the baby and enters a depression she cannot shake until a handsome young priest (Kenneth Branagh) joins the Barrets' church and changes their lives forever. Without giving away too many secrets—Blythe Danner holds the key in a pivotal role as the Barrets' live-in assistant—what develops is an absorbing period melodrama about deceit, infidelity and murder. ¥¥¥

Stowe considers a proposition.

Women with problems, men going for broke and some bad eggs in business.

•

The title character in ***The Butcher Boy*** (Warner Bros.) is an incorrigible Irish 12-year-old saddled with a drunken father (Stephen Rea), a demented mother (Aisling O'Sullivan) and a nosy, vicious neighbor (Fiona Shaw) who blames him for everything that goes wrong in her life. Debuting in the role of Francie Brady is Eamonn Owens, who gives a harrowing performance as a frenetic victim and perpetrator of countless antisocial acts. Francie alienates his friends, ransacks the neighbor's house, raises hell in reform school and goes on a murderous rampage after he is released. Under the sly direction of Neil Jordan, Francie's nonstop misbehavior has dark comic overtones that somehow invoke both shock and sympathy. ¥¥¥

•

Pay close attention to ***The Spanish Prisoner*** (Sony Classics) or you may lose track of what's going on. Director David Mamet's famously cool and cryptic dialogue dresses up the trickiest, most convoluted suspense thriller in recent memory. Campbell Scott stars as Joe Ross, the inventor of a secret formula called the Process. Though never explained in detail, it's worth a fortune and sets off an elaborate confidence game with Ross as the dupe. He's employed by a slightly shady tycoon (Ben Gazzara) who may or may not want to cut him in on the profits. During hush-hush confabs in the Caribbean, Ross meets a weird businessman (Steve Martin) who warns him of treachery afoot. Other principals include a seductive company secretary (Rebecca Pidgeon) and a confidant named George (Ricky Jay). With a title taken from a classic scam, *Spanish Prisoner* is an intriguing conundrum in which the bad guys and good guys are hard to identify. Mamet keeps his audience guessing as to who's doing whom right up to the wry, climactic finish. ¥¥¥½

•

A virtually unmapped settlement in Australia's outback is the site of ***Welcome to Woop Woop*** (Goldwyn). Some resemblance to director Stephan Elliott's *The Adventures of Priscilla*—that kinky downunder farce about a trio of drag queens—may raise false hopes for *Woop Woop*'s comic potential. God knows it's equally far-out and could become a cult favorite. After a hilarious opening sequence in which a New York con artist (Johnathon Schaech) traffics in contraband exotic birds (they escape on the wing, only to be shot at by gun-toting locals), he flees to Australia. There he is kidnapped by a sex-obsessed vamp named Angie (Susie Porter), who screws him, drugs him, marries him and transports him to the titular shanty town. Her father (Rod Taylor) runs the place and permits only selections from Rodgers and Hammerstein musical comedies to flood the airwaves. *Woop Woop*'s outdoor movie theater, of course, usually shows *The Sound of Music*. That's the movie's second-best joke, which wears a little thin before Schaech finally manages to sneak away from the encampment with Angie's more-sensible sister. Oh yes, there's a legendary big red kangaroo lurking in the vicinity, though most sane movie buffs may have hopped to the exit before the creature appears. ¥½

•

Italian author Primo Levi wrote ***The Truce*** (Miramax), describing his homeward odyssey after he was released from Auschwitz in 1945. In director Francesco Rosi's meticulous movie version of the book, John Turturro portrays Levi in a subdued but emotionally charged manner. There's always a problem with well-fed, healthy-looking actors cast as Holocaust survivors, yet *The Truce* has many affecting scenes. The former victims are poignant as they feel their new freedom

Hudson: Ghostbuster finds work.

OFF CAMERA

He was one of the original Ghostbusters more than a decade ago, then scored as the mentally backward handyman in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*. But **Ernie Hudson,** 52, recalls those box-office hits as no help to his career: "They didn't bring any work my way." Nowadays, Ernie is working nonstop, notably as the prison warden on *Oz*, a hot, hip series on HBO. He has more coming: as a minister in a New England town in *A Stranger in the Kingdom*, and as an introverted mass murderer in *Bang*. He'll also co-star with Pam Grier in *Fakin' da Funk*, a comedy. "I like it a lot. We're a married couple adopting a baby, and since our name is Lee, they think we're Chinese."

The Michigan-born Hudson was raised by his grandmother. He graduated from Wayne State University in Detroit and won a scholarship to Yale Drama School, but left after his first year. "It wasn't the place for me. Henry Winkler had just gone on to Hollywood, so they said he was selling out. That bugged me—the idea that an actor sells out unless he's starving." Now he sees stardom in a more mature light. "I came out here thinking I'd be rich and famous. But you can also be poorer—and popular." Hudson is still short of the salaries paid to Hollywood's A-list, but he's working too much to worry and spends his free time at his San Bernadino mountain home with his wife and two boys (he also has two older sons from his first marriage). "While I see myself as an average, Tom Hanks–type guy, I'm big and look like I've played football. People stop me and ask, 'Which team were you with?'" Hudson feels he's moving on from his usual role of "helping out the white guys. I've worked with directors who don't even give me direction. They just give me a high five."

through having sex, dancing or watching a Russian soldier in a detention camp do a passable imitation of Fred Astaire. Some of the film, however, is too emotionally distant to breathe life into that postwar slice of history. ¥¥

•

Bob and Brendan (played by Alexis Arquette and Christian Maelen) are college roommates clearly made for each other, yet they're five years out of school before Brendan faces up to his homosexuality. That's virtually the whole story of ***I Think I Do*** (Strand Releasing), writer-director Brian Sloan's bland, predictable sex comedy about a bunch of college chums working out their lives when they meet again at a friend's wedding in Washington, D.C. Lauren Velez is the bride, with Arquette very good as her gay maid of honor. Even better is Tuc Watkins as the vain actor who stars in the soap opera Bob writes and goes everywhere Bob goes. The most striking aspect of the movie is its depiction of this educated generation's casual acceptance of homosexuality. The basic flaw, alas, is that few of these nonjudgmental grads turn out to be very interesting. ¥¥

•

Filmmaker and professional agitator Michael Moore shows definite talent as a stand-up comedian in ***The Big One*** (Miramax). Both funnier and more wide-ranging than *Roger & Me* (his famous attack on General Motors as the beast that ate Flint, Michigan), Moore's latest is his take on corporate America, recorded on camera during a promotional tour flogging his book *Downsize This!* Moore travels cross-country, regaling audiences, looking like a factory hand and shooting from the hip at his favorite targets, from Pillsbury to the nonunion Borders bookstore. Nike's affable Phil Knight is the only exploiter of cheap labor who consents to an in-your-face meeting. *The Big One* is the new name suggested by Moore for the U.S.A. as a greedy, antipeople machine motivated by the American dream of profit at any cost. His movie may overstate the case, but he gets laughs and makes his point at the same time. ¥¥¥½

•

In summer, the sun never sets in the bleak northern Norwegian town where ***Insomnia*** (First Run) takes place. Stellan Skarsgård (the Swede who made his mark in *Breaking the Waves* and *Good Will Hunting*) stars as the neurotic, sleep-deprived detective assigned to solve the case of a murdered woman. While tracking down the killer, he inadvertently kills an associate and tries to conceal his own crime. Director Erik Skjoldbjaerg's taut, subtitled thriller has justifiably won international praise for its stark and chilly style. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Big Lebowski (Reviewed 4/98) High comedy from the Coen bros. ¥¥¥¥
The Big One (See review) Michael Moore once again gives big business the business. ¥¥¥½
The Butcher Boy (See review) A bad, bad boy and how he grew worse. ¥¥¥
Dangerous Beauty (2/98) A Venetian courtesan several centuries ago. ¥¥¥
Deconstructing Harry (2/98) The women in his life go bananas when Woody puts them between covers. ¥¥¥½
Four Days in September (2/98) A U.S. ambassador is seized in Brazil. ¥¥¥
The Gingerbread Man (3/98) Suspense by Grisham—with Branagh starring for Altman. ¥¥¥
Insomnia (See review) Murder in a bleak Norwegian landscape. ¥¥¥
I Think I Do (See review) Former roommates come out during a reunion with their college chums. ¥¥
Kundun (3/98) Scorsese directs a long, eye-filling bio of the Dalai Lama. ¥¥¥
Love and Death on Long Island (4/98) John Hurt is first-rate as a novelist smitten with a male teen idol. ¥¥½
Men With Guns (4/98) John Sayles' subtitled South American saga. ¥¥½
Moon Over Broadway (4/98) Telling documentary about Carol Burnett preparing her return to the Broadway stage. ¥¥¥
Nil by Mouth (4/98) England's darker side, directed by Gary Oldman. ¥¥
Post Coitum (See review) French woman freaks over her young lover. ¥¥½
The Proposition (See review) Drama of a sperm donor thinking it's love. ¥¥¥
The Real Blonde (4/98) Singles swing on the New York merry-go-round. ¥¥¥
Sliding Doors (4/98) Parallel lives of Brit played by Gwyneth Paltrow. ¥¥¥½
The Spanish Prisoner (See review) A tricky thriller from Mamet. ¥¥¥½
Suicide Kings (4/98) Chris Walken as a mobster kidnapped by preppies. ¥¥¥
Tomorrow Never Dies (3/98) Brosnan's 007 is alive and well. ¥¥¥½
The Truce (See review) John Turturro is an Italian Jew after Auschwitz. ¥¥
Two Girls and a Guy (4/98) Both his bedmates are waiting when blushing Robert Downey Jr. shows up. ¥¥½
Welcome to Woop Woop (See review) It's a kinky town in the outback. ¥½
Without Limits (See review) As a late, great track star, Billy Crudup comes in a winner. ¥¥¥
Zero Effect (4/98) On the case of a kinky, one-of-a-kind private eye. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

For a guy who makes his living eschewing the conventional, *Politically Incorrect*'s **Bill Maher** is most comfortable with home videos that have track records. "I prefer movies like *The Godfather*," he says, "or *Miller's Crossing* or *Some Like It Hot*. I liked *The Nutty Professor*—the first one, though the second one was OK—and loved *In the Line of Fire*. Comedies have to be really good for me to rent them, because if you're watching one and you're not laughing, it's painful." Maher is also a fan of "big, kick-ass action films" such as *Face/Off*, "but only if they have good plots—not just blowing up shit. And I'm a sucker for schmaltzy stuff that makes you cry," he says. "I mean, I'll cry at anything. I think I cried at *Ace Ventura*." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Paul Robeson's accomplishments are innumerable—college football hero, law school graduate, Broadway star, concert singer and political activist. But in honor of his 100th birthday, Kino on Video focuses on his film work. ***The Paul Robeson Centennial Collection*** features four of the actor-activist's greatest productions, including the musicals *Song of Freedom*, *Big Fella* and *Jericho*, and Oscar Micheaux's 1924 silent, *Body and Soul* ($24.95 each). . . . That weird fad of the Nineties, fêng shui (the 3000-year-old Chinese discipline of object placement), has made it to home video. Nine Star Productions' ***Fêng Shui: Creating Environments for Success and Well-Being*** ($29.95) reveals, among other things, that angling your bed properly may improve your sex life, and finding that perfect power corner for your desk could bring the big bucks. Fêng shui grand master Lin Yun hosts.

VIDEO G-STRING

The Full Monty keeps you wondering until the final frame if the amateur male strippers have the balls to show their willies. The film is a hoot, but women are more our cup of tease:

Striptease (1996): Who cares about plot—and you really shouldn't—when you have the anatomically improbable $12.5 million woman Demi Moore baring all?

Showgirls (1995): Feisty Vegas wannabe Elizabeth Berkley performs the mother of all lap dances on supplicant Kyle MacLachlan. So bad it's a legend.

Gypsy (1962): All Mama Rose wants for daughter Louise (Natalie Wood) is stardom. She gets her wish when Louise lands at Minsky's burlesque as the legendary Gypsy Rose Lee.

The Stripper (1963): Joanne Woodward gives up the topless shtick in Madam Olga's show to live a normal, clothed life. The real Gypsy plays the madam.

Blaze (1989): Louisiana governor Earl Long (Paul Newman) has it bad for Baltimore gymnosophist Blaze Starr (Lolita Davidovich), but politics hates bedfellows in this ribald ride. Look for the real Blaze in a cameo.

Exotica (1994): Atom Egoyan (*The Sweet Hereafter*) builds a complex plot around a creepy topless bar and mysterious stripper Mia Kirshner. Unnerving.

Striporama (1954): Ecdysiasts Lili St. Cyr, Bettie Page and Georgia Sothern co-star as three gals trying to convince ministers of culture that striptease is a national institution. We vote yes.

Assault of the Killer Bimbos (1987): A go-go dancer is fired after the bananas peel off her bra; murder and mayhem follow. Great title, anyway.

Stripshow (1996): Tempting veteran stripper Tane McClure takes Monique Parent under her soft, gently perfumed wing to teach her the topless business. Guess who passes with straight A's?

The Dark Dancer (1995): PLAYBOY cover favorite Shannon Tweed is a feminist psychologist by day and an erotic dancer by night. Taking new patients, Shan?

Stripped to Kill (1987): Detective Kay Lenz goes undercover—without undies or covers—to find out who's killing Los Angeles' exotic dancers. Very Eighties.

S.O.B. (1981): "I am going to show my boobies," says once pristine Julie Andrews in this Hollywood parody, and she does. Nice ones, too. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

X-RATED
VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Postapocalyptic horndogs thaw out a cryogenically frozen cheerleader for their sex cabaret in ***Café Flesh 2*** (VCA), the sequel to the XXX futuristic cult favorite. Director Antonio Passolini (*Shock, Latex*) keeps the heat high with plenty of gloss, style and bizarre couplings. Dur faves: the lady matador and her horned bull, and the French hooker who hates mimes but boffs them anyway.

LASER FARE

Voyager's Criterion Collection release of ***Monty Python's Life of Brian*** (1979, $60) is brought to new hilarity by commentary from the Pythonites themselves. . . . Warner's reissue of Billy Wilder's masterful ***Spirit of St. Louis*** (1957, $40) is finally in wide-screen with two trailers and Franz Waxman's memorable score in rich stereo. . . . Pioneer's Special Edition of ***One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*** (1975, $120), packaged in a handsome book jacket, includes a brilliant 90-minute making-of documentary. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Boogie Nights*** (sharp spin on Seventies porno-chic ero; standouts: Reynolds' big heart, Wahlberg's big dick), ***The Devil's Advocate*** (Satan's law firm makes Keanu an associate; Pacino is hyperperfect as the boss from hell).
DRAMA	***Eve's Bayou*** (Louisiana doc Sam Jackson's wandering eye undoes well-to-do family; sumptuous storytelling), ***The House of Yes*** (rich girl Parker Pasey thinks she's Jackie O and wants to bone her bro; dysfunctian with flair).
SINO	***Seven Years in Tibet*** (Nazi climber Brad Pitt treks to the Dalai Lama; scenic but made B. Williamson's ten worst list), ***Red Corner*** (Yank lawyer Gere wakes next to dead lady in Beijing; twisty Chinese puzzlement).
SF	***Gattaca*** (naturally spawned Ethan Hawke hides out in test tube–birth world; Uma shines amid Orwellian glaam), ***Starship Troopers*** (Earth's buffest space cadets vs. blimp-sized bugs; nihilistic spectacle from Paul Verhoeven).
RETRO	From Kino: ***Expresso Bongo*** (1960) (sleazy London agent turns coffeehouse drumbeater into teen sensation; swingin'), ***Beat Girl*** (1962) (wild teen temptress descends into world of strippers and hepcats; classic bad-girl fare).

MUSIC

ROCK

Van Halen III (Warner Bros.) is the album Eddie Van Halen fans have been hoping for since *1984*. Since that landmark album, Eddie had seemingly become a sideman, dropping a few dazzling lines into Sammy Hagar's party-hardy synthesizer pop. After Van Halen's brief reunion with David Lee Roth went sour, Sammy also left the band. Eddie has taken advantage of these changes to reinvent himself. His guitar is once again center stage on *Fire in the Hole* and *From Afar*, which include fresh and often spectacular multiple solos. *Without You*, the first single, is tame considering what's to come. *One I Want* has the rhythmic fire of *Panama*, while the incendiary instrumental intro to *Ballot or the Bullet* recalls the pyrotechnics of *Eruption*. The big question is how fans will react to the new vocalist, Gary Cherone. Cherone sounds uncannily like Hagar, only with less bluster. His lyricism is his strongest contribution, a complement to Eddie's more focused playing. It takes guts for a 41-year-old mainstream musician to give up the safe route and really challenge himself and his fans. *Van Halen III* shows Eddie pushing the envelope.

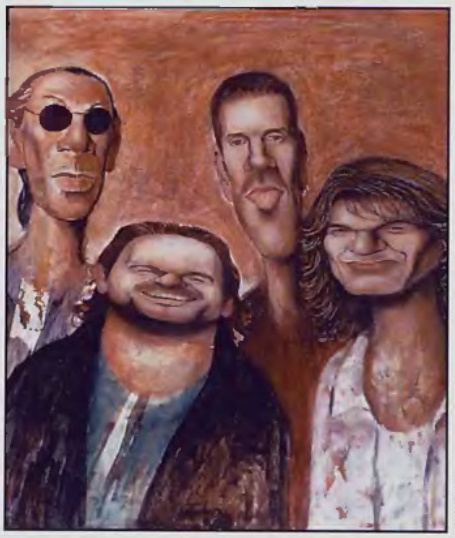
—VIC GARBARINI

From Adelaide, Australia, Superjesus plays rock and roll in a standard four-piece lineup: two guitars, bass and drums. The guitars roar, the bass and drums provide propulsion, and nobody's messing around with computers. And the band is really good on its debut album, ***Sumo*** (Warner Bros.). Maybe we have a new category: neo-alternative. Vocalist Sarah McLeod manages to hit the right notes and emotions without resorting to histrionics or to using sandpaper on her vocal cords. Her blend of earnestness and unsentimental reflection adds up to charm. Lead guitarist Chris Tennent can write, play and arrange both the killer riff and the stirring chord progression, of which there are often more than one per song.

The Dropkick Murphys celebrate working class solidarity on ***Do or Die*** (Hellcat/Epitaph). Playing major chords with booming, sing-along choruses, the band offers some of the most invigorating first-generation-style punk since the first generation of punk. And its use of bagpipes captures the ferocious essence of the instrument better than any folk band could. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

Bill Withers is one of the more underappreciated singer-songwriters of the Seventies. On several pop hits (*Use Me*, *Lean on Me*, *Ain't No Sunshine*, *Grandma's Hands*), Withers had a working-class, almost folk perspective on life that ran counter to the love-man flair of other African American singers. Moreover, Withers' strong suit was a melancholy sense of loss. Yet as his ***Live at Carnegie Hall*** (Columbia Legacy) illustrates, Withers' sadly reflective tales could be invigorating and pretty damn funky. Recorded in 1972 with an all-star band (including the brilliant drummer James Gadson), this 14-song set includes Withers' hits as well as many other wonderful tracks. *Better Off Dead* is the tale of a man contemplating suicide in the wake of a ruptured love affair. *I Can't Write Left-Handed* chronicles a failed friendship that culminates in a shooting. *Hope She'll Be Happier* is a look at a fractured marriage that suggests the narrator may have abused his wife. More like a country or blues writer, Withers revels in exploring life's darker moments. His voice is warm, forceful and direct. —NELSON GEORGE



Hail to *Van Halen III*.

Van Halen rocks,
Superjesus bangs and Bill
Withers still delivers.

BLUES

Dock Boggs' music isn't folk, despite a preponderance of traditional songs on ***Country Blues*** (Revenant). This music is singular, visionary and dark. It is also some of the most powerful ever recorded. Boggs was a coal miner and banjo player from Kentucky and Virginia who recorded in the late Twenties, and he sings like a rattlesnake. His blues don't take the form's joyful side, so even *Sugar Baby* is sung in mourning. The murder ballad *Pretty Polly* becomes encyclopedic in its loathing. Boggs is consumed with resentment for all the comfort and pleasure he can't have. This is the voice of Appalachian misery—poor, depleted, proud to a righteous fault—the voice of a man with nothing to lose, a man dangerous to those who have more than he does. Odd, isn't it, that such misanthropy inspired this lovingly documented set, with extensive notes by Greil Marcus and folklorist Jon Pankake? But then, in Dock Boggs' world, you don't just take love where you find it, you have to go where it takes you.

Goin' Way Back (Just a Memory, 5455 rue Paré, Suite 101, Montreal, Quebec H4P 1P7) presents the great Chicago bluesmen Muddy Waters and Otis Spann with acoustic guitars in a Montreal boarding house 31 years ago. The sound is somewhat distorted; the fidelity of the music and the emotions behind it are pristine. A major find. —DAVE MARSH

RAP

Puff Daddy's latest protégés, the Lox, made their national debut on *We'll Always Love Big Poppa*, a tribute to the Notorious B.I.G. The trio of David Styles, Sean Sheek Jacobs and Jason Jadakiss Phillips already have an underground rep in New York. Their debut, ***Money, Power & Respect*** (Bad Boy/Arista), will surely expand their appeal, as it features Puff's successful formula of recognizable samples, sung choruses and rhymes. *If You Think I'm Jiggy* takes up Rod Stewart's *Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?* My favorite is the title cut, which showcases a guest appearance by the irrepressible Lil' Kim.

—NELSON GEORGE

It's amazing that there aren't more down-to-earth hip-hop albums like Common's ***One Day It'll All Make Sense*** (Relativity). Then again maybe it's amazing that there's even one—and that it will actually sell. The jaw-dropper? *Retrospect for Life*, featuring the Fugees' Lauryn Hill, about the emotional complexity of abortion. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD

The frenetic, soulful wailing of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan is only one of many styles of music from the Sufi spiritual tradition. A more contemplative example can be found on ***Mevlana: Music of the Whirling Dervishes*** (EMI/Hemisphere). This is the traditional vocal and instrumental music of the Sema that prompts the ecstatic dance of Turkish dervishes. The sound

ARE

$45 or 250 C-Notes

Lou Barnes spent most of his days on a beam, 70 stories above Manhattan. On frosty winter mornings he would check the thermometer at the corner news stand so he'd know what temperature to expect up there. We have a lot of respect for Lou. The towers he helped build will be around a long time. And we figured his thermometer should be too.

$40 or 200 C-Notes

Betsy Hatherford was not exactly the quiet type. She told brilliant stories. She knew the words to every song on the radio. And she always kept a drink stashed in her garter to share with friends. Everywhere she went, men fell madly in love with her. Maybe it was her combustible charm, or her big dark eyes. Or maybe it was her flask.

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$28 OR 150 C-NOTES

Earl Ford and Jack McGovern flew 35 missions together in Europe. Maybe the only thing they loved more than their airplane was pinup girls. Their bunk was plastered with them. So was the fuselage of their plane. Jack still carries a Zippo® lighter with a pinup girl on it. He won it in a poker game from Earl, though Earl still claims he cheated.

$43 OR 225 C-NOTES

Down in Miami, there's a bartender named Dean Miles who's become something of an underground celebrity. Not because he makes movies or rock videos, but because he makes martinis and gimlets – some say the best on the planet. His loyal fans say his cocktail shaker is destined for the bartenders' hall of fame. And we couldn't agree more.

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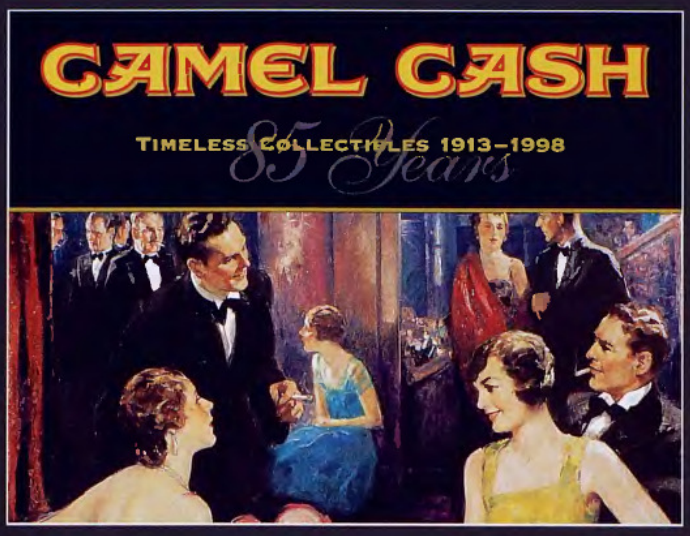

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of the ney, a reed flute, alternates with vocal passages that have a serene and stately beauty.

Enya is more a world music artist than a New Age doodler. Her ethereal hymns and gorgeous melodies are grounded by her earthy, Celtic sense of harmony and rhythm. And the fact that she overdubs each vocal upwards of 50 times creates an organic feel that machines can't duplicate. ***Paint the Sky With Stars: The Best of Enya*** (Reprise) includes 14 of her most melodic dreamscapes, such as *Caribbean Blue* and *Orinoco Flow*. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

In 1966, just before his theme for *Mission Impossible* became famous, pianist Lalo Schifrin made the wildest classical-plus-jazz album ever. At 32 minutes, ***The Dissection and Reconstruction of Music From the Past as Performed by the Inmates of Lalo Schifrin's Demented Ensemble as a Tribute to the Memory of the Marquis de Sade,*** finally reissued on Verve, runs barely as long as its title. But it's a little-known gem. With witty juxtapositions of string quartet and avant-garde flute, Bach-era themes and boogaloo harpsichord, Schifrin really swings. —NEIL TESSER

COUNTRY

One nice thing about Shania Twain's ***Come On Over*** (Mercury) is that it obliterates the issue of authenticity. The Canadian-born beauty's 1995 *Woman in Me* has now sold 10 million units, outstripping all Nashville product this side of Garth Brooks'. But because its big ballads share more with Celine Dion than with Tammy Wynette, some challenged Twain's country bona fides. Since then she has opted for a pop makeover. Billed as a simple follow-up, *Come On Over* is in fact a far perkier album, a full hour of uptempo tunes, many with noncountry keyboard hooks. Authentic country it ain't; enticing it is. Feisty and ready for fun, Twain occasionally sounds willing to separate sex from romance, which is always a good way for a woman to gain male admirers. Yet she never seems like a pushover—an essential touch if she wants to keep them. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No one can question Delbert McClinton's qualifications as an R&B singer. The Texas native cut his raspy chops playing harmonica with Lightnin' Hopkins and Joe Tex. But McClinton turns Nashville on its ear with ***One of the Fortunate Few*** (Rising Tide), a country album with soul. For starters, Mavis Staples delivers pleading backing vocals on the swampy *Somebody to Love You*, and B.B. King jumps in to provide piercing notes on *Leap of Faith*. The cresting gospel ballad *Sending Me Angels* includes Vince Gill on high harmony. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dock Boggs *Country Blues*	9	7	7	10	9
Superjesus *Sumo*	3	7	9	5	8
Shania Twain *Come On Over*	8	6	7	7	6
Von Holen *Von Holen III*	4	10	8	4	7
Bill Withers *Live at Carnegie Hall*	9	7	10	9	8

TO FORGIVE IS DIVINE DEPARTMENT: ***Pat Boone,*** who angered the Christian right with his CD *In a Metal Mood*, has been forgiven by his critics. ***Pat Robertson*** welcomed him back publicly on Christmas Eve. Praise the Lord—and, Pat, some new ammunition?

REELING AND ROCKING: *SLC Punk*, a movie about the only two known punk rockers in Salt Lake City, will star **Annabeth Gish.** . . . **Michael Nesmith** is writing the script for the movie version of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, expected in theaters during the summer of 2000. . . . **Jonathan Richman** composed and sang the title song for *There's Something About Mary*, starring **Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon** and **Ben Stiller,** due in theaters in July.

NEWSBREAKS: Get a copy of *Stompbox: A History of Guitar Fuzzes, Flangers, Phasers, Echoes & Wahs* (Miller Freeman Books) by stompboxologist **Art Thompson,** who explains the electric guitar devices that flavored some of the most important music of the Sixties. . . . The **Hendrix** family has authorized the rerelease of the only **Band of Gypsies** album ever recorded. Now in stores, the CD features original artwork, rare photos and liner notes. Hint to those born too late: This is the band **Jimi** assembled with **Buddy Miles** and **Billy Cox.** . . . Fans can make their own compilation albums by choosing from the more than 100,000 songs on the Web site www.customdisc.com. Consumers can pick ten tracks (up to 70 minutes of music) for $20 plus shipping. Customdisc estimates that it will take an average of 15 minutes for fans to make their own discs. . . . Have you checked out **David Bowie's** art gallery on the Web? The address is www.bowieart.com. He's selling his own work, signed and unsigned. . . . **Robert Plant** and **Jimmy Page** will release a studio album prior to the kickoff of their 1998 50-city tour. The album will be basic: guitars, bass, drums and vocals—classic rock and roll. . . . Former **Jefferson Airplane** member **Jorma Kaukonen** has opened his farm in Athens, Ohio to a music school. Guest instructors will include **Rory Block, G.E. Smith, Chris Smither, Dan Erlewine, Jack Casady** and **Pete Sears.** They will teach guitar, bass, dobro, keyboards, drums, sound engineering and guitar repair. The fees are $350 for weekend workshops and $700 for a week, meals and lodging included. Camp is in session between April and October. For more information, call Ginger or Vanessa at Fur Peace Ranch, 614-742-2105. The kicker: Illicit drugs or alcohol will get you expelled without a refund. . . . Spring events to keep an eye out for: New CDs from **Bonnie Raitt, Garbage** and **Kiss** and a possible reunion tour from **X.** . . . Warner Bros. is the new distributor of the PBS record label. Under their agreement, Warner will finance two music specials a year and distribute six to ten PBS programs. Two Warner acts, **Fleetwood Mac** and **John Fogerty,** already have PBS specials, but Warner hopes to expose audiences to lesser-known artists. . . . The Houston Ballet performed *Rooster* set to the **Rolling Stones** classic cuts. . . . As **Elvis** is studied at the University of Mississippi, **Bob Dylan** was the subject of an academic seminar at Stanford that featured Dylan experts talking about how Bob's lyrics have influenced contemporary affairs, how his work fits in with the Beats and his impact since the Sixties. One English professor said Dylan doesn't warrant serious study, but recent research reveals that freshmen are falling asleep in class more than ever before. A chorus of "Everybody must get stoned" ought to wake them right up.

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

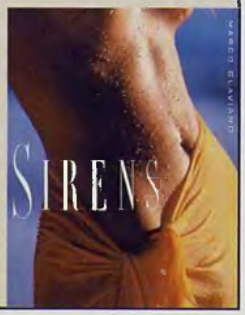
BETWEEN ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

Did you ever wonder who that girl is on the cover of Bob Dylan's *Freewheelin'* album? In his new novel, ***The Rich Man's Table*** (Knopf), Scott Spencer imagines that she and Dylan had a son. Their kid is obsessed with piecing together his famous dad's story and getting him to own up to fatherhood. This thinly veiled story of Dylan's life is an intriguing satirical take on the meaning of fame. The absence of meaning is the subject of Douglas Coupland's ***Girlfriend in a Coma*** (Regan Books). (The title is cribbed from the song by the Smiths.) Narrated by a ghost (don't ask), the novel tells the tale of a woman who goes into a coma while pregnant in 1979 and wakes up with a teenage daughter in 1997. A novel about the end of the world, deftly and comically told, *Girlfriend* battles purposelessness with a sense of humor.

—DAVID STANDISH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

When man first scrawled pictures an cave walls, he was preoccupied with the ladies. Even a caveman would love these books. Jalaja Bonheim's ***Goddess*** (Stewart, Tabari & Chang) is a toast to the deities, illustrated with elegant, erotic paintings. A dark sensuality is explored in Meri Lao's ***Sirens: Symbols of Seduction*** (Park Street) as she traces the bewitching wamen who tempted Hamer, Euripides, James Joyce and Yeats. Gifted storyteller Isabel Allende whips up aphrodisiac recipes, spells, incantations and anecdotes that will entice your laver in ***Aphrodite: A Memoir of the Senses*** (Harper Callins). In ***The Quest for Human Beauty*** (Nortan), an illustrated tour af aur preaccupatian with physical beauty, Julian Rabinson looks at piercing, tattoaing and even wearing ties as he examines aur desires for ritual in sexual attractian. Marco Glaviana's gorgeous callection of phatagraphs of modern ***Sirens*** (Callaway), including Cindy Crawford, Stephanie Seymour, Paulina Porizkova, Claudia Schiffer, Eva Herzigova and Angie Everhart, lets you be a 20th century vayeur in your awn cave.

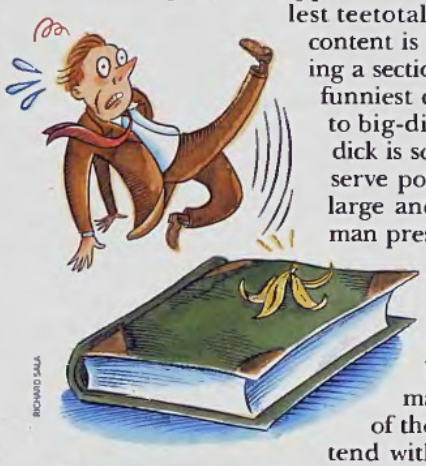


—HELEN FRANGOULIS

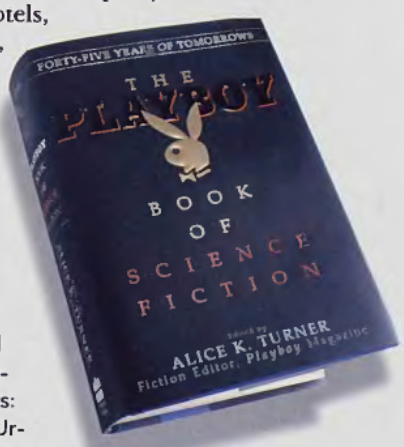
LAUGHERS

Transplanting comedy from the stage to the page is big, though risky, business. There's no guarantee of crossover appeal. But even the most unlikely celebrity-authored humor books have become moneymakers for book publishers. High-profile funnymen such as Jerry Seinfeld, Chris Rock, Paul Reiser and Tim Allen have successfully tapped literature lite, thus inspiring many of their contemporaries to do likewise. Some of the most recent crop include:

Drew Carey's ***Dirty Jokes and Beer: Stories of the Unrefined*** (Hyperion) derives much of its character from Carey's stand-up act (not his TV show), which has this as its main premise: Carey is the raconteur and we are his drinking buddies. For the most part, this supposition works well on the page. But lest teetotalers feel excluded, some content is less proprietary—including a section of dark fiction and the funniest chapter, devoted entirely to big-dick jokes. A sample: "My dick is so big, movie theaters now serve popcorn in small, medium, large and My Dick." Tracey Ullman presents more of a challenge with ***Tracey Takes On*** (Hyperion), a companion to her HBO series of the same name. In this book, as in her act, Ullman is rarely herself. Most of the time, readers must contend with the voices of 16 vastly different characters. Taking on *Takes On* requires readers to have a healthy imagination and perhaps a few acting lessons. ***Laughing Matters*** (Random House), veteran comedy scribe Larry Gelbart's just-published memoir, is not so much a humor book as a book on humor. Appropriately mapped out in script form, there are acts instead of sections, scenes instead of chapters. Readers, especially those with a soft spot for such Gelbart classics as *MASH*, *Oh, God!* and *Tootsie*, will appreciate the author's pithy insights and professional zeal. "I love to write," he says. "I would write in the shower, if someone came out with a laptop on a rope." ***Letters From a Nut*** (Avon) is a Jerry Seinfeld–prefaced (some say written—Seinfeld denies it) collection of outlandish correspondence from the loony mind of Ted L. Nancy. No matter how they're read, many of these embarrassingly ridiculous missives (and the equally ridiculous responses they provoke) sent to hotels, corporations and magazines, will make you laugh. "Dear *Star* magazine," reads one, "I have a corn on my foot that resembles Shelley Fabares."



—MIKE THOMAS



ON THE RIGHT TREK:

Ever since Ray Bradbury appeared in aur pages in the early Fifties, the magazine has been committed to science fictian. From the beginning, we've braught you the greats: Arthur C. Clarke, Harlan Ellisan, Ursula K. Le Guin, Robert Silverberg, Kurt Vonnegut, Stephen King, Philip K. Dick, Lucius Shepard, Terry Bisson and—yes—Billy Crystal. Naw their best wark is collected in ***The Playboy Book of Science Fiction*** (Harper Prism), edited by PLAYBOY Fictian Editor Alice K. Turner. From hard-care science fictian to the New Wave ta cyberpunk, it's all here.

—H.F.

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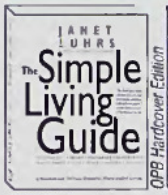

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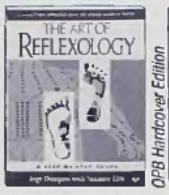

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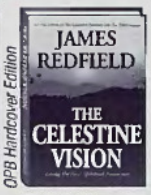

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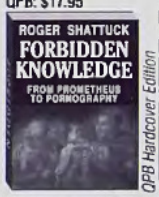

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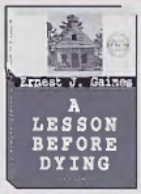

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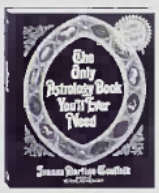

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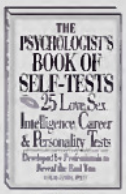

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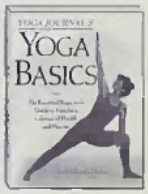

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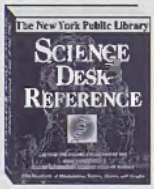

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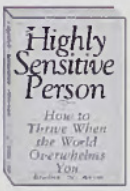

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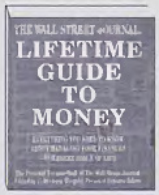

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HEALTH & FITNESS

PASS THE HERBS, HONEY

DAVE CUTLER

With people taking melatonin to get over jet lag and St. John's wort to cheer up, is it any wonder that men have hit the health food store to perk up their sex lives? And they may be onto something, according to Dr. Harold Bloomfield, a Yale-trained psychiatrist and author of the recently published *Healing Anxiety With Herbs*. After seeing his patients respond well to St. John's wort (rather than Prozac), Dr. Bloomfield looked into the sexual benefits derived from herbs and came up with the following advice.

Suffering from general fatigue and low sexual energy? Bloomfield suggests you try panax ginseng for a couple of months. If you're still not feeling up to speed, add avena sativa, which one study claims doubles the amount of testosterone in men. If you're over 40, adding regular doses of ginkgo biloba will also perk up things.

What if you're the stressed-out type who wants to boost his bedplay? Bloomfield has hope for you, too. Try taking Siberian ginseng regularly—it's less stimulating than panax. Add a dose of valerian root (it not only relaxes you but also increases blood flow to the penis) and kava one hour before lovemaking. Whichever herbs you choose, buy them at a reputable outlet (such as Great Earth or GNC) and follow the dosage instructions.

Forget about yohimbé, by the way. It helps some men who suffer from impotence, but it's useless for the average guy. Stay away from damiana as well—Bloomfield says there isn't enough research to risk taking it. If you're trying to put her in the mood, try aromatherapy, especially the scent of roses. And while it may sound odd, eating chocolate and honey right before having sex stimulates arousal in both men and women. Besides, it tastes great.

Sticky Dick: Crunch ad

SWEAT IT OUT

It trickles down your sides, soaking shirt and shorts, sluicing away pounds and toxins. Yes, sweat is a blessed bodily fluid—if you leave it behind at the gym. New York City dermatologist Jonathan Zizmor warns that "sweat gets trapped in the sweat glands and may get infected with bacteria. Sweat bumps may then develop and a heat rash may ensue."

What to do? First, shower after exercising. Tepid water is best, since hot water makes you sweat more. Men with oily skin should wash with an antibacterial cleanser. Try products that are designed to treat oily skin (such as those by Clearasil or Oxy). Crunch Fitness Centers (as cute with their ads, above, as they are with their product) have developed a natural shower gel with tea tree oil, antimicrobial aloe and antioxidant vitamins A and E. Men with dry skin should use a moisturizing soap, rinse well and then apply moisturizer. With proper care, your skin can look as good as your body. More important, it will stay healthy.

SUMMERTIME AND THE WORKOUTS ARE EASY

It's not too early to plan new ways to enjoy the outdoors and get in shape. Try rowing, a low-impact exercise that tones abdominal muscles and increases overall body strength. Glide across rivers and lakes, encounter birds and fish in their natural habitats and check out the shoreline as you go. To get started, call your local rowing club. This time of year most clubs offer novice classes and can get you in a recreational shell, which is durable enough to strap to the roof of your RV. Get in the mood by attending any number of major rowing events this spring, including the Dad Vail Regatta on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, May 8 and 9. With as many as 4000 competitors and 50,000-plus spectators, this is the largest collegiate rowing event in the world. For more information, call 215-248-2600.

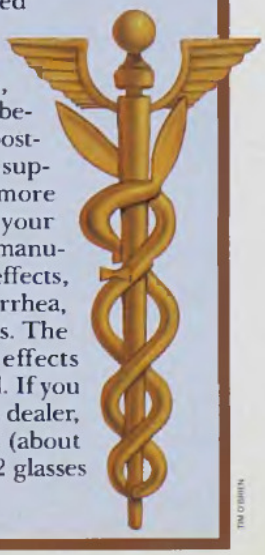
Manatee workout: You swimmin' with me?

For an exotic water adventure, try swimming with a 10-foot, 1500-pound manatee. The endangered mammal may not be the prettiest creature in the sea (it looks like a cross between a walrus and Mr. Potato Head), but it's a remarkable experience (and physically invigorating) to keep pace with this rare animal. Several Florida companies have licensed captains and follow federal guidelines for interacting with manatees. For info, call Birds Underwater at 352-563-2763.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: To pump up, my workout friends swear by creatine. What exactly is it, and is it safe?

A: Creatine is an amino acid produced in the liver, kidneys and pancreas. It is stored in muscle cells and acts as an energy source. Creatine supplements, sold in powder, capsule or candy form, are widely used by athletes and have become a $100 million industry. By boosting levels of creatine in muscles, the supplements enable you to work out more vigorously and eventually increase your strength and muscle mass. But while manufacturers say creatine has no side effects, some users have reported nausea, diarrhea, dehydration, cramps and muscle pulls. The bottom line: Creatine's long-term effects have never been studied, so be careful. If you decide to use it, buy from a reputable dealer, adhere to the recommended dosage (about five grams daily) and drink at least 12 glasses of water a day.



TIM O'BRIEN

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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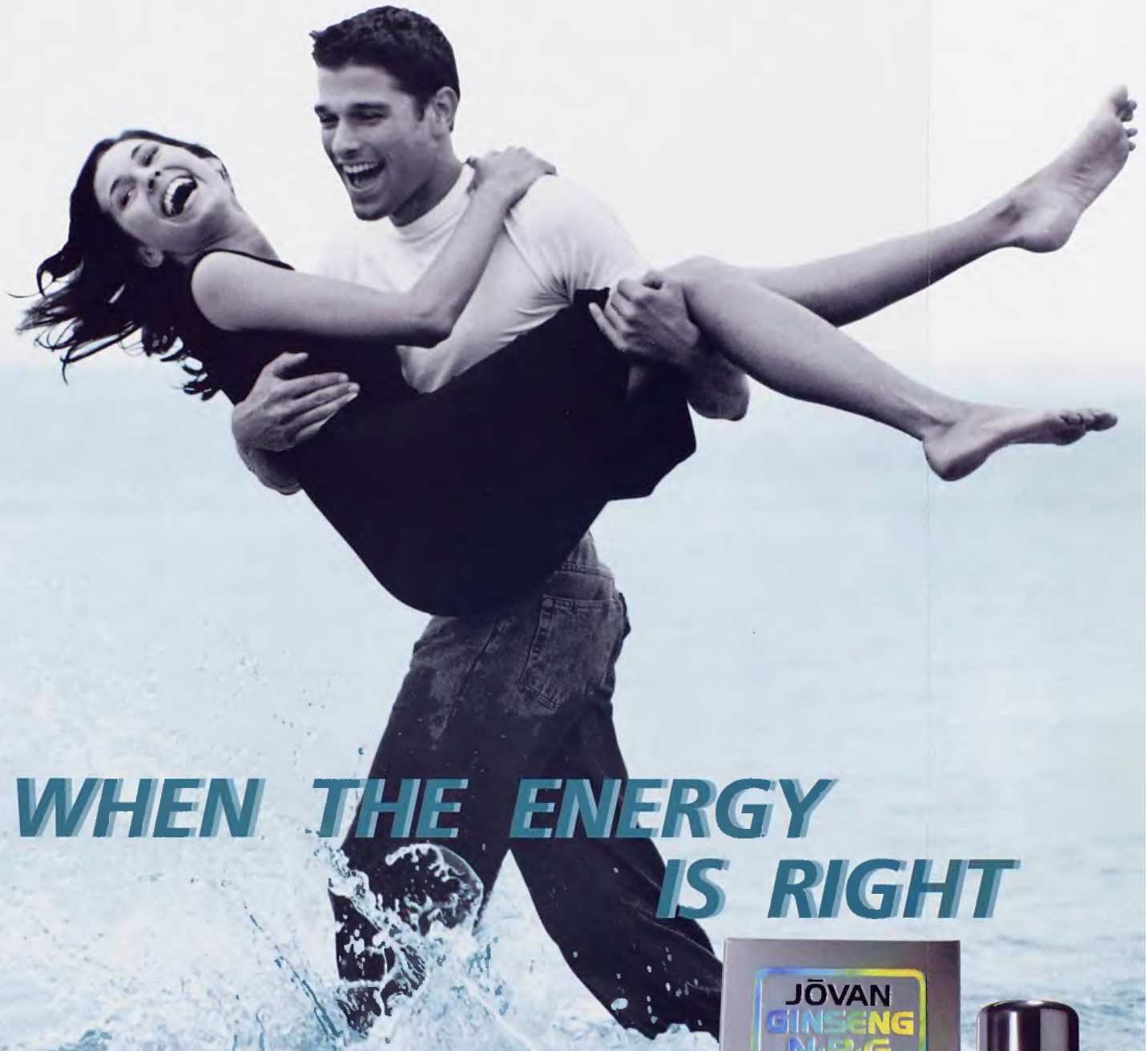

WHEN THE ENERGY IS RIGHT

THE FRESHNESS OF GINSENG

CAPTURED IN A NEW ENERGIZING FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

JŌVAN GINSENG N·R·G

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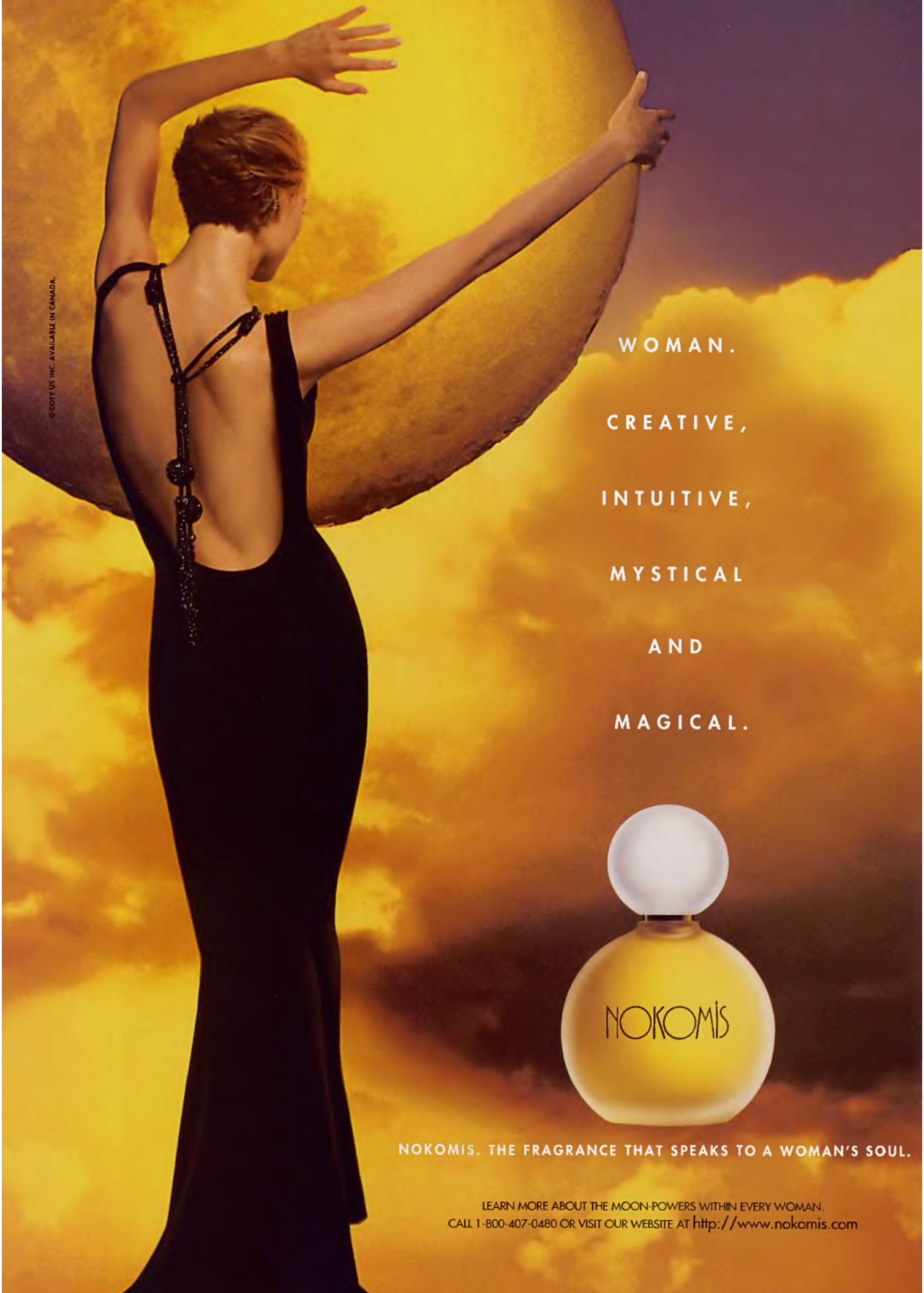
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MEN

By ASA BABER

I live one block east of Chris Farley's condominium in Chicago, and I used to see him around town from time to time, though those were never pleasant occasions for me. Watching Farley glad-hand his way through a restaurant or bounce around a crowd in a bar mostly made me feel embarrassed for him.

Inappropriate as it would have been, I often wanted to go up to him, slap him around a little and tell him to straighten out, tell him he wasn't funny when he lost control, tell him that he should be accountable for his actions. "Do you realize how many guys are imitating you?" I wanted to ask him. "Do you understand the power you have?" Call it the drill instructor in me, but understand that it was painful for me—a man who has had many of his own excesses—to watch Farley remind me of my lesser self as he went slowly down the tubes.

Whenever I saw Farley, he was a mess to look at, a walking Pig Pen, hair tousled, face flushed, belly hanging over his belt, manic in his behavior, always onstage, the king of pratfalls who tried to make everybody laugh by making a fool of himself. Given his posture as a wild man, and given the well-founded rumors I heard about his gargantuan drug consumption, I wasn't shocked to learn that Chris Farley had overdosed on cocaine and morphine in his condominium. Indeed, he seemed to me to be addiction's poster child.

To this day I wish his friends and family had been able to make him face his demons. But I also understand that Farley was an adult who made his own choices and controlled his own destiny. He called the shots and took the drugs—the devil didn't make him do a thing. "A man is responsible for his own face and fate after the age of 21," a friend of mine used to say, and I buy it. I'm not saying I like the truth of that statement, but you can't really argue with it.

But Farley's death made me think again about the subject of men and addiction. If his passing is to be beneficial to us at all, perhaps it should be in this way: that we examine ourselves more closely and root out the reasons behind our sometimes crazy behavior—and pledge not to follow Farley's example of self-destruction.

Addiction is not a subject we talk about much, but most of us have had our struggles with one bad habit or another,

ANTHONY RUSSO

ADDICTION'S POSTER CHILD

whether it is food or caffeine or nicotine or sex or exercise or the so-called harder drugs. We are almost always secretive about it. Our addictions take many forms, but we tend to deny them: "Addicted? Hey, I can quit any time I want to. I just don't want to yet."

Sound familiar?

Here, for what it's worth, are four reasons why I think addiction sings its siren song so effectively to us men. Some of what follows may seem to be quirky or eccentric, but it is based on my personal experiences. If the quartet of quotes that follows is true for you, I submit that you probably have an addictive personality. Take a look at yourself in the mirror and acknowledge your tendencies. In that acknowledgment, I believe, you will find the beginning of honesty and eventual healing.

(1) *"I distinctly remember the first time I did my drug of choice."* If this quote rings true, it is a major clue. If, on the first hit, a drug seems to light up your psyche like a bolt of lightning, watch out, because it probably will nail you to the wall. For example, I clearly remember the first drink of liquor I ever had—and sure enough, alcohol became a major problem for me for many years. Drinking made me less shy and more energetic. On the other hand, marijuana gave me a headache and heroin, which I tried as a boy, made me violently ill. The result? No trouble with those two drugs later on in my life. In general, addiction stakes its claim early and powerfully—or not at all.

(2) *"I had big problems with my father when I was growing up."* This could have gone at the top of my list. For most boys, nothing is more traumatic than serious conflict with their fathers. When this most fundamental of relationships goes wrong—when we cannot get the support and approval we need from our fathers—our lives darken and our behavior reflects it. In the U.S., 72 percent of adolescents charged with murder and 60 percent of rapists grew up without their fathers. And although it has not been adequately studied, the number of fatherless men who engage in severely addictive behaviors is also huge. Lose a dad, get sad, go mad. That's my rap on the subject, and maybe one day this culture will do something about it.

(3) *"From my earliest years, I've been looking for heaven on earth."* Let's call it your search for nirvana. My dictionary defines nirvana as "a place or state of oblivion to care, pain or external reality." Again, I ask: Sound familiar? Have you been looking for that place for most of your life? I believe that most addicts are on a spiritual search. They really are looking for something akin to the great hereafter, and they flirt with death to find it. Misguided, romantic, foolish, needful, they think they can escape from the world by artificial means. And they snort, shoot, drink, pop or smoke those means as they try to leave their pain and find their refuge. At first, it works. But then it doesn't.

(4) *"I was sexualized at an early age."* Let's be honest, gentlemen. This one makes sense to most of us. We are aware of our sexuality much earlier in our lives than this culture can handle. We can have erections before our families or friends realize the change in us. But our sexuality is neither understood nor recognized, and we live solitary lives filled with masturbation and fantasy. For many of us, eventual experimentation with drugs and other addictive escapes become ways out of sexual frustration and loneliness.

To paraphrase a man of our times: If these quotes fit, you must admit. And if you admit, it's a start.

MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Suddenly it seems everyone is upset about the D word.

But in this column I'll explain how you can actually make some money from deflation: Tune out the white noise and focus on promising "noncommodity" stocks—those of companies that don't rely on rising prices to make a profit. Stay away from companies in the oil business, say, or those in metals and foods, and this phony scare over the D word will leave you utterly unscathed. To see why, let's begin with a bit of background as to what's really behind all these deflationary alarums.

The fears have been uncorked by the financial crisis in Asia. The problem boiled up last summer when some speculators, led by financier George Soros, ganged up on the Thailand currency and pounded it into the ground. That set off a chain reaction in other Asian economies, causing a business slowdown throughout the region. Since Asia is built on borrowed money, this quickly translated into bankruptcies from Korea to Malaysia, forcing prices to fall as well.

Because much of what these countries export—in particular, computer parts, textiles and cars—winds up in the U.S., economists quickly concluded that lower import prices from Asia would pull down the price level in America, where the rise in consumer prices has been barely noticeable anyway.

The Cassandras now include even Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan. Having devoted much of his Washington career to hectoring the business community about inflation, Greenspan switched signals in January in a speech before the American Economic Association and began to warn of the perils lurking in the opposite financial situation. If prices were to start dropping so sharply as to undercut business profitability, Greenspan warned, interest rates would fall to zero to stimulate borrowing. Yet as falling prices increased the value of money, currency would be transformed into a kind of fool's gold that people would hoard under their mattresses. Real estate values would tumble, commerce and trade would dry up and the entire financial system would collapse. Oh hell, it would be a mess.

Unfortunately, in all the hand-wringing about life as we know it getting sucked into a black hole, one minor detail keeps getting overlooked. Much of

MARY JONES

DEFLATION: THREAT OR MENACE?

the price deflation likely to be imported from Asia will be good for the U.S. economy. Reduced Asian prices would actually benefit many technology companies (which collectively dominate trade with Asia). Lower import prices would stimulate consumer spending, boost U.S. investment and improve living standards for everyone.

The truth is, only those companies in commodities businesses that compete directly with Asia are really vulnerable in the Big Implosion scenario. And frankly, there just aren't enough of those companies to get excited about it. The markets of Asia are important to the U.S., but they're not that important. In the case of the U.S. computer industry the exposure may well turn out to be beneficial.

That's because nearly every major American computer and components manufacturer now does at least some—and in a number of cases, most—of its manufacturing and assembly work abroad, typically in a country such as Singapore, Malaysia or South Korea. Intel Corp., which supplies 90 percent of the processor chips for PC and PC-compatible computers sold in the U.S., currently has less than ten percent of its worldwide manufacturing facilities in the Philippines and Malaysia.

But that doesn't mean weakening prices in those countries will automatically translate into trouble for Intel—quite the contrary. Intel's profit margins could actually widen, since its overseas costs will decline while its U.S. prices need not fall at all.

More important, in the computer industry, growth and profitability are spurred by declining prices. In October 1995 an IBM Aptiva desktop computer with eight megabytes of RAM and a 1.5-gigabyte hard drive sold for $2,862. A year later, a comparable machine sold for basically the same price, but it came with four times as much RAM and twice the hard-drive storage. During the same period, IBM's personal computer sales grew by nearly 14 percent, even as the company's earnings rose 42 percent, to $10.02 per share, while its share price rose by more than 40 percent.

It's been like that throughout the entire computer industry, from laptops to palmtops, from hardware to software. Falling prices spur innovation, which stimulates sales, which stirs more competition, which forces prices to fall more, which unleashes yet more innovation.

So, what stocks should you look for in a world of slow growth and stable or even easing prices? The same sort of companies that have done well in the past in that climate: companies that not only outpace their competitors in both revenues and profits, but continue to grow whether the economy expands or not. Best of all, look for companies that are dominant in their markets, have good, stable management teams and generate enough cash internally to finance growth without having to depend on banks, the bond market or stock sales to raise capital. A company such as Lucent Technologies—the spun-off research arm of AT&T—is one such outfit. Intel is another. Or, if you want to engage in the financial fantasy of having half a ton of hot steel between your legs, try Harley-Davidson.

These companies do well in the face of slow economic growth and easing prices, and it's a safe bet that they'll continue to do well in the future, deflation or not. There are plenty more like them. So don't panic. The D word isn't a reason to sell, it's an opportunity to buy!

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

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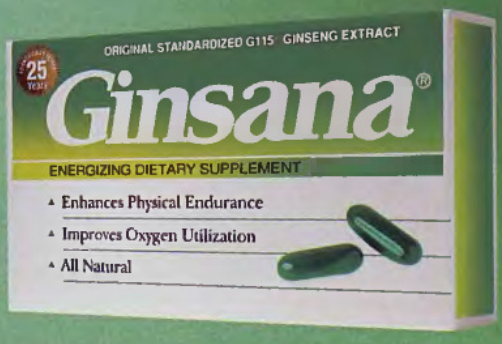

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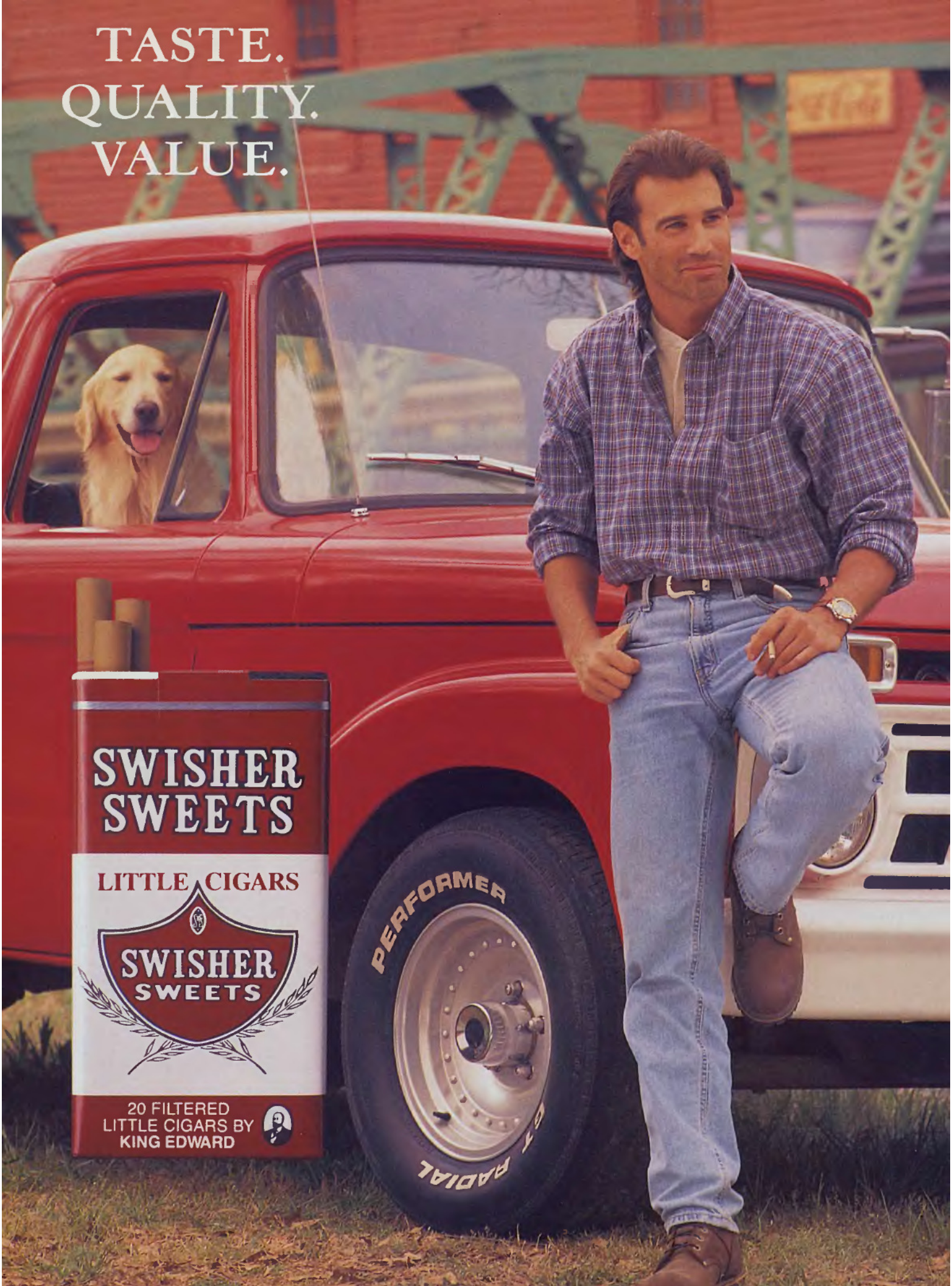
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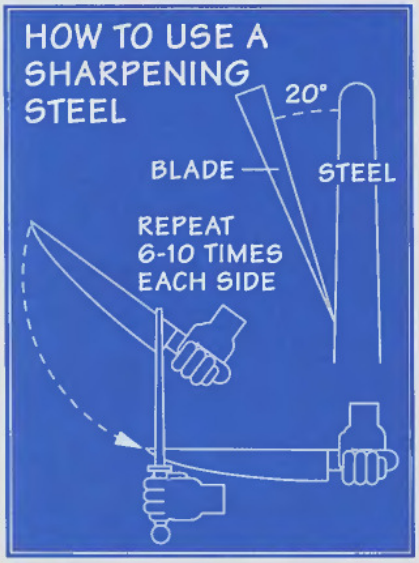
Have Blades, Will Travel

We could offer a number of reasons why owning a boxed set of professional-quality knives and cutting tools is a good idea. For example, when asked to make a command culinary performance at your girlfriend's house, you wouldn't have to use her Ginsu. And at your summer rental, you'd know that no matter what you might fix, you'll have the right tool. But enough about rationality. Not since Lee Van Cleef unfurled his firearm saddlebag in *For a Few Dollars More* have we been so impressed with the concision, the completeness, the sheer coolness of this chef's attaché from Wüsthof-Trident. In it you have everything you'll ever need—a cleaver-weight 12-inch chef's blade, a meat slicer, garnishing tools, decorating punches and even a set of larding needles. The set costs about the same as the down payment on a car ($3200) and will garner the same sort of admiring looks, but will last longer.

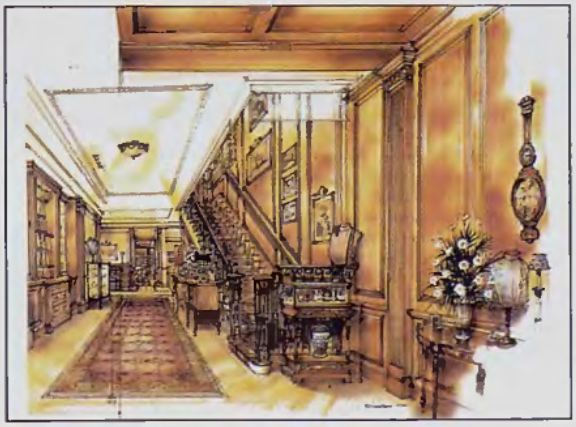


How to Use a Sharpening Steel

It's impressive the way chefs get down to business by moving their knives against an upraised steel. And this blurred activity, when done properly, trues the edge and makes the knife better to work with. There are those who insist that the only way to significantly improve a knife's cutting ability is to sharpen it on a stone, but we'll let that argument pass. In the meantime, the blueprint above shows you how to master the art of being a hone boy.

Bespoke Spoken Here

The name Turnbull & Asser has been synonymous with custom English shirts since 1885, when Reginald Turnbull, a shirtmaker, and Ernest Asser, a salesman, opened a store in the heart of London. (The London shop is situated at 72 Jermyn Street, at the corner of Bury.) Now T&A has opened a store in Manhattan (42 East 57th Street between Park and Madison). If you're willing to spend $185 to $375 per shirt and wait six to eight weeks for delivery (the shirts are constructed in England using paper patterns), this is the place for long staple Egyptian and Sea Island cotton shirts. "An atmosphere that is relaxed, yet unmistakably English," is how management describes the new store's environs (illustrated below). Shoes, hosiery, underwear, ties, sweaters, outerwear, formalwear, robes, pajamas and accessories can also be purchased—along with made-to-measure suits, trousers and sports coats. If you can't make it to the Big Apple, Turnbull & Asser also has trunk shows that visit major cities nationwide (including Chicago, Dallas and Los Angeles), taking fittings for shirts.



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Châteaux Cheap

French wine and bargain battles rarely exist in the same sentence anymore. However, the wines of Languedoc–Roussillon are the closest thing to a good buy that France has to offer. These wines come from the region that borders the Mediterranean between the Rhône Valley and Spain. Languedoc–Roussillon has always produced wine, but growers have recently been replacing the lesser grape varieties with syrah, merlot, mourvèdre and cabernet sauvignon. In addition, growers have lowered yields and improved their vinification techniques. The result has been a resounding success: Imagine a sturdy Rhône with the forthcoming fruit of a Burgundy—for between $5 and $15. Look for the names of such pioneering importers as Robert Kacher, Peter Weygandt, Alain Junguenet, Kermit Lynch and Eric Solomon on wines bearing the appellations Coteaux du Languedoc, Minervois/Corbières, Côtes du Roussillon and Vin de Pays d'Oc.

Boxing Memorabilia

Boxing memorabilia may be the next big collectible. A recent Christie's auction of Muhammad Ali's gear brought in more than $1.3 million and toppled auction records for boxing gloves, shoes, trunks and robes. The beaded white robe Ali wore before his 1974 title fight with George Foreman in Zaire sold for $156,500. The value of the lower-end items associated with the former champ has also improved. Simeon Lipman, a Christie's sports collectibles expert, recommends collecting "any of the ephemera having to do with Ali's biggest fights—fight posters, programs, ticket stubs, stationery and press kits." Items relating to more recent events are of interest as well. The poster of the 1991 Holyfield–Tyson bout, signed by both (above), is worth between $800 and $1000. Flea markets and garage sales may yield a few bargains, and you can find dealers through sports magazine ads and memorabilia shows. Research the seller by calling a reputable auction house to verify the dealer's integrity.

Razor Buzz

Even if you've never considered shaving with an electric razor, you may be intrigued by the new Q-One from Norelco. The razor communicates with its stand through infrared remote. As it learns the contours of your face and your shaving habits, the razor sends that information to the stand, which measures shaving pressure and adjusts the suspension of the razor heads. We gave the unit to one of our more hair-enhanced staffers to test. A devoted blade shaver, he told us that the best thing about using the Q-One is that he now finishes shaving in two minutes. And his shaves have gotten better over time. What price tonsorial glory? Figure about $450.

How to Handle an Audit

No one enjoys being audited by the IRS, but there are some guidelines you can follow to make the experience considerably less taxing. First, dress conservatively. "If you own a business that's showing only a small profit, don't walk in wearing a $1500 Italian suit," advises Bill Stevenson, a Long Island enrolled agent. Also, don't say anything that might call the agent's attention to the disparity in your salaries. "Let's say you're making $1 million and paying $385,000 a year in taxes," says Andy Andrin, an enrolled agent based in the Chicago area. "The agent's making maybe $39,500. He may be a little ticked off about that." Treat the agent with respect; say "sir" or "ma'am." Don't gripe about government spending, foreign policy or the latest presidential sex scandal. In fact, talk as little as possible: Let your enrolled agent be your mouthpiece. However, if you're being investigated for fraud, hire a tax attorney, who, unlike an enrolled agent, cannot testify against you. In any audit, go in with an organized stack of receipts and a diary of your expenses. Make sure you record any expenses you incurred for mileage, parking and professional fees. You may be able to deduct them on next year's return.

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Columbus, OH
friday april 17th
newport music hall

Madison, WI
saturday april 18th
the barrymore theatre

E. Lansing, MI
sunday april 19th
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The Road Warrior Combo

Traveling for business screams out for special equipment. No self-respecting business traveler ever checks a bag. And carry-on bags generally fall into two categories: Fold-over garment bags (which can't accommodate an extra pair of shoes) and small-wheeled bags (most of which don't have a section to put a suit in). The Tumi Carry-On Suiter ($495, in ballistic nylon) solves both problems. The Tumi Safecase Slim Organizer Computer Brief ($275) is lorge enough to have a suspended laptop comportment (so even if you drop the bag, the computer will probably survive) and small enough not to look like your entire office is stuffed inside. With these two bags, you can go anywhere—at least for a couple of days.

Shredded Neat

All those credit-card applications and love notes you throw in the trash could cause you trouble. But commercial paper shredders are too expensive for home use. Now GBC Shredmaster has introduced the Confidential, a small, AC-powered shredder that fits most wastebaskets. For under $30, it's a cheap way to ensure against consumer fraud—or to protect yourself from a vengeful girlfriend.

How to Work a Room

Donn Davis, in his *Survival Skills for the Modern Man*, reminds us that John Keats wrote, "Conversation is not a search after knowledge, but an endeavor at effect." Here are Dovis' rules for making on impression: **Keep moving:** Your goal is to exchange a pleasant comment or two and smile as you move to the next group. **Remember names:** People are flattered when you remember their names. Before an event go over the ottendee list. **Love the one you're with:** Give the person you are talking with your undivided attention. Two minutes of laser-like personal chatter goes a long way. **Don't forget the little people:** The tendency is to talk only to those at or above your level in the power structure. Make sure you spend time with administrative assistonts and people new to the organization. You con leorn a lot from them. **Take the initiative:** Most people are flattered when approached. Just walk up and introduce yourself. **Circle back to the most important contacts on your way out:** Last impressions can be the most memorable.

Roadster Redux

The world's best-selling roadster is now even better. Mazda's all-new 1999 Miato features more horsepower, a stiffer chassis, a real trunk and fresh styling. (And no pop-up headlights or plastic rear window—it's glass.) Five option levels are available, from a nicely equipped stocker with the power steering package for under $20,000 to a fully loaded model for $27,500 that includes a hard top. Our choice? The Leather Package (about $25,500), with power goodies galore, cruise control, wind blocker, 15-inch alloy wheels, 200-wott Bose stereo and more. We tested the 1999 in Hawaii not long ago and found the combination of crisp handling, superb balance and a twin-cam four to be confidence-inspiring. This former MG and Triumph wannabe is definitely o trendsetter—ond for good reason.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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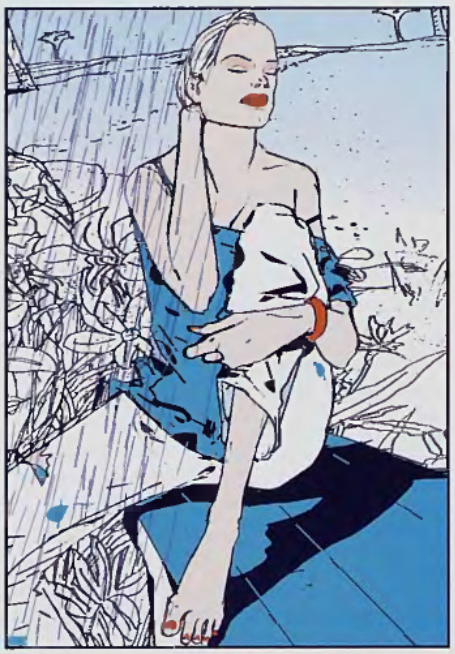
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few months ago my husband and I invited his best friend into our bedroom and I was able to live out a fantasy of having two men at once. The problem is that I have fallen for his friend. He comes over quite often and the three of us watch Playboy TV. Sometimes we have too much to drink and we start flirting and talking dirty. I've told the friend that I go nuts every time I see him. But I don't want to hurt my husband or ruin their friendship. Our friend isn't candid with me, so I'm not sure what he thinks. I wonder if he's using me, because he and his wife don't get along. I wish we could return to being just friends, but it's hard to pretend that I don't want him.—R.R., Dallas, Texas

Your story illustrates a potential downside of threesomes—they usually involve a couple, and once in a while the couple that walks in isn't the one that walks out. We wouldn't risk a marriage over what sounds like puppy love. As difficult as it will be, you need to stop seeing this guy. He should stop coming over, or you should find something else to do. Watch Playboy TV with your girlfriends. If you follow your heart instead of your head—a mistake in this situation—at least tell your husband about your feelings before you arrange another threesome. He may already have guessed. After all, a guy who can watch his wife have sex with his best friend can't be too surprised by her crushes.

Although I've never been much of a cologne wearer, one of my friends says as long as you don't put on too much, scent helps get a woman's attention. Has any research been done on which scents turn women on?—G.C., Oakland, California

In June 1995 we reported that the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago had studied which of a selection of odors caused an increase in penile blood flow (all of them did, with a mixture of lavender and pumpkin pie topping the list). Now the foundation has completed a study of women's preferences. According to director Alan Hirsch, the best way to get to a woman's genitals through her nose is with the smell of Good & Plenty licorice and cucumber. A mixture of those scents caused the greatest increase in vaginal blood flow among 30 test subjects, as did a whiff of baby powder. Surprisingly, the smell of Good & Plenty by itself caused a decrease in arousal—cucumber seems to be the key (but still no substitute for a man). Other findings: Women who enjoy masturbating were most aroused by a combination of Good & Plenty and banana-nut bread, while the most multiorgasmic women in the group were turned off by baby powder. Go figure. Your friend must possess charms besides his odor—a sample of men's cologne caused a decrease in arousal, as did the smell of cherries and the



scent of barbecue. Hirsch, author of the book "Scentsational Sex" (800-253-6476), hopes to learn more about the connection between odors and arousal. He notes that nearly 25 percent of his patients who have lost their sense of smell also develop sexual dysfunction.

Thanks for telling readers about our remote-control vibrator in the April issue. You are correct about discreet sexual stimulation being on a lot of women's (and men's) minds. We recently held a sex-toy design contest that drew more than 100 entries, ranging from diagrams drawn on bar napkins to functional prototypes. The winner designed a pair of cycling shorts with a "gel-like, two-lipped cradle for the clitoris, and a teasing little lump for the vagina" sewn into the crotch. "These wonder pants provide the rider with added incentive to pedal," she explained. Our judges—porn star Nina Hartley and representatives from dildo manufacturer Vixen Creations and sex-toy manufacturer Cal Exotics—were impressed. We've posted entries from the contest at www.goodvibes.com.—Rebecca Suzanne, Good Vibrations, San Francisco, California

Sounds like quite a ride. If you have another contest, drop us a line. Not many people know this, but we're working on a vibrator that runs on cold fusion.

The letter in April about the proper way to throw a dart caught my eye. I've always wondered about the dartboard itself. Are the numbers arranged in any particular way?—D.S., Phoenix, Arizona

On the common English clockface board, the numbers are placed so you're rewarded for taking risks. That's why you see higher numbers such as 20 surrounded by lower numbers such as one or five. If you shoot for the higher scores and miss, it's going to sting. A common fallacy is that hitting the bull's-eye gives you the highest possible score. Instead, experienced players aim for the triples ring. Hitting a triple 20 gets you 60. A double bull's-eye scores 50. Novice players often practice by shooting for the eye. Not only is that a poor strategy, but you'll wear out the center of the playing surface. On better boards, the number ring can be rotated to allow for even wear.

Surely the Advisor would know: Is oral sex adultery?—A.T., Chatham Township, New Jersey

Of course—unless your wife says it's OK. Good luck with that.

Recently, I've heard a lot about digital phones versus analog. Which is better?—D.P., Fort Worth, Texas

It depends on what you have to say, and where you want to say it. Digital phones provide more privacy and clarity. They also have longer battery lives and features such as speed dialing, caller ID, e-mail retrieval, paging and one-touch voice-mail access. On the downside, they're more expensive than analog and far less reliable outside metropolitan areas. If you leave your digital service area, your phone may not work unless you own a dual-mode model, which can be bulky. Wandering into an area that uses another of the three competing digital technologies also leaves you in a bind. Finally, some digital users complain that the phones cut them off without warning if they leave the service area. If you use your phone sparingly or travel a lot, we suggest analog. If you're a discreet and busy man about town, go digital.

In March you explained why men get erections during the dream stage of sleep, which occurs every 90 minutes or so. Do women have similar patterns? And why do scientists measure sleep arousal?—E.R., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Women apparently do experience similar sleep arousal. But while blood flow to the penis can be monitored by attaching an expandable ring, measuring blood flow to a woman's genitals is more of a challenge. Sleep erections are typically monitored to determine if erectile dysfunction is a physical or a mental problem.

My wife has suggested that we liven things up with new lightbulbs in the bedroom. What color do you suggest?—P.W., Memphis, Tennessee

We're happy just to have the lights on. In their book "The Great Sex Weekend," Pepper Schwartz and Janet Lever tackle this question with Marsha Hunt, a writer and

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

producer for Playboy Home Video. Hunt recommends blue bulbs. "We always use blue light in our bedroom scenes," she says. "It creates a mysterious and sensual atmosphere. It gives sufficient light to see, but it's dim enough to cover flaws. Pink bulbs provide light that is soft, romantic and flattering—it makes most people look much younger—but stick to a 40-watt bulb. Stay away from green—that's monster lighting—and yellow, which makes skin look sallow." Schwartz and Lever don't recommend red bulbs because "they make your bedroom look like a brothel." Considering the wild sex that can go on in whorehouses, red may not be such a bad choice. You'll find colored bulbs at well-stocked hardware stores.

I suspect we all harbor some degree of homosexual feelings. What do the experts think? No flippancy, please.—R.K., Fredericksburg, Virginia

Who, us? The only thing we know for certain is that everyone harbors sexual feelings, the depth and range of which remain unexplored. Researcher Alfred Kinsey suggested that sexuality can be charted on a continuum, with strict heterosexuals on one end, strict homosexuals on the other and well-adjusted bisexuals at the center. That theory allows for the majority of people to have "straight" and "gay" desires, though they may not act on the weaker of the two. Recent research supports this theory by suggesting a genetic component to sexual orientation. Todd Morman, writing in "Stay Free!" (sunsite.unc.edu/stayfree/5/sexchart.htm), argues that the complexities of human sexuality are better understood on a Cartesian system of x and y axes. He would add a third dimension (the z axis) to chart fetishes and changes in desire over time. Is there any such thing as a completely straight person, someone who never has a passing thought, dream or fantasy about homosexual sex? We're suspicious of anyone claiming to be an überhetero, especially after rereading a study conducted a few years ago at the University of Georgia. Researchers gave a questionnaire to 64 straight men to gauge their dread of homosexuals. They then attached monitors to the men's penises and showed them clips from straight and gay porn movies. The men who expressed the greatest homophobia showed the most arousal while watching men having sex with other men. Imagine that.

My wife carries her money in her bra. This turns me on. Do other men get turned on by this, or am I the only one?—D.T., Grand Rapids, Michigan

That depends—how many other men know about it? We once knew a waitress who kept her tips tucked in her nylon stockings. There's something about the thought of cold cash against warm skin that presses all the right buttons. If you're lucky, your wife will let you slip your hand in the till.

I love oral sex. But now that I'm pregnant, I fear that swallowing semen will affect my fetus. A friend told me not to worry because semen is just protein. Is semen harmful in this situation?—R.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Not at all. It may even be beneficial. Research suggests that exposure to semen through intercourse (and possibly oral sex) prevents preeclampsia, a dangerous form of high blood pressure that can occur late in pregnancy. The semen can't come from just anyone—it has to belong to the guy who provided the lucky sperm, and exposure has to be repeated over months. Prolonged contact with the father's antigens apparently boosts the mother's immune system. That may be why one study found that first-time moms who become pregnant within the initial four months of a sexual relationship are at greater risk of preeclampsia.

Three days a week, I visit the gym. Should I eat before I go, and if so, what?—G.C., Los Angeles, California

You'll have more stamina and endurance if you have a snack an hour or so before exercising. Eat foods that provide complex carbohydrates, such as bagels, pretzels, fig bars, yogurt, fruit, juice, cereal or energy bars. After your workout, replenish with more carbs and some protein. And drink plenty of water.

A few months ago, the Advisor made a blunder. You wrote, "Computerized slots are as random as their mechanical predecessors." *Au contraire!* One of the oldest and most difficult problems with computers is the generation of random numbers—true randomness is the Holy Grail for programmers. I've been a PLAYBOY reader since 1954 and I'd hate to see your column flamed by all the computer geeks out there.—D.M., Minneapolis, Minnesota

We heard from only a few geeks about this—the rest must be in Vegas running diagnostics. As you note, only the universe can create an absolutely random event, but computerized slots are random enough for our bets. They're certainly as close to random as mechanicals, some of which can be manipulated by pulling the handle just right.

Are there any cookbooks that have recipes for dishes to increase sexual desire?—M.J., Miami Beach, Florida

We're not big believers in aphrodisiacs, but we recognize the power of a good dish. That's why we savored "Intercourses," a cookbook by Martha Hopkins and Randall Lockridge with photos by Ben Fink (at bookstores, or phone 800-372-2311). You won't find any recipes here that use rhino horn or Spanish fly, just conventional do-me ingredients such as chocolate, honey, grapes, oysters, avocados, strawberries, figs, edible flowers and asparagus. Remember, it's not necessarily what you eat, but how you eat it. The secret of aphrodisiacs may be that they keep you healthy, which in turn makes you hornier. Hopkins and Lockridge point out that "many foods long considered aphrodisiacs are low in fat and high in vitamins and minerals."

I'm a cross-dresser who plans to vacation in Grenada. If I pack clothing the "average" man doesn't wear, how can I avoid having it construed as gifts when I arrive and purchases when I return?—J.M., Madison, Wisconsin

Make sure it looks well worn. It's doubtful a customs agent will bother with your laundry unless you're stuffing your bras with cocaine or hiding parrots in your panties. If you're concerned about taxes, declare your clothes before you leave the country, or have them dry-cleaned and leave the tags on to prove they aren't new. If an agent gives you grief at the border, tell him you're an entertainer. Or what the heck—tell him you're a cross-dresser. What's he going to do?

My vibrator has this warning: "Do not use on unexplained calf or abdominal pain." Why is that?—F.F., Las Vegas, Nevada

Because that unexplained pain could be from a blood clot, and shaking it loose might send it toward the heart or brain. The notice appears on most vibrators and massagers sold in the U.S., courtesy of Underwriters Laboratories, which tests products and advises companies on consumer warnings. You'll see other vibrators labeled "for novelty purposes only," which means they don't claim to do anything but entertain you. When you read as many vibrator instruction manuals as we do, you stumble across some peculiar admonishments. Wahl Corp., for example, makes massagers that are sold by sex-toy stores as vibrators. The Wahl family would prefer that their products not touch unauthorized body parts, so it warns customers, "Do not use massager on genital areas." A spokesman says the company is concerned any time electric appliances are placed near moisture but admits the warning is included for moral reasons. The Wahls don't approve! That makes it even naughtier. The Advisor now uses Wahl massagers for all his personal pleasure needs.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

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SEX TOUR OF WASHINGTON

playboy visits some landmarks of the sexual revolution

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Two weeks before Monica Lewinsky became the name on everyone's lips, PLAYBOY conducted three tours of the nation's capital. These are my notes:

The tour begins at Union Station. Around the main and west halls are statues of Roman legionnaires. A small sign sits atop a display case: "These creations of Louis Saint-Gaudens were originally cast as nudes. Saint-Gaudens later created the shields you now see to act as modesty panels so as not to offend the public."

Perfect. I am here to give a sex tour of Washington and the first thing I see is testament to our nation's hypocritical attitude toward sex. Politicians would have us believe we are not sexual creatures, that we do not have genitals. That, or the city fathers did not want visitors to have warning that Washington is full of pricks.

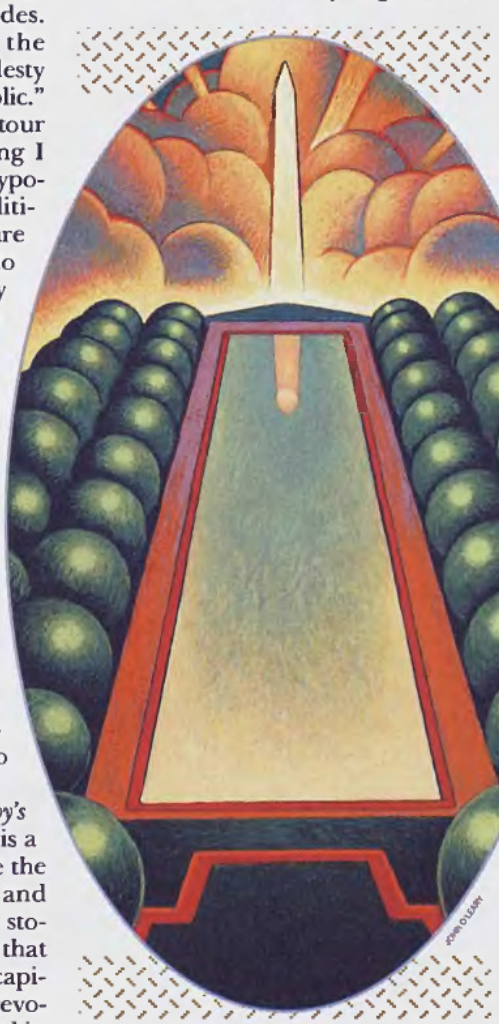
I walk from the station to where the Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution Tour bus sits. Just like that I find myself at the center of a press conference: a wall of cameras, kneeling reporters, upthrust microphones and technicians who hook transmitters to my belt, run wires up my shirt, pin lapel mikes to collars and pockets.

"Hey," I tell an attractive woman reporter, "this is more foreplay than I have had in two years."

I'm on tour to promote *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*. It is a busman's holiday. I will get to see the places I've been writing about, and I'm hopeful the media will write stories about the landmark battles that have happened in the nation's capital. Most people view the sexual revolution as something that happened in the Sixties, lasted ten minutes and left us with unwed teenage mothers, rock and roll, *Debbie Does Dallas* and AIDS. PLAYBOY wanted to show that the revolution has gone on for more than 100 years, that it has involved startling ideas and that neither side has retired from the field.

The *History* charts the battle over who controls sex—the state, the church or the individual. There is also a fourth form of control—call it scandal or gossip or peer pressure—that seems of interest. It is the second week in January and scandal is in the air. Lawyers for Paula Corbin Jones are about to depose the former governor of Arkansas.

"What advice would you give President Clinton?" asks a TV reporter.



"Discretion is the better part of ardor."

The tour will focus on the branches of government that have tried to repress sex, on the sex panics and hysteria (such as the hullabaloo over nonexistent white slave traffic that gave us the Mann Act and the FBI), and the great villains (Anthony Comstock and J. Edgar Hoover) and great heroes (the Supreme Court of the Sixties that gave us the right to privacy and liberated the language).

The point I try to drive home is that the sexual revolution is the struggle to protect the individual from government intrusion into the most intimate areas of his or her life. The Bill of Rights is not, I say, a modesty panel.

As the bus rolls through Washington, the journalists ask about the role of the press in reporting sex scandals. Should we have gone after Gary Hart, who challenged the press to uncover any illicit behavior on his part? He overestimated his own power of deception and underestimated the power of the press. We pinned the Donna on the *Monkey* and derailed a presidential campaign. But did we really discover anything about Hart's character that we didn't already know?

As a rule, politicians have taught us little about sex. One or two of them stand out. Did Warren Harding have sex with his mistress in a White House closet, thus siring an illegitimate child? Probably. He had a 20-year affair with a woman in his home state and wrote her long letters detailing his desire to be next to her naked skin. Of course, if censorship czar Comstock had opened those letters, Harding could have gone to jail for five years. Was Harding a man of great courage or great indiscretion?

Harding's successor in the White House may have been the most sexually open-minded president in a century. In an oft-repeated story, Calvin Coolidge and the first lady toured a farm as part of a whistle-stop campaign. When the farmer got to the barnyard, he told Mrs. Coolidge that the prize ram had sex 14 times a night. "Tell that to the president," Mrs. Coolidge is reputed to have said. When Cal got to the stall and heard the story, he asked the farmer, "Same sheep every time?" The farmer said no, a different sheep prompted each

performance. "Tell that to Mrs. Coolidge."

Prior to the tour, I had researched some of the more recent scandals to see if anything could be learned from the sex lives of politicians. I discovered that our elected leaders seem obsessed with oral sex. A woman named Anne Manning had confessed in a *Vanity Fair* article that as a young campaign worker almost 20 years ago, she had performed oral sex on Newt Gingrich when they were both married to other people. According to Manning, Gingrich insisted on oral sex so that if questioned he could say, "I never slept with her."

Oral sex isn't infidelity? I would love to see Gingrich pass a law to that effect, and make it part of his new Contract With America. It would be a major victory for family values.

Like Hart, does this tell us anything that we didn't already know about Gingrich? His passion for loopholes extends beyond lust. Maybe he thought the $4.5 million book advance was based on his prose style, or that the money people spent on his lectures and videos was an honorarium and not a political contribution. We do not have to invade his privacy to see the false fronts, the craven love of deniability.

Gingrich wasn't the only Southern politician with a taste for what *The Washington Post* called "the new lust loophole" a few years back. Then Governor Charles Robb of Virginia once wrote a memo responding to charges that he had committed adultery: "I've always drawn the line on certain conduct. I haven't done anything that I regard as being unfaithful to my wife, and she is the only woman I've loved, slept with or had coital relations with in the 20 years we've been married—and I'm still crazy about her." He too could answer a reporter's question with the coy denial, "I haven't slept with anyone, haven't had an affair." But reportedly Robb had accepted nude massages and oral sex from young beauties. These politicians wanted deniability. They are like the technical virgins of the Fifties, those Vassar girls who would do everything but.

These lawmakers were breaking ancient sodomy statutes that could have landed them in jail. They didn't write those laws, but then again, neither did they have the courage to abolish them.

I would love to say that obsession with oral sex is a Republican or Southern flaw—it being the only form of extramarital sex they can engage in and still wear the power suit—but it's not. Judith Exner claimed that JFK liked to find out what women could do for their country: "His attitude was that he was there to be serviced." She tried to absolve him of blame, saying that this might have been caused by his back problem. "Partly," she wrote, "I think he was spoiled by women."

And one of the troopers involved in the Paula Jones case claims that Clinton found proof in the Bible that oral sex is not adultery. And the loophole isn't limited to candidates. Two years ago PLAYBOY asked college students, "Is oral sex real sex?" About half said no. Almost three quarters said they did not count those with whom they had only oral sex as sex partners. Something is happening, but what?

The press has reacted to scandal differently from decade to decade. In the Fifties, sexual impropriety landed you in the pages of *Confidential* (which outed politicians suspected of being homosexual) or the columns of Walter Winchell. By the Sixties, some discretion had returned. When the FBI tried to leak tapes of Martin Luther King Jr. that revealed earthy sex and raw language in a motel, papers wouldn't run the story. The media saw clearly the barrier between public morality—issues of race, poverty and the war—and private behavior.

We talk about the difference between journalism (telling the story in the moment) and history (telling the story after the statute of limitations has lapsed). JFK seems to have marked a turning point. We now know that he had wild pool parties in the White House, and multiple mistresses. At the time he and Jackie were depicted as the model family. It is said that the Washington press protected the president. Ben Bradlee, editor of *The Washington Post*, discovered a diary belonging to his sister-in-law Mary Pinchot Meyer that seemed to indicate that she had had an affair with Kennedy. In his autobiography, Bradlee says he was shocked (he felt betrayed and deceived by a personal friend). Meyer had asked that the diary be destroyed. Bradlee and his wife turned the diary over to CIA spook James Angleton, with the lame excuse that the CIA would "destroy it in whatever facilities the CIA had for the destruction of documents." When he later discovered that Angleton simply stashed the diary he was further outraged, and finally Tony Bradlee retrieved and destroyed the document. Bradlee got a lot of grief from the press corps for spiking that story and for destroying an artifact. He may have been honoring the press code—private lives were off-limits—or he may have been making a behind-the-scenes deal. Information is power. This kind of politics is as old as the secret files of J. Edgar Hoover.

To document sites of particular moment, I proposed hanging brass plaques on public monuments. A giant tongue in front of the post office, with the plaque saying something to the

effect that the U.S. Postal Service wants you to use your tongue for licking only stamps. Maybe the Capitol could have a marble statue of John and Rita Jenrette making like weasels on the steps, or Senator Bob Packwood pressing a secretary against a Xerox machine, or Senator Strom Thurmond feeding quarters into a porn-loop projector. Perhaps the plaque at the Supreme Court could be engraved with passages from *Tropic of Cancer* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. For outside the Office of Economic Opportunity we could have Claes Oldenburg style a giant can of Coke with a 15-foot pubic hair made of wire on top. Outside the National Archives, which houses the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, we could hang a giant DO NOT DISTURB sign.

The FBI headquarters could feature a paper doll of J. Edgar Hoover. Visitors could select its wardrobe: tommy gun–toting crime fighter, or sporting a bustier or miniskirt from Madonna's closet. Or simply leave the G-man naked, hunched over his shrunken genitals, leafing through his Deviates files, with whatever erection he could manage.

Reporters ask if I think J. Edgar Hoover was gay. "I don't understand why gays in the old Saratoga–La Jolla circuit would want to identify Hoover as one of their own. I'm a heterosexual and don't want to admit that he's one of us."

Hoover was like Caesar's wife, but not because he wore dresses (evidence is slim). In a culture of sexual blackmail, he had to be above reproach. He lived with his mother until she died. So did H.L. Mencken (except Mencken had affairs with New York showgirls and writers). Yes, Hoover had lunch with Clyde Tolson, his assistant deputy, every day for decades. But that was a Johnny Carson–Ed McMahon partnership. Evidence of a sexual relationship doesn't exist. Hoover was obsessed with sex—from his extensive collection of pornography to his detailed lists of suspected Deviates.

At least one reporter catches the drift. The Baltimore *Sun*'s article on the tour reduces J. Edgar Hoover's antisex crusade to a caption: Be chaste or be chased.

That Hoover's office looked out on the capital's first gay bar is pointed out by someone on the tour, a member of the foreign service who in the early Seventies publicly declared he was gay, thus ending a threat of blackmail. The block on which the new FBI headquarters sits used to be filled with adult bookstores. Down the street, the Ronald Reagan Building stomped its marble foot on a block that used to boast massage parlors at the Swedish House, nude dancers at the Utah Steak House and fast-food fellatio pits. John McIver Weatherford, an undercover sociologist, wrote in the Eighties: "Twenty-four hours a day, the strip offered every available pleasure for contemporary sexuality and appetite. The visitor could have a Big Mac with one of Kim's great blow jobs; a chocolate shake with an Around the World; homemade coleslaw and finger-licking fried shrimp with a hand job by Victoria, or a simple chocolate-dipped ice cream cone and a fast fuck." Not surprisingly, the strip was a short walk from the National Press Club.

The bus passes Lafayette Park, where gay men used to cruise. Having just finished the *History* series' section on the Fifties, I understand for the first time the paranoia imposed on gay people. Every sexual approach might result in arrest and humiliation. Was the guy in the shadows a vice cop or a potential partner?

That paranoia has recently shifted to heterosexuals. Now, when a man makes sexual remarks in the workplace, he doesn't know if they will amuse, land him in front of the personnel manager or put him on *Nightline*.

Miniscandals show the real nature of sexual politics: If you can't defeat a man's argument with reason or a tally of votes, tar and feather him with innuendo. Looking at some of our recent scandals, one can conclude that male behavior hasn't changed in a hundred years but that women's opportunities to exploit male desires have expanded dramatically. A prostitute used to work for the john; now she may be the agent provocateur for a tabloid or a videocam. A mistress used to practice discretion; now if the roving husband doesn't pay hush

money she may sell her story to the highest bidder. There is no shame attached to being the other woman, only a sense of entitlement or outrage. Donna Rice, the girl in Gary Hart's lap, now is the spokesperson for the antiporn group Enough Is Enough.

Again, reporters bring up the Paula Jones debacle. What would a trial reveal? My take: "If you accept her story as she tells it—and that is a huge if—she is guilty of sexual extortion. The law forbids quid pro quo sexual deal making—the exchange of sex for a higher position or the threat of dismissal if you don't perform. No matter what happened in that room, Jones used it to demand a better job or, now that simple greed has taken over, millions of dollars. That's quid pro quo and it's against the law. The second section of the sexual harassment law forbids repeated, unwanted sexual behavior that creates a hostile sexual environment.

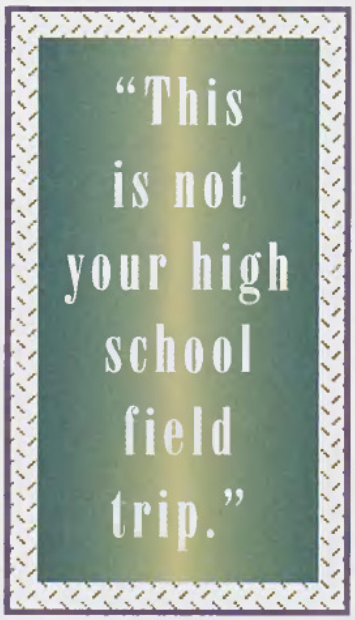
"Whatever happened in that hotel room, it happened only once. Jones was free to leave and she did. That the alleged sexual overture may have been unwanted doesn't make it illegal. You can't outlaw sexual interest. If you love a person who doesn't love you, that is unrequited love. We wouldn't want to put all of those country singers out of business."

One woman asks about the hostile environment. "Erections are not hostile acts," I reply. "If they were, we'd have them more often, like when someone cuts us off in traffic."

Another woman brings up power. Clinton was the governor, after all. Power, like beauty or health, is something we find attractive. It's part of our hard wiring. Feminists equate power with domination, or exploitation. According to their theory, any powerful man thrives on sexual conquest. But substitute the word approval for conquest, and you get a different picture. Sex is a great leveler. Naked, you can't tell who is a senator and who is a mechanic. Unfortunately, this wasn't the insight that prompted the president's lawyer to announce: "In terms of size, shape, direction, whatever the devious mind wants to concoct, the president is a normal man. There are no blemishes, there are no moles, there are no growths."

A reporter asks what monument I would put in front of the White House. A giant phallus in red, white and blue? On Pennsylvania Avenue, photographers will take your picture next to a life-size cutout of the formally attired First Couple. After some thought, I suggest taking the shot of Bill and Hillary embracing on a beach, blowing it up, then cutting out their faces. Tourists could take one of those "put your face here" shots.

I say that every couple in the White House enters a contract that isn't your regular mom-and-pop relationship. Look at FDR and Eleanor. Or LBJ and Lady Bird. The *Chicago Tribune* will report this thought, saying I believe power couples deserve special consideration. That misses my point. I extend to power couples the same right of privacy that I expect and demand. Clinton, when confronted with allegations of an affair with Gennifer Flowers, admitted to having troubled times in his marriage but stressed that his marriage had survived—unlike those of Newt Gingrich or half the politicians waving the banner of family values.



It is interesting to see how the press covers the tour. The mere phrase "family newspaper" invokes the notion of a modesty shield. The *Chicago Tribune* decides that the event is akin to "a speech at the John F. Kennedy School of Government." The AP reporter says the tour is X-rated. More than one paper reports simply that this is "not your high school field-trip tour of the capital." I'm foolish enough to wonder when oral sex will become something that we discuss over breakfast.

The Washington Post doesn't know what to make of the fact that seven of the people on Saturday's sold-out tour would not give their names to the press. One told me that it was an election year and he didn't want to get his boss in trouble.

Maybe he had caught the bloodlust that was in the air.

don't believe the brass when it comes to sex in the military

Military brass have always been marvelous at denying reality. The general in command of British troops on the Western front in World War One considered the machine gun a "much overrated weapon." It would, in his expert opinion, never replace the horse on the battlefield. Stupid as that line of thinking was, Sir Douglas Haig (yes, the British gave a knighthood to the old fool) continued to believe this nonsense even after 60,000 of his men were killed or wounded in a single day attacking dug-in machine guns across open ground. Generals are never quick to let facts get in the way of their convictions.

When considering the issue of sex in the military, it is wise to remember just how wrong—and wrongheaded—the brass can be.

Just because the Army says men and women can be successfully trained together, work together in the field and be deployed together to remote danger spots doesn't make those things true. In fact, the more confidently the brass makes an assertion, the stronger the reasons for treating it with suspicion.

Evidence that this might not be the case—such as the sex scandal at the Army's Aberdeen training center—leads our military leaders not to rethink their assumptions but rather to insist that the program to integrate women is fine; it's the damned people who have screwed it up.

We have witnessed a year of scandals. There have been courts-martial and dismissals for adultery, with Lieutenant Kelly Flinn being the most famous "victim." She was an Air Force Academy graduate, a B-52 pilot and living proof—until the mud hit the fan—of how well gender integration was working in the U.S. military. Flinn had an affair with an enlisted man and another with the husband of an enlisted woman, but according to her superiors, that drew attention from her real crimes: She lied about the affairs and disobeyed direct orders to stop seeing her lover. Sex subverts discipline.

The facts, in these cases and others, would seem to prove that despite all its can-do spirit, the military is having a tough time with gender integration. Common sense would have predicted

SELF-INFLICTED WOUNDS

By GEOFFREY NORMAN

it. Men and women, especially in close quarters, are going to be attracted to one another. The military continues to insist it can handle the problems with more sensitivity, consciousness-raising and discipline.

People outside the chain of command understand the problems better than those within. Edward Luttwak, senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, told *The New York Times*: "So long as men and women are in the Army together, lines of power will get entangled with sexual lines. The attempt to prevent this is ridiculous. It's a fantasy, not to mention a grotesque puritanical hypocrisy. The Army can't do something that eluded the Franciscans. It can't run a mixed monastery."

The military is not a monastic order—it is an organization trained to protect national security, to go to war if necessary and to sacrifice life and limb. Most of the debate on women in the military has focused on the disruptiveness of demon lust, and rumors of quid pro quo sexual favors ripple through news accounts and interviews with enlisted personnel. But few pundits have commented on a fundamental gender inequity that no policy can alter.

In the Gulf war, ten percent of the female sailors aboard the *USS Arcadia* (a.k.a. the Love Boat) were removed because they were pregnant. This did not stir up much concern at the Pentagon. The fact that every three days a pregnant soldier is evacuated from Bosnia is dismissed as no big deal, something the Army can handle. One military leader compared pregnancy to appendicitis.

The Navy's personnel chief says the military has to learn to "manage around" the fact that women soldiers sometimes get pregnant. Supporters who can't understand why a ship or training camp can't be like a downtown office echo this sentiment. Linda Bird Francke, author of *Ground Zero: The Gender Wars in the Military*, says that pregnancy is not an issue but instead a weapon used by conservatives to prevent women from fighting for their country. She argues that the military loses fewer days to pregnancy than to drug and alcohol problems or disciplinary problems among male soldiers.

The Department of Defense wants very much to believe its own rhetoric. When the Pentagon completed a confidential draft of a report about women in the military last year, *The Washington Times* noted that it included references to how pregnancies among soldiers might affect readiness. For example, one passage read: "Single, pregnant junior enlisted personnel were considered the most problematic of all pregnancies. The pregnant single women were perceived to be a long-term burden. Not only were their activities potentially restricted, but their problems being a single parent were felt to have the most effect on the unit."

The draft concluded: "Pregnancy is an unplanned loss exclusive to women. Pregnancy is most problematic because those workers either cannot be replaced, or replacement is often delayed."

When the Pentagon released the public version of the report three months later, these two passages had been excised or toned down. The name of the report had also been changed, from "Recent Gender Integration in the Military" to "New Opportunities for Military Women."

In the military, of course, the grunts know what the brass do not. Out in the bushes and in the fleet, soldiers and sailors know that just as some women avoid hard duty through sexual manipulation, some women use pregnancy for the same purpose.

"It happens all the time," one female soldier told *Army Times*. A pregnant soldier who is evacuated from Bosnia is given the option of staying in the service with six weeks' maternity leave or taking an honorable discharge.

In combat, it would be called a "self-inflicted wound"—an offense punishable by court-martial. Presumably, a soldier's unit would suffer if she became pregnant. The military could then, in theory, make pregnancy a punishable offense. In combat, who knows? Armies, after all, must sometimes discipline soldiers harshly to ensure everyone's survival.

In the armies commanded by Robert E. Lee and the Duke of Wellington, a man could be shot for stealing a chicken. In a crisis, should the U.S. Army send a soldier to prison for failing to take her birth control pills?

Until that day of reckoning, the brass will say they have the answers when it comes to sex, and nobody, least of all the grunts, will believe them. Military discipline is fragile enough, and morale is difficult enough to maintain, without the additional distractions of sexual attraction, jealousy and betrayal. Do you order your lover—or your sexual rival—to walk point through a minefield? How about the mother of your child?

READER

BIG BUNNY

The reference in "Big Bunny Is Watching" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) to articles on the Internet that are stripped of identifiers and then attributed to "Anonymous" reminds me of something I read in *Dave Barry in Cyberspace*. In the book, Barry describes a Web site called Exploding Whale that features news footage of a dead whale being blown to smithereens by the Oregon State Highway Division. He writes, "About ten years ago, I wrote a column about this incident, and somebody unfamiliar with the copyright laws put that column on the Internet. The result is that for years now, people have been sending me my own column, often with notes saying, 'You should write a column about this!'"

I imagine this is a common occurrence for writers—or at least for good writers. It's time for Net users to start respecting others' rights over their work.

Allan King
New York, New York

One third of the way into "Big Bunny Is Watching," a paragraph starts, "Let's begin with the Constitution." That's an introduction on a par with a wife's "We need to have a long talk" or a policeman's "Put your hands up"—nothing good should be expected to follow it. The essay then offers the observation that our forefathers saw that photographers and other creative people need a protected right to gain from their efforts. Photographers?!

Well, maybe that's a bad example. But the two pages could easily be summed up: "If you steal from Playboy on the Net, we'll sue you until your nuts squeak." The remaining *Forum* space could then have been used for, let's see, a forum or something.

Russell de Beauclair
Phoenix, Arizona

After reading "Big Bunny Is Watching," I visited the Web site Bon Mots of the Supermodels. The site has been taken down, but the owner posted this note in its place: "Well, folks, PLAYBOY claims they own all the material formerly on this page. That can't be true, because some I found myself, and some quotes were sent to me by folks like yourself. However, over half the material came from an anonymous e-mail message making the rounds while I was a grad student, so I'm willing to grant them that while I check out just what does belong to Playboy Enterprises. The page has been up for two and a half years—good to know Playboy is vigilantly guarding its rights! I wonder whose job it is to go looking for naked babe jpegs in binary newsgroups or Web sites"? What do you think?

James Brewer
Portland, Oregon

We're not impressed. His comments reflect a common fallacy about copyright. As Brad Templeton notes in "Ten Big Myths About Copyright Explained" (www.clari.net/brad/copymyths.html), copyright owners do not need to defend their rights to keep them: "Copyright is effectively never lost these days, unless explicitly given away." In addition, "derivative works" are as much a violation as exact copies. We're pleased that our readers enjoy our work, which is why we've posted the authentic "Wit & Wisdom of the Supermodel," as compiled by A.J. Jacobs and Jack Boulware for PLAYBOY, *at www.playboy.com/supermodel. Bookmark and enjoy.*

As a professional photojournalist for more than 30 years, I have had some experience with copyright matters. My images have appeared on the Net and have been copied and widely distributed. Luckily, I've at least received adequate compensation from the original Web site purchaser, but beyond that things are pretty much out of my control.

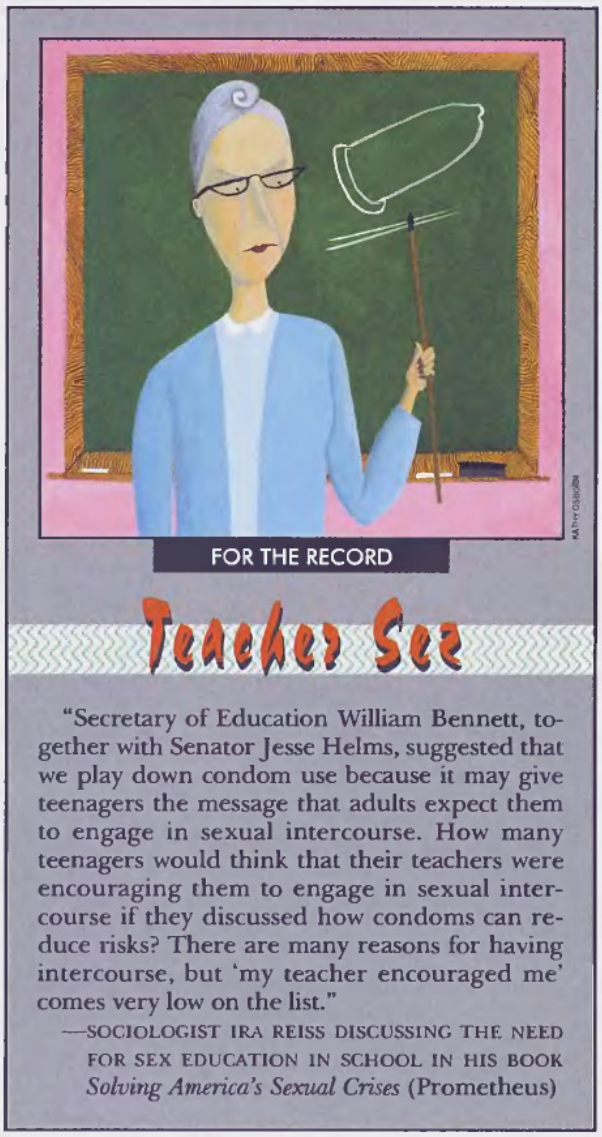
I applaud you for your stance on copyrighted material, though I doubt that it will change the attitudes of those who fail to recognize the investment you have made.

Jon Asher
Glorieta, New Mexico

Your February *Forum* makes a forceful case against piracy of images and other copyrighted material. However, it is unusual to see PLAYBOY playing the role of hypocrite. While you protest against the piracy of your own material, you seem to have no qualms publishing the addresses of Web sites that contain pirated material. One example, of many possible, is the address for nude pictures of Spice Girl Geri Halliwell in the September 1997 *After Hours*.

Chris McNally
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

PLAYBOY should not feel compelled to justify its actions in trying to prevent thieves from using its property for their own personal gain. No matter how simple or complex the process, it's still nothing more than common larceny. Perhaps our copyright laws will not


FOR THE RECORD
Teacher See
"Secretary of Education William Bennett, together with Senator Jesse Helms, suggested that we play down condom use because it may give teenagers the message that adults expect them to engage in sexual intercourse. How many teenagers would think that their teachers were encouraging them to engage in sexual intercourse if they discussed how condoms can reduce risks? There are many reasons for having intercourse, but 'my teacher encouraged me' comes very low on the list."
—SOCIOLOGIST IRA REISS DISCUSSING THE NEED FOR SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOL IN HIS BOOK *Solving America's Sexual Crises* (Prometheus)

RESPONSE

prove sufficient to govern this new medium of ours, but using the First Amendment as a shield against intellectual property laws is a pathetic attempt at legalized theft.

James Daniels
Knoxville, Tennessee

I just read "Big Bunny Is Watching" and had to write to thank you. As a photographer whose income depends on the sales of my images, I'm pleased to see others fight to keep us all in business. People must be made aware that scanning an image and distributing it is stealing—just as if someone picks my pocket. Free speech fosters a creative environment where we can exchange ideas, which allows us to build upon one another's ideas. For this to succeed, I must be assured my original work is protected from theft, which is what copyrights are all about.

Howard Andrews
Canton, Michigan

I'm sorry, but this all sounds a bit whiny. Take down a few infringers who are raking in $100,000 per month (if you need names, we have them). Use your clout to get the story on *60 Minutes*, *Dateline* and *Primetime Live* so that people are aware of the issue. Put some of these big pirating site owners out of business, confiscate and shut down their servers, raid the ISPs and make them cough up fines and damage payouts. That will do more good than a thousand articles like "Big Bunny."

John Copeland
Las Vegas, Nevada

The implied threats in "Big Bunny Is Watching" seem to indicate that you are using copyright laws and the courts to bully people into giving up their rights. It appears you sue people who have to give in because they cannot afford to fight. You have almost unlimited legal resources, while most of your targets have none. Why involve yourself in litigation against an adversary who has no resources to pay a judgment? From what I have seen, you count on the denial of due process that your wealth buys. I cannot respect or reconcile your image as a magazine that claims to promote civil liberties while you use your money to take away the civil liberties of others.

Steven McClanahan
Redding, California

When PLAYBOY *takes someone to court, it's not because we're after the quick buck (litigation is rarely profitable). We're trying to protect our property. This magazine has fought for decades to protect and expand the rights of defendants, and your accusation that we would deny anyone a fair fight is insulting.*

As an artist and Web designer I fully agree with you on the copyright issue. I also have a suggestion: Try not to be so merciless with the little guys. Perhaps you could offer programs that enable up-and-coming Web masters to use your materials (to your specifications, of course). You could then use the resultant sites for promotion. Let's face it: You are a giant in this industry. So why not give opportunities to some of the struggling talent out here? This would generate respect for you in the Internet community.

Richard Swelling
Tucson, Arizona

If we find someone using our material, we send a polite letter asking them to remove it from their site. That's hardly what a reasonable person would describe as "merciless." We believe the only place anyone should be able to get PLAYBOY *images is from* PLAYBOY. *That doesn't make us enforcers—it makes us businesspeople.*

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

BELOW THE BELT

Several gender advocacy groups in the UK have complained to the Advertising Standards Authority about the ads pictured here, calling them degrading and humiliating to men. The creators of the campaigns don't understand all the fuss and insist that the advertisements were meant to be tongue in cheek.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BRIEF REBELLION

BONN, GERMANY—*The German army offered each of its soldiers $25 to purchase their own underwear after finding most had abandoned the military's starched*

whites for more exotic styles. "A lot of the soldiers, particularly when they were going out, didn't find them sexy enough or something," a spokesman said. Soldiers will still receive olive green briefs for battle.

ONSIDE KICK

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*A federal appeals court ruled that a former student who accused two Virginia Tech football players of rape can sue the men for violating her civil rights. The university disciplined one player for abusive conduct, but no criminal charges were filed. The woman argued that the players violated the federal Violence Against Women Act. The woman also sued Virginia Tech for tolerating a "sexually hostile environment."*

PRISONERS OF LOVE

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—*Note to bandits: Don't put horny teenagers in charge of the getaway. Two 17-year-olds decided to hold up a convenience store and recruited a girl and her boyfriend to drive. After the robbers collected $200 at gunpoint, they fled to the unlit dirt road where their accomplices had parked. The car doors were locked, and the couple told the frantic gunmen to be patient. When the teens in the car finished having sex, they unlocked the doors. Witnesses spotted the car as it drove away, and police arrested all four in less than an hour.*

OUT ON A LIMB

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*A Republican state representative proposed a law that would allow authorities to chop a limb off anyone convicted of using illegal drugs. The bill states that the offender and the court "must agree on which body part shall be removed."*

WATCH THAT CHILD

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA—*During a traffic stop, a man's three-year-old son picked something off the floor and leaned out the car window. "Here. Bad!" he said to the cop, holding out a bag of marijuana. Police arrested his father for possession of marijuana, drunk driving and child endangerment. Nevertheless, the dad said he was proud of his son. "It makes you want to stop using drugs," he said. Police gave the boy a gold sticker.*

NAVY SNOOPS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A federal judge prevented the Navy from discharging a 17-year veteran who described his marital status as "gay" on America Online. The sailor's user profile also listed his hobbies as "boy watching" and "collecting pictures of other young studs." An investigator made an anonymous call to AOL to confirm the petty officer's identity. The sailor sued, charging that the Navy violated its "don't ask, don't tell" policy and a privacy law that says agencies must have a court order to get online user data.*

POLITE HATRED

CHESTERTON, INDIANA—*A parent who launched a campaign to remove a poster from a high school classroom because it promotes tolerance of homosexuals expressed dismay when notorious gay-basher Fred Phelps lent his support. (Phelps' church runs a Web site called God Hates Fags.) "This entire issue has gotten off course," the woman whined, apparently concerned that her reputation as a well-mannered bigot might be compromised. The poster depicts ten figures, including Eleanor Roosevelt, Walt Whitman and Michelangelo, with the legend "Sexual orientation has nothing to do with the ability to make a mark, let alone history." It hung peacefully for six years, until the woman's son enrolled and his family asked Pat Robertson's American Center for Law and Justice to file a complaint.*

MONEY TALKS

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—*A retired judge believes he has a way to prevent teen pregnancy: Entice girls to delay motherhood. Gil Burnett's Project for Happier Lives would offer teenagers a chance to win $25 in gifts each month they avoid pregnancy. After a year, each girl would be eligible to win one of five $5000 cash prizes. The county board balked at the proposal because, as one commissioner put it, "I don't think you should pay people to do what they are supposed to do anyway."*

BODY SHOP

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA—*Sheriff's deputies closed the Tip Top Club last year because the building's permit allows only for motor-home sales, not topless dancing. So the club reopened as Tip Top RV Sales. Now, for a $5 entrance fee, customers can relax under disco lights, read brochures*

about RVs and watch performers with names such as Airstream and Winnebago. One satisfied customer told "The Oakland Tribune": "I'm interested in the salesgirls. They come and stand by you while you look over the material."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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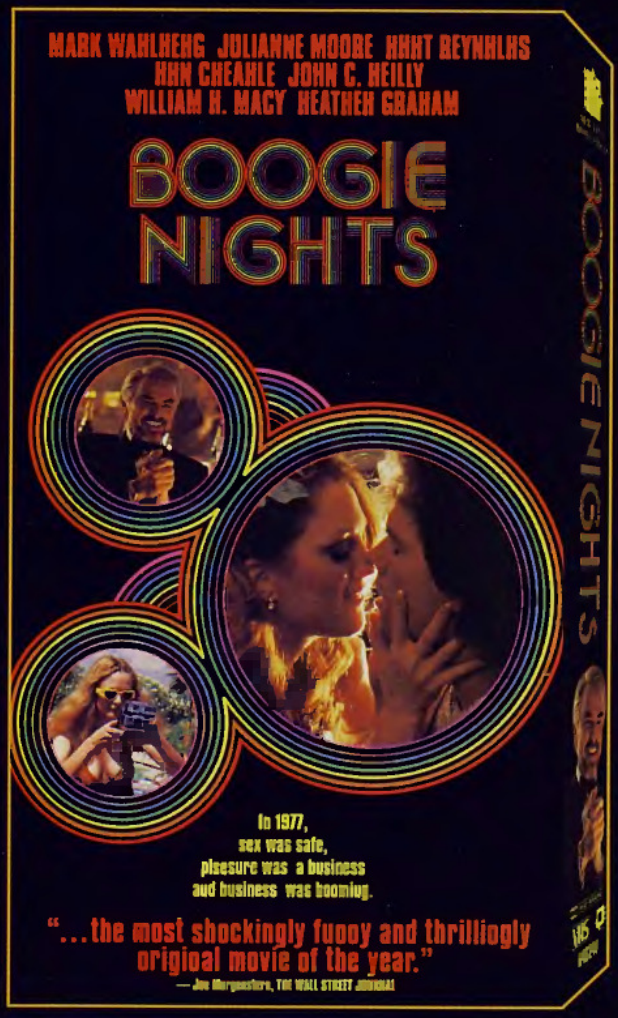
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SCOTT ADAMS

a candid conversation with "dilbert's" creator about the tyranny of cubicles, the easy life of consultants and why you're so much smarter than your boss

"I live by these. They are the office supply of the gods." Scott Adams is surrounded by a sea of Post-it notes—Post-its attached to Post-its attached to Post-its stuck onto his desk, computer monitor and the lamp above his work space in his home office, a white-walled room equipped with computers, audio equipment, weights and a pool table. As he does almost every day, Adams sits in front of his monitor, wading through upwards of 350 e-mail messages from readers of "Dilbert," his hugely popular comic strip. Besides the usual kudos and good-natured jabs, "Dilbert" fans often send Adams offbeat but true stories about their workdays. Particularly good anecdotes, potential comic-strip fodder, are scribbled onto Post-it notes.

Adams, 40, is gleefully waving one such yellow square in the air. "Look at this," he says. "You know the law that requires companies to put up warning signs if there are carcinogens in a work area? At this guy's workplace the warning is on the EXIT *sign."*

He slaps the Post-it onto the wall. "You couldn't make this stuff up," he says.

Workplace absurdities have made "Dilbert" one of the few comic strips to become both a sensation and a cottage industry. Since its debut a decade ago, the strip has ventured where no comic has gone before—into the land of cubicles and copiers. It has hilariously skewered management trends, office politics and white-collar drudgery. Cruel and incompetent bosses, plus the pervasive stupidity of people Adams calls "in-duh-viduals"—with emphasis on the "duh"—are favorite targets in the strip, which appears in 1700 newspapers, on the Internet, in best-selling books and on refrigerator magnets, coffee mugs, desk calendars, neckties and even underwear.

Before the success of "Dilbert," Adams worked in the kinds of offices he now satirizes. Back then, he drew cartoons for fun, often sketching a nerdy engineer who was a compilation of his co-workers, christened Dilbert by a colleague. In Adams' words, Dilbert was "a poster boy for the corporately disenfranchised."

Adams sent sample "Dilbert" strips to cartoon syndicators, and one, United Media, signed him up. As the strip began to take off, Adams kept his day job—at the telephone company, with the technology group responsible for ISDN (fast-speed data lines). In 1993 he created a home for Dilbert, called the Dilbert Zone, on the Web and published his America Online e-mail address in his strip. The Net helped popularize "Dilbert," and e-mail from readers helped Adams create the world in which Dilbert lives. The cartoon seemed to strike a chord with corporate sufferers. "There were about 35 million office workers in the U.S. all having this shared experience, but not knowing that it was shared," Adams once told "Time," "who were going home and not talking about it because they assumed it could not be this bad anywhere else."

More newspapers signed up, particularly when Bill Watterson retired his long-running strip, "Calvin and Hobbes," and space opened on the comics pages. But it wasn't until 1995 that Adams left his day job to become a full-time cartoonist and run the growing "Dilbert" empire.

Adams had finally fulfilled the dream that was formed in the small town of Windham, New York, where his father was a postal worker. His mother, a homemaker, encouraged him "to be anything I wanted," he says. "She said I could be president. I wanted to be Charles Schulz."

His cartooning career was derailed early when he was rejected by the Famous Artists School, to which he applied by mail, at 11; he was too young. Being practical, Adams gave up on his plans to become a cartoonist and majored in economics at Hartwick College in Oneonta, New York.

After graduating, he entered the workforce as a bank teller and manager at Crocker National Bank, got his MBA from the

"I'm in favor of the death penalty. I'm in favor of abortion. I'm in favor of euthanasia. I'm in favor of a strong military defense. What do all these things have in common? I'm basically in favor of killing."

"It's hard to sleep in a cubicle. The key is to put your back toward the 'door' and face the computer. Make sure your screen saver doesn't activate; if it does, it's a dead giveaway that you're not doing anything."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"People wonder why employees at Microsoft work ungodly hours. It's not why you think. If you've got a good mix of the sexes at the office, you have about the same odds or better of scoring at work as you would at home."

University of California at Berkeley and went to work as an applications engineer at Pacific Bell, doodling all the while. He submitted several cartoons to magazines such as PLAYBOY *and "The New Yorker." Both replied with rejection slips (the strips and slips can be viewed on his Web site). Years later he tried again, but this time he was given a chance. In 1989 United Media syndicated "Dilbert" in about 50 papers. The strip—with its soon-familiar list of main characters, including Dilbert, with his unruly necktie; Dogbert, the power-mad, football-shaped dog; Wally, a sharp-tongued coworker; gung-ho Alice; and the unnamed, comically incompetent, pointy-haired boss—became a staple of office bulletin boards.*

As the strip's popularity grew, Adams published six books, including "The Dilbert Principle," which became a number one best-seller in 1996. His latest book is "The Dilbert Future," in which Adams predicts that scientists eventually will give up on solar power and harness the one truly unlimited source of energy: stupidity. The 258-page book's introduction calls it an "exhaustive analysis of the future, in the sense that if you held the book above your head for several hours, you would become exhausted."

One day, as PLAYBOY*'s top management team disappeared to Florida for a weeklong retreat complete with bonding exercises, mutual-trust workshops and, of course, several days of golf, we sent Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *to meet Adams in his home office in a suburb of San Francisco. Here's Sheff's report:*

"Adams' office is a technophile's heaven, with a video-conferencing system for virtual book tours, studio-quality audio equipment for radio interviews, high-tech drawing boards and the expected computers, both Macs and PCs. 'I've always had both machines, though I used to be a Macintosh devotee,' Adams explained. 'Unfortunately I don't have faith that Apple will be around for long, so I'm trying to wean myself. It's kind of like when you know somebody is going to die, so you try to get yourself ready.'

"The tour continued through the rest of the house, where there is hardly any furniture. When I asked if he had just moved in, Adams sighed. 'I've never lived anyplace where people didn't ask if I had just moved in,' he said as he guided me to the backyard, with its impressive swimming pool and a hammock. 'The hammock is where I do most of my work,' he said, with no hint that he was kidding.

"Adams, who wore glasses, a shirt, Levi's and sneakers, explained that his daily schedule rarely changes. He gets up at six and works at his desk. Coffee—in a Dilbert mug, of course—is nearby. He draws the day's strip freehand and then answers the e-mail messages that require immediate attention. Next he works on a new book until early evening, when his live-in girlfriend of eight years, Pam Okasaki, returns home from her job—she's still with Pacific Bell. They normally go out for a late dinner at a local restaurant (they are both vegetarians) before Scott returns to his office to ink, color and send off (via the Net) his strips. After that, he answers more e-mail while watching TV.

"Adams takes regular work breaks at the pool table. 'I love it,' he said. 'And you can't fit one of these in a cubicle.'"

PLAYBOY: What's so bad about cubicles?

ADAMS: If you have a job that requires you to think and concentrate, there is no way you can do it in a cubicle. If you don't have to think or concentrate, you're fine.

PLAYBOY: Is the problem that cubicles are too noisy?

ADAMS: Yes. You've got the sounds of the world around you all the time. When I worked in one, I would have a sore neck at the end of the day. I couldn't help but yank my head around whenever I heard anyone walk by. It was an unconscious reaction. And I feared someone would sneak up behind me when I was playing solitaire on my computer.

PLAYBOY: Do you think lack of privacy is the worst part?

ADAMS: That, and it's hard to sleep in a cubicle. It was a big problem for me.

More and more white-collar workers who are laid off are discovering that their lives aren't over—in many cases, they're just beginning.

Where do you put your head? I learned to prop myself up and sleep. The key is to put your back toward the "door" and face the computer. Make sure your screen saver doesn't activate; it if does, it's a dead giveaway that you're not doing anything. You close your eyes and take micronaps, which are excellent. It's still a problem when your head falls over and you get keyboard face. It's proof that you haven't been working too hard.

PLAYBOY: How do people deal with the lack of privacy?

ADAMS: Oddly, people adapt very quickly. They fool themselves into thinking one of two things: either that what they're saying isn't so private after all, or that other people can't really hear them, when they know damn well that anybody with normal hearing can. There is also some unspoken bond among the cubicles: I hear yours, you hear mine. It's how you make it possible to live in a cubicle. Instead of hearing people say, "I wanted to say something private but couldn't," I hear, "I've heard every detail about the life of the guy in the next cubicle and I want to kill him." A huge problem is people who check their voice mail with their speakerphones on. It can be extremely annoying. If that's happening, my advice is that you go to a phone that's untraceable and call whoever is playing their messages out loud. Call at night and leave suggestive messages that the recipient wouldn't want anyone else to hear: "Hi, Bob. Bring the leopard outfit again next week. The midgets and the pony will be here." Do that every day until the person no longer plays his messages out loud.

PLAYBOY: Do companies intentionally use cubicles to disallow privacy?

ADAMS: No. They're just really cheap.

PLAYBOY: Have cubicles changed over the years?

ADAMS: They have shrunk and will continue to shrink until they eventually become the size of your head. You'll wear the head cubicle like a helmet. It will have a little screen. Then companies will be able to line you up shoulder to shoulder in a dangerous part of town and save a lot of money on real estate.

PLAYBOY: When you worked in a cubicle, did you decorate it?

ADAMS: I had so little respect for my cubicle surroundings that I didn't want to dress it up. I didn't want to honor it. Many companies don't allow people to decorate their cubicles. I often hear about the cubicle police. They have these absurd reasons why you can't decorate your cubicle—the acoustics will be damaged, or it's a fire hazard, or it will break the visual plane. Companies have guidelines about how far window shades can be pulled down, so all the shades are at the same level. It's hard to imagine that people have nothing else to do but invent policies like that.

PLAYBOY: Is that the Dilbert Principle at work?

ADAMS: Exactly. The least-competent people get promoted into management because you don't want your good people doing unimportant things. I don't know how many people think it's tongue in cheek when I say that, but it really is a strange time when the people who do the work need to be smarter than those who are managing them. It's the ultimate absurdity to put incompetent people in management and think you've done a good thing, but it happens all the time. These managers have to do something for 40 hours a week, so they come up with window-shade and cubicle-decorating policies.

PLAYBOY: At least they're good fodder for your comic strip.

ADAMS: Good fodder is anything inherently absurd. These managers, because they have to do something, may start with ideas that were once good management theories, but then they bastardize them to where they are ludicrous.

PLAYBOY: Aren't many of the policies designed to made the workplace better?

ADAMS: The reason for many so-called innovations is that management has lost

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its carrots, its incentives. It used to be that you could tell workers that if they did a good job you'd give them job security and big raises. That has changed. Now, if you do a good job, you're as likely to get fired as someone who does a bad job. Everyone knows that. If you're a manager, what are you going to do to get people to work harder? You bring in the carrot juice, open a gym and do stupid teamwork exercises where you have everyone hanging from ropes in the forest. Then you hand out certificates of accomplishment or stuffed animals or almost anything except cash. It makes people nuts. If you're a manager and you don't have any tools, just leave me alone. Please leave me alone.

PLAYBOY: Don't the perquisites inspire workers?

ADAMS: I think people have the cause and effect backward in this. I remember when Apple was going great guns. There were stories about how the people at Apple could get back rubs at the office. They had health facilities and other things most companies don't have. The myth was that that's how Apple became great—by being so good to its employees. Well, as soon as things went bad there, the first perk that was discarded was the back rub. Even Apple didn't believe there was a relationship between back rubs and the company's success.

PLAYBOY: But don't happier employees do better work?

ADAMS: I see a tenuous connection. That's not to say that it's not inherently good to have happier employees. If you're a manager or owner and you can do things that make your employees happy and don't hurt you too much, do them for morale. But do happier employees make you richer? My observation is that companies do well because they have some inherent advantage that the employees can't screw up and management can't ruin. Sometimes it's luck. Most often it's luck, actually. Occasionally a few shockingly brilliant employees do something so spectacular—build the Macintosh computer, for instance—that no amount of bad management can ruin it for years. My theory is that what works is finding brilliant employees who are perfectly suited to the task, and not screwing it up by getting in their way. Plus luck.

PLAYBOY: In general, do you hear that people are less discontented at work than they were a few years ago?

ADAMS: The booming economy helps a lot because it provides more options. And some people are more contented because they have made the leap and are working for themselves. You hear people say, "Gosh, I wish I were as brave as you. You left the company and you're working for yourself and seem to be doing pretty well." Then they're saying, "I wish I were as brave as you and you and you," and at some point they realize there are as many people doing the other thing, and the number who have failed is zero. Nobody starves. Nobody dies.

PLAYBOY: What about the people left behind at the office? Are they more or less content?

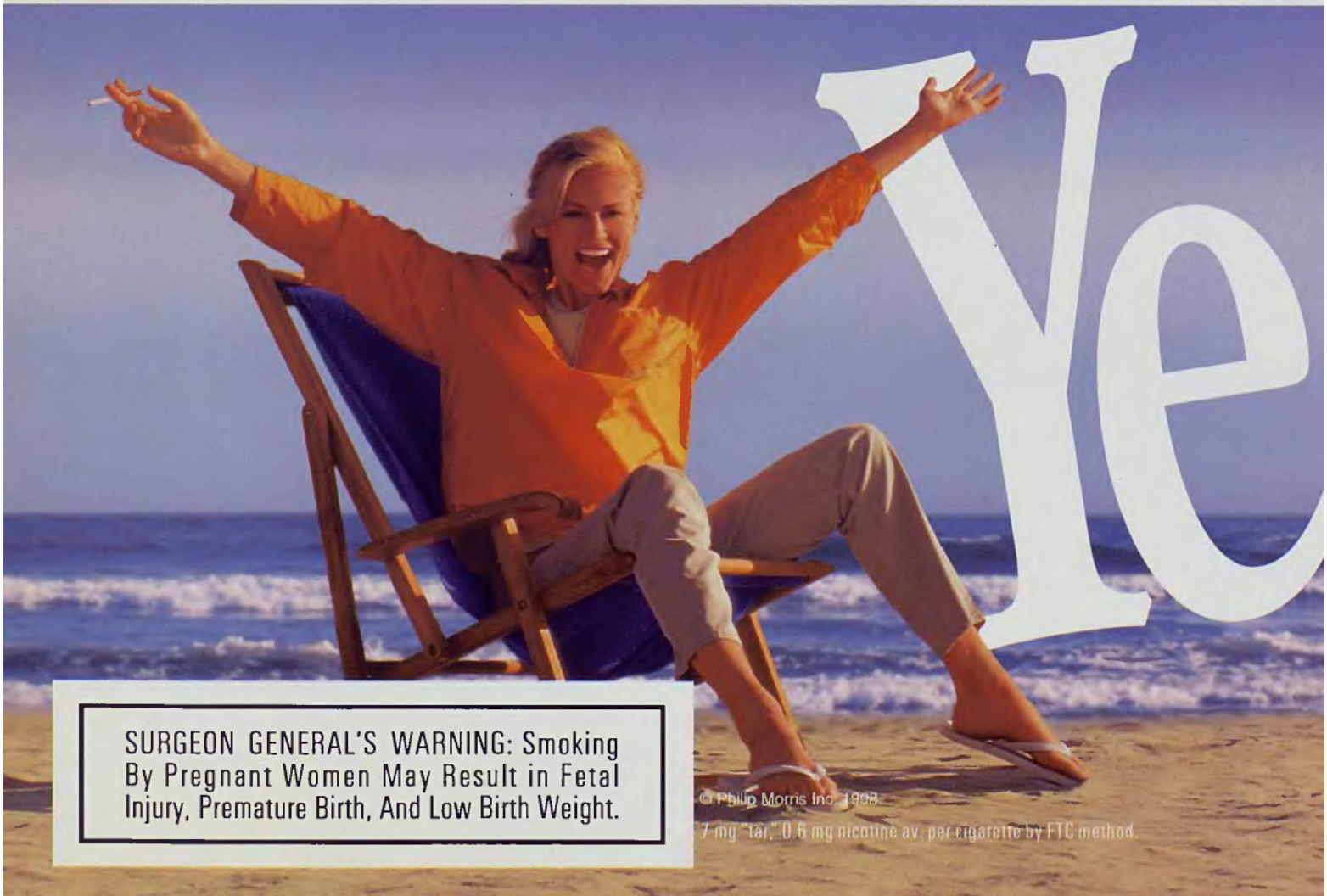
ADAMS: Less. At least that's what I hear.

PLAYBOY: Were you just putting a nice face on it in *The Dilbert Future*, or is it true that people who were downsized get their revenge by being hired back as consultants for ten times more money?

ADAMS: I hear about it constantly. It has actually become difficult to hire an employee. And nobody's dumb enough to be an employee these days.

PLAYBOY: Because?

ADAMS: Because people have figured out that you want boss diversification. That means you don't want to work for one boss at one company. Employees have to go to the weekly staff meeting, whether it's any good for them or not. They have to go to the diversity training, whether they need it or not. They have to go to chair-safety training, donate blood, show up for the hours required, whether they are tired or not. That's how employers take away 80 percent of your productivity. On the other hand, if you become your own employee, you can shop yourself to five different places and do only work, no unproductive stuff. You can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charge each company far more than a regular employee receives. The companies get better work from you, and you get five times more money.

PLAYBOY: The trade-offs are job security and benefits.

ADAMS: Job security? Who do you know with job security?

PLAYBOY: How about benefits?

ADAMS: You can buy lots of benefits when you make five times more money. The benefits companies offer are shrinking anyway.

PLAYBOY: But everyone can't become a consultant or a freelance.

ADAMS: All I know is that more and more white-collar workers who are laid off are discovering that it was a great thing for them. They figure out that their lives aren't over—in many cases, they're just beginning. I'm not certain how this applies to blue-collar workers, but I know they're really underpaid. I hope the fellow who does my gardening doesn't read PLAYBOY, but if he should double his fee tomorrow, I would pay it without blinking. I just don't want to garden. It's not how I want to use my time.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite management trends?

ADAMS: Teamwork exercises tend to be the nuttiest. Ropes courses are really nutty. I would like to see the proof that people are happier or that profits increase because somebody has done a teamwork exercise.

PLAYBOY: The theory is that workers come back from an experience such as that feeling committed to one another and to the company.

ADAMS: I'm willing to look at the scientific evidence. With all the e-mail I get, I've never heard a story that suggests that these exercises work. Let's say I've gotten 50,000 e-mail messages. Many of them were about teamwork exercises. Nobody has ever reported: "It sure seems like things are working better here." I've not even heard an anecdotal report. I just hear that the exercise itself was stupid or degrading.

PLAYBOY: What exercise was particularly ridiculous?

ADAMS: For me, the trust exercise. I had to fall back and have a co-worker catch me. She decided in advance that I was probably too heavy. She outweighed me, by the way. I fell square on my ass.

PLAYBOY: That was your lesson in trust?

ADAMS: Yes. Then there are the ones where you work as a team to solve a little artificial puzzle. I remember getting really annoyed that the people who had the loudest mouths dominated those groups. I would come away thinking, Man, a lot of people really suck. That's all I got out of it. I doubt if the assholes who ruined the exercises thought to themselves afterward, Hey, I ruined this whole exercise. I think I'll change.

PLAYBOY: What's the newest thing in management gimmicks, according to your readers?

ADAMS: People hate the microtrend of employers trying to keep people working in their cubicles. I hear about people who put little signs on their cubicles: THE DOOR IS CLOSED. There is no door, of course, but they're trying to tell people to leave them alone. There are also a growing number of companies that do not allow employees to use e-mail within certain hours.

PLAYBOY: Why? Is there too much socializing by e-mail?

ADAMS: The theory is that e-mail diverts you from higher-priority stuff because it's an easy and seductive thing to use. I certainly agree that people overuse e-mail, but not that restricting it to certain hours solves the problem.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of companies that restrict their employees' access to the Internet?

ADAMS: Anybody who tries to manage having fun at work has missed the biggest change of the Nineties, which is that work and home and leisure have melded into one thing. Trying to force people to separate them will backfire. When I had day jobs, I always did my best work during my shower before I went to work. That's when I did all my planning. There's no way that that isn't work, though it doesn't show up on the

time sheet. When you say the time your employees are at work belongs to work, and the time they're home belongs to work too, you're being absurd. You've lost sight of how people operate, and you take away their flexibility to manage their time in the way that works best for them. Some people stay up late working. The phones aren't ringing and they get an enormous amount done. Some people are preparing in the morning when they're in the shower. So if they get to work and surf the Web for fun for an hour, is that wrong? There's just no way that's bad. It's a Big Brother thing. Management will filter certain Web sites so you can't get to them. The Dilbert Zone is filtered by a number of companies. So is Playboy.

PLAYBOY: So companies try to block humor and sex? Are they successful?

ADAMS: Are you kidding? You cannot stop sex.

PLAYBOY: In cubicles?

ADAMS: It's certainly harder to do it in a cubicle, but it's not unheard of. It makes the existence of locked conference rooms all the more important.

PLAYBOY: So one finds alternatives to the cubicle.

ADAMS: The telephone closet turns out to be an excellent place.

PLAYBOY: Which you know from firsthand experience?

ADAMS: I'm told it is. Also, company cars in the parking lot. Cubicles are for the adventurous. There is a cubicle club, just like the mile-high club. Let's just say I'm aware of people who've had sex in cubicles. I've been assured that some of these stories are true.

PLAYBOY: Was there a lot of sex going on in the offices where you worked?

ADAMS: Yeah. You hear about it by accident sometimes. Once, a woman was telling a friend in the office, who she used to date, about her new boyfriend. The two had remained close, so she was giving an update to the old boyfriend in vivid detail, even comparing the old boyfriend, in specific ways, to the current one, who worked in the same office. She relayed this all by e-mail and by mistake hit the "reply to all" button. "All" in this case included the guy she was talking about and just about everyone else. It also went to the co-worker's mother, because she was on the list of recipients of the original message. I thought that was pretty good: telling a mother by e-mail about the sex you had with her son.

PLAYBOY: Do certain companies have more sex going on than others?

ADAMS: Definitely. You can break it down by industry. You don't hear so much about the aerospace companies; I don't know why. Banks are wild places. Everybody in the financial industry has a lot of hormones. In software companies, too.

PLAYBOY: Why software companies?

ADAMS: Much of it is age related. Those companies tend to have a younger worker base. The companies with the young women are where the action is. People always wonder why employees at companies like Microsoft work ungodly hours. It's not why you think. If you've got a good mix of the sexes at the office, you have about the same odds or better of scoring at work as you would if you were to go home. That counts for people who say they have to work all night. If people of the opposite sex who have the same interests as you are going to be there all night too, your chances aren't bad. If I go to the office cafeteria at two A.M., I'm going to run into some eligible person I have a lot in common with. I won't if I go home. You don't have to say, "What's your sign?" You can say, "How's your project going?" It's far more conducive to getting lucky.

PLAYBOY: We thought it was Microsoft's workers' passionate commitment to Windows 98 and Bill Gates that kept them working all night.

ADAMS: All I know is that if you put a bunch of young people in the same place, you don't need to add a lot. Similar-minded people of mating age are consciously being brought together in a large community. The odds of procreation are high. What effect will that have down the line? If you work for Microsoft in Redmond, your odds of marrying

Yes!
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another Microsoft person seem pretty good. Does it mean there will be a bunch of supersmart babies in Redmond over the next few hundred years?

PLAYBOY: Beyond Microsoft, how important is sex to the world of work?

ADAMS: It sure makes it fun. And you can be assured it's going on because sometimes you can see it. At night, it's easier to see into the buildings across from you. Their windows have gone from opaque to transparent because of the change in sunlight. People have been caught. A building I worked in in San Francisco has mirrored windows; from the outside, it's not entirely obvious that you can see out from the inside. The building overlooks a parking garage. One day, on the roof of this garage, two people decided to have vigorous sex. All the phones started ringing throughout our building, with everybody saying, "Go to the east window." Within minutes, the entire building was watching. They were going at it like crazy. The funniest moment was when a security guard arrived. You see him slowly walking over. The couple scrambles to get on their clothes. You can't hear anything, but you see him talking to them. Then you see him gesturing toward our building. He's clearly saying that at least a thousand people were watching them have sex. You see these two people look at the building. They realize they were entertainment for a thousand people. It was a wonderful moment.

I love those stories because I love to think that people are having more fun than I am. Doing it in a cubicle has to be the ultimate fun, because not only are you having sex, you're also getting paid for it. It doesn't get any better than that, and more and more people are going to be able to do it.

PLAYBOY: Be paid to have sex?

ADAMS: Yeah. Telecommuting is where sex in the workplace is going. It's an advantage of working at home, maybe the biggest advantage. People who work at home are often able to work it out so their sex partners are at home at the same time.

PLAYBOY: What happens then?

ADAMS: They have sex. Let me try to explain——

PLAYBOY: But what about the work that is supposed to get done?

ADAMS: The work gets done. But in the meantime, you're being paid to have sex. It's my version of heaven.

PLAYBOY: How concerned are people about sexual harassment these days?

ADAMS: Women are very concerned. They often write and mention that it's a huge problem. I hear it all the time. Occasionally, a woman will write and say, "I can't take this to the authorities—I need my job. But please do something about this so that I can at least get some satisfaction in your comic strip."

PLAYBOY: Do people often write you for that type of help?

ADAMS: They do. Sometimes I'm the court of last resort.

PLAYBOY: What do men say about sexual harassment?

ADAMS: I get the impression that if a guy wants to hit on someone, he's at least aware that it would be a bad thing if the person works for him. They may be doing it, but they know it's wrong. Another result of sexual harassment complaints is that employees must take training seminars. People generally find them completely absurd. Usually there is some role playing and some hokey movie. It's usually done by human resources people, who are not known for their ability to do much of anything.

PLAYBOY: One character in your strip, Catbert, is a particularly evil head of human resources. Does that sum up your view of that job?

ADAMS: Human resources departments are happy to make your job as difficult as possible. I hear from a lot of human resources people who love Catbert. The reason, they say, is that they actually feel evil and like it. I would never have believed the number of people who say, "I am entirely evil. I intentionally do mean things to employees and I like it." I can only offer my pop psychology explanation. I think they feel like second-

class citizens because they're disconnected from the thing that produces value for the company. They have complexes. There is a little bit of an "I can prove I exist by hurting you" thing here.

PLAYBOY: Has Catbert hurt people in your strip in ways that are based on real experiences?

ADAMS: The classic is that a company is desperately in need of hiring people. Everyone is overworked. They go to human resources to find out how the search is going and they're told, "We didn't know you wanted anybody." Somehow the human resources people always forget that they should be hiring people. It can't be an accident; it must be intentional. Or they'll have requirements for jobs that make it impossible to find anyone. They'll be looking for someone who has ten years' experience programming in Java. Java has been around for only three years. That can't be a mistake. It seems too boneheaded to be a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever hear stories about nice human resources people?

ADAMS: I knew one human resources director who had a wry sense of humor. I liked him very much. He told me about someone he had been counseling who was having trouble with his life and work. He counseled the guy in the morning and afterward was sitting in his office, gazing out the window. He saw the guy fly by—he committed suicide. My friend said, "I sat there thinking to myself that I hadn't done a very good job that day."

PLAYBOY: Has that story gone into *Dilbert*?

ADAMS: Some things are so bizarre that people wouldn't believe them. They'd say, "He's completely lost touch."

PLAYBOY: What other real stories have been too far-out to use?

ADAMS: They come in all the time. Yesterday I heard one that was too amusing to use. Somebody was trying to work and his boss was hovering over his desk, pacing, before a big meeting. The employee said, "Will you stop pacing? You're driving me crazy." The boss replied seriously, "It's my prerogative if I want to pay you to go crazy."

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, what real stories have made it into the strip?

ADAMS: Many of the strips are based on real stories. I recently did one in which somebody has to share a cubicle with a photocopier. That is real. What could be more disruptive than having a photocopier in your cubicle, with people coming in and making copies all day? And this one is real: You know those little stress balls that people squeeze? Somebody was squeezing the stress ball and it broke on his keyboard and ruined it and ruined his whole day, which caused more stress than he could ever have imagined.

PLAYBOY: When you worked in an office, did you keep a journal of the type of outrageous stories that now make it into the strip?

ADAMS: I wasn't keeping a journal, mental or otherwise. I was just working. I actually started out working more exuberantly than most people. I started as a bank teller, but I was pretty sure I was going to rise through the ranks of management and run a multinational corporation in no time flat.

PLAYBOY: You eventually became a manager at the bank. Were you a good one?

ADAMS: One cannot see one's own management errors. So I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Did you like being a manager?

ADAMS: I loved it. It was the best part of my career. I got a really big cubicle, and then, for a while, I actually had an office.

PLAYBOY: How much of a difference did that make?

ADAMS: Enormous difference. I loved it. I could close the door and make personal phone calls. I could play around. There wasn't a day when I didn't walk into work in my bad little suit, walk into that office and think, I could do this for 30 years. At the same time, I can't say my experience is common, because I've never heard from anybody so fixated on the actual walls and door as I was. To me, it was the difference between enjoying and not enjoying my work. All the other stuff was far less important. Then I lost my

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office and went back to a cubicle. It sucked big time. It was softened by the fact that I got a big cubicle, but then I left the bank and went to Pacific Bell and got an even smaller cubicle. It was downhill after my halcyon office days.

PLAYBOY: After *Dilbert* took off, you kept your phone-company job. Why?

ADAMS: A funny thing happens when you don't have to work, when you have enough money that you can leave any time you want: All the bad things about the job disappear. As soon as you know you don't have to be there, the things that are bad no longer bother you. You go from being a person who is going to have a heart attack because you have no control over your life to one who is very contented. It's just like the janitor who wins the lottery and still goes to work every day. I love working with technology. There was a structure. It was pay, and the pay was pretty good. There weren't a lot of reasons to leave.

PLAYBOY: Were your co-workers resentful of your success?

ADAMS: Instead of being resentful, people were living vicariously through me. I was the cubicle dweller who'd found a way to escape. Though I hadn't escaped yet, I could. People were genuinely thrilled that someone like them could find a way out. It gave them hope. I was just one of the people doing things on the outside too. The office was like a Middle Eastern bazaar because everyone was selling stuffed animals or Amway or Avon products. It was a regular free market. There were a lot of professional musicians. My theory is that creativity is kind of like a tube of toothpaste. It has to get out. So if they can't use it in their work, people transfer their creativity to other areas.

PLAYBOY: Had you not become successful as a cartoonist, would you still have created cartoons to express your creativity?

ADAMS: There was a point before *Dilbert* got syndicated when I promised myself that I would draw a cartoon every day until I got something published. You have to know this about me: If I said it, I would have done it. I would have been 95 and drawing a cartoon on the day I died.

PLAYBOY: And what would that cartoon have been?

ADAMS: I'm sure it would have been about me converting to Christianity, just in case.

PLAYBOY: Did the power shift when you were making more money than your bosses?

ADAMS: In a sense, I'm very much like my Dogbert character. Dogbert gets all his power from his attitude. His attitude is that he has power. I have always genuinely felt that people have only as much power over me as I am willing to give them.

PLAYBOY: But bosses do have power over their workers.

ADAMS: Not really. Ultimately you can kill anybody you want.

PLAYBOY: Rather than do an unpleasant task?

ADAMS: Definitely. My manager can order me to do something, but for me not to kill that person at that moment is clearly a choice I make. It's always a choice—a choice to do the assignment, quit and become a circus performer or kill all the people around me. I never felt that I was under the control of any other person. Maybe that was part of the problem with me.

PLAYBOY: Did your co-workers start to treat you differently when *Dilbert* became successful?

ADAMS: I would go to meetings and people would say things and then look at me to see if I was going to write them down. If I didn't, they'd say, "Aren't you going to write that down?" Also, people started returning phone calls. That had been unheard of in my career. I had less than a 30 percent returned phone call rate for the first 15 years. I would call somebody and just assume they would never call me back because there wasn't anything in it for them. Suddenly everybody would call me back. They'd say, "So, how's that Dogbert doing?" In the last year or two, I had this totally artificial existence that warped everything.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if people liked the idea of being immortalized in the strip. Did you ever hear from people who were offended?

ADAMS: Never. No one ever saw themselves in the strip. I changed their gender. No man ever thinks a female character could be him, even if I use an exact quote.

PLAYBOY: In general, do you worry about offending people with the strip?

ADAMS: I have no problem offending people intentionally. If it's accidental, I worry.

PLAYBOY: When have you accidentally offended people?

ADAMS: In a recent *Dilbert* series, the boss was on a plane trip and the plane went down. The boss survived with only minor hair injuries, and he explained why: The plane was full of nuns. Wally said, "You mean prayer saved you?" and the boss said, "No, padding. Those nuns don't do a lot of aerobics in the nunnery." It shouldn't have surprised me, but you wouldn't believe the number of complaints I got.

PLAYBOY: From nuns?

ADAMS: From everyone. Nuns were very upset. Guess why? They said God needs their bodies to be fit to do his work, so most nuns are in extremely good physical shape. Makes sense, but who knew? The most serious complaints were from people who fly a lot. They took it the worst. They said it's wrong to joke about airplane crashes. I also got complaints about my killing nuns from religious people, and complaints about my killing bosses.

PLAYBOY: Who complained that you were killing bosses?

ADAMS: Bosses.

PLAYBOY: Are you often surprised by your readers' reactions?

ADAMS: Often. Wally recently got a mail-order bride from the tiny, impoverished nation of Elbonia. The Elbonians sent him a pig in a wig. Who would complain about that? Let's see: People complained that I was making fun of the country Elbonia, because they thought it was whatever country they came from. Albanians complained that I was making fun of Albania. In fact, every republic that broke away from the Soviet Union is pretty sure it's their country. So are many Middle Eastern countries. Elbonia was intentionally based on nothing so I wouldn't have this problem. I also got complaints from mail-order–bride companies. I'm not sure they call themselves that, but they arrange marriages with women from other countries. They said I was insinuating that their brides are pigs. I wasn't. The whole point was that Wally got an actual pig—that he got ripped off and was sent a real pig. Of course I also got complaints from women who said I was saying that women are pigs. I won't even dignify that with a comment. Most recently, a woman decided that Elbonia is a play on "eubonics," and that I was insinuating something about the facial characteristics of African Americans by using a pig. Who could have anticipated that sort of criticism? You're probably thinking, Oh, these are bizarre, incredible examples. No. There's not a day that goes by when somebody doesn't make you wonder if the whole Darwinian thing has gone wrong.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, are your readers ever right when they see things you didn't intend?

ADAMS: All the time. One time I did a cartoon about the United Nations in which I drew people from foreign countries. Someone wrote in about one character in a turban and said, "That character is a penis." I swear I wasn't thinking that when I drew it, but the guy was right. It looks like a gigantic cock. What can I say?

PLAYBOY: How do you respond when people write that a cartoon isn't funny?

ADAMS: Sometimes I'll do a cartoon that isn't funny but that I believe people will like because they relate to it.

PLAYBOY: Do you try out cartoons on your friends?

ADAMS: Other people's opinions don't help. If their opinions on cartoons were that good, they would be cartoonists.

PLAYBOY: Do critics' opinions affect you?

ADAMS: There aren't really any cartoon critics. I get critical comments from readers. One of the pluses of getting 350 e-mail messages a day is that at least 100 of them are going to be about my being the god of cartooning. Then if three people say, "Don't quit your day job," it doesn't have nearly the impact. The truth is, I'm not terribly affected by negative stuff. The opinions of people who don't like my work are irrelevant. The people who like it matter completely.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn that lesson the hard way?

ADAMS: Rejection always kind of bounces off me. I don't know if it's a philosophy or just the way chemicals work in my brain. I'm just not terribly affected by it, which is good. I never was, even as a child.

PLAYBOY: Did you draw when you were a child?

ADAMS: I don't remember a time when I wasn't doodling. My mother was a reflex doodler. If you put a pen in her hand she would draw pictures. It's my earliest imprint.

PLAYBOY: Your father, meanwhile, was in management at the post office. Was he disgruntled?

ADAMS: He was the most disgruntled. I had to keep the firearms away from him. He's retired now.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you decided you wanted to be a cartoonist?

ADAMS: From the time I was conscious of the world, at four or five years old, I was sure I would be a cartoonist when I grew up. I had one of those mothers who say, "You can be anything you want when you grow up." I believed it. I was a little kid. What did I know? She seemed to know more than I did.

PLAYBOY: Did real life ever clash with that?

ADAMS: Yes, when I was 12 and went through this hideous rational period of my life. I started understanding statistical import. I looked around and said, "Wait a minute. There are 4 billion people in the world. There is only one Charles Schulz. I bet I'm not the only one who wants that job. What's wrong here?" Then I thought, Maybe I ought to become a lawyer.

PLAYBOY: A lawyer?

ADAMS: I lived in a very small town. We had 2000 people, a quarter of the number at the Pacific Bell headquarters where I later worked. There were two good jobs that I knew about. One was doctor and one was lawyer. I didn't like gucky stuff, so I chose lawyer. I majored in economics because that seemed as good as anything and I liked money. Still, there was never a time when I wasn't drawing. If I was in class I was drawing obscene pictures of my teachers doing obscene things with all manner of obscene objects. That got me through the day.

PLAYBOY: What cartoons did you read while growing up?

ADAMS: *Peanuts*. It is the reason that I'm a cartoonist.

PLAYBOY: Charles Schulz has been creating *Peanuts* for 50 years. Will you go on that long?

ADAMS: I don't know. I plan to live to 140. If you ask me if I'll do this cartoon for another 100 years, the answer is no.

PLAYBOY: What is it that causes cartoonists to burn out?

ADAMS: My promise is that I will never describe myself as burnt out. Deep down, I know that what I do is easier than almost anybody's job. I do exactly as much of it as I want. I guess I'll never relate to the words burnt out.

PLAYBOY: Three enormously popular cartoonists, Gary Larson, Berke Breathed and Bill Watterson, recently retired. Did they burn out?

ADAMS: I suspect that once you've got $25 million in the bank, the amount of work that causes you to burn out is different. I think Gary Larson has sold 33 million books to date.

PLAYBOY: Are you a *Far Side* fan?

ADAMS: Oh God, yes. Larson may in fact be, for the single panel, the best ever.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite *Far Side*?

ADAMS: Everybody does. An alien comes to Earth and a farmer is greeting him. The alien is shaped like a forearm with a hand on top. The farmer grabs the alien and is shaking it as though it were a big hand. The punch line is something like "Farmer Roy, in an attempt to be friendly, grasps the alien by the head and,

(continued on page 150)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man on the go. Whether it's a business trip or a promising getaway with the new sales rep, he picks lodgings that are classy and suited for service. Last year PLAYBOY men checked into their favorite hotels and inns 32 million times. That's more than the readers of *Men's Health* and *Esquire* combined. And he drove up in a Mercedes, which was only natural—one in eight Mercedes are owned by PLAYBOY men. PLAYBOY—it's a lifestyle. (Source: Spring 1997 MRI.)

Bubba Bubble

WHEN THE PRESIDENT INVITES A FAMOUS FEMALE CONSERVATIVE TO STAY IN THE LINCOLN BEDROOM EVERYONE GETS INTO HOT WATER

HUMOR

By Arianna Huffington

With a small sense of restless regret I found myself back in the Lincoln Bedroom, pondering a night of highly interactive television with my newfound electronic friend, or perhaps reading something racy like *Leaves of Grass*. But no sooner had I flopped down, fully dressed, on the famously uncomfortable mattress than I felt something poking me insistently in the back. At first I thought I had maybe encountered a crystal wallaby from the Australian PM, or a Camembert Eiffel Tower from President Chirac, or perhaps the shell of a recently discarded intern. But upon closer examination, it turned out to be a small bouquet of flowers with an envelope attached that said "Read me."

I opened it to find a note with a cryptic message from my friend Jack Quinn. It read: "Meet you near the South Lawn by the swimming pool in five. Wear your bathing or birthday suit."

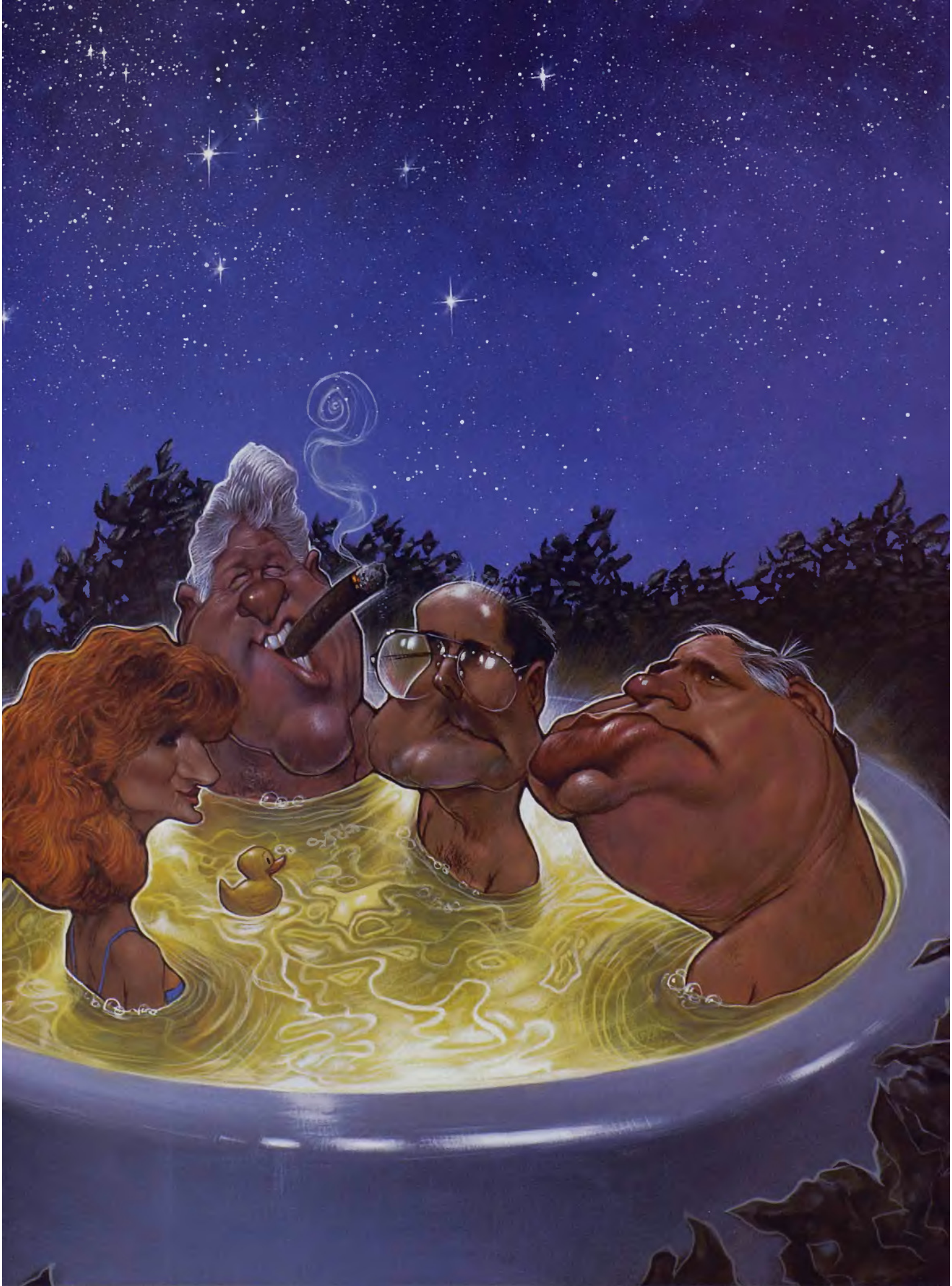
Normally, I'd be a little dubious about putting on my bathing suit and wandering around a strange house, particularly the White House. I reminded myself that this president was capable of construing a modest glance as a shameless come-on. But although Jack Quinn was not, perhaps, totally trustworthy (he *was* a big fund-raiser, after all), he was a gentleman and an officer of the court. I put on a modest floral number and a terrycloth robe that I found in my closet.

I hurried down the stairs through the cold to the Rose Garden. I thrust my hands into the pockets of my robe for warmth and found a small card. It read: "This robe is provided for each guest in the Lincoln Bedroom as a courtesy. If you would like to take it home with you as a souvenir of your stay, it is available for purchase for $10,000, payable to the Democratic National Committee."

As I approached the foot of the Rose Garden, I heard a cheery bubbling sound. When I peered over a hedge, I beheld an image right out of Hieronymus Bosch. A group of chubby men were being slowly boiled in a gigantic pot. Smoke rose from their heads. The entire scene was lit with a ghastly underwater glow. Their faces were frozen in different expressions of horror, their mouths agape.

Then the man in the center brought a smoking cigar from behind his head

ILLUSTRATION BY SEBASTIAN KRUGER



where he'd been holding it, and took a long, luxuriant drag. In the glow of the cigar I could see it was the president.

"It's all right, guys. It's not my wife. You can relight those stogies now." He gestured to a pair of Secret Service men standing nearby. They were wearing shades, earpieces, holstered Glock 9s and regulation black Speedos. Gooseflesh stood on their skin in neat military rows, and they did their best not to shiver. "You guys keep a sharp lookout, you hear? If Hillary starts heading this way, I want enough time to put out my cigar without having to dip it in the tub." He added, to himself, "I lose more good smokes that way. . . ." Then he looked up at me again. "Hi, Arianna. Come on in and join us. We've been expecting you."

I stuck a toe in the hot tub, a trifle warily, then sidled in. The president introduced me.

"You know Jack, of course." He indicated Quinn, who gave me a friendly wave. "This is Web Hubbell, and this is Strobe Talbott." Hubbell was very large, very hairy and very sullen—like a dog that couldn't shake itself dry. He glared at me from across the hot tub. Talbott was tall and slim and very polite. The president pointed to two Asian gentlemen sitting next to Strobe. "And this is. . . ." He appeared to rack his brains. "Aw, hell, just introduce yourselves, guys." They did. One said his name was Herbie Woo, the other, Buddy Hong.

There were seven of us in all, full capacity for the famous hot tub (although earlier in the day Socks told me Clinton had had as many as 14 interns in it one night while Hillary was at the Women's Conference in Beijing). No one seemed to mind the close quarters much, except maybe Strobe, whose glasses kept fogging up. Clinton seemed fully in his element—one arm around Buddy, the other snaking its way, as though it had a mind of its own, toward me. This was a state-of-the-art whirlpool and, oddly enough, as I settled between Hubbell and Hong, I heard the president remark that it was even invisible to radar. A stealth tub.

Before I could figure out what eventuality this was meant for, frantic hand signals from the Secret Service men shook me from my reverie. They were puffing out their cheeks and pantomiming to the president, who wasn't quite getting their meaning. "What are you saying, guys? Big? Big hair? Huge hair? Monica? No? Fat? Bloated? Hey, everybody! Newt's here!"

Sure enough, coming down the Rose Garden path was Newt Gingrich, along with three guards of his own. His security guards had fanned out around him, and woe betide the innocent rosebush or other shrubbery that got in their way.

"Hey, Newt," the president called, "did you bring your Contract With America? I want to take another look at it. It's just full of good ideas." Jack, Web and Strobe found this very amusing. Hong and Woo looked baffled. I chuckled politely.

Smiling, Newt reached into his pants and grabbed his testicles. "You bet, Mr. President. I've got my Contract With America *right here*. I brought it with me so I could tattoo it on your ass."

The president threw his head back and roared. "Come on in here, you old so-and-so. I want to watch a real man boil in this thing for a change." He turned to the Chinese men. "Sorry, guys, your time's up. We need the seats. Don't forget to sign the guest book on your way out." Woo and Hong looked even more confused. Clinton bobbed his head at the Secret Service men, who came over, lifted them out of the hot tub and carried them off.

Newt lowered himself in, easily filling the space left by Woo and Hong.

Although Newt's guards and the president's men eyed one another warily, the Speaker and Clinton seemed exceptionally matey.

Newt grunted with satisfaction. "Ahhh, this is livin'. Can't beat it with a stick, right?"

I murmured assent, but he *was* living it up. Sitting in a radarproof hot tub with genial company, looking up at the stars, protected from Washington's simmering underclass by the world's best security team and an antimissile defense system—no, you couldn't beat it with a stick. Not by a long shot.

It was then that Newt appeared to notice me for the first time.

"Jesus wept! What the hell is she doing here? Rocco! Get this broad——"

One of Newt's henchmen made a move toward me. At a wave from the president, Clinton's boys blocked his path.

"She's with me, Newt. She's all right." Newt's cronies backed off, but the Speaker was still highly agitated.

"I should have known she was one of yours. She's your type. But come to think of it, every woman is your type. I should have known when she described me in her column as 'almost Leninist' just because I'm determined to set right any supposed conservative who dares to hurt our cause by publicly questioning my leadership."

"Aw, c'mon, Newt, lighten up. After all, she called me an 'ethical cripple' or some such thing." Clinton turned to us, his tubmates. "But we're off duty now. Here at the White House, we work hard, we fund-raise hard and we play hard. We're the Dallas Cowboys of politics, only we have committed more felonies."

As Newt settled in for a sulky soak, I took a closer look at Clinton. I'd often thought the president looked slack-jawed and dopey when I'd seen him on television—mainly because he usually stands around with his mouth open, which makes him look dumb. But here, close-up, I could feel that legendary magnetism and, yes, the sexual alertness that had produced a double-digit gender gap and made it possible for him to keep a harem of interns at the White House. Maybe, barring campaign finance reform, we can at least make all the candidates wear swimsuits. But I guess Mitch McConnell would never let that happen, either.

Clinton took note of Gingrich's pout.

"Hey, Newt, I've got to make my wiener a little leaner. Care to join me?"

"I was just thinking the same thing, Mr. President. Got to shake a little dew off the lily. Besides, a hot tub will drop your sperm count below measurable levels. You'll be shootin' blanks." The president looked deeply concerned for a moment, until Newt winked. They both laughed loudly.

The president and the Speaker moved off a discreet distance, where, guarded by the Secret Service, they urinated on some rosebushes. Another happy splashing sound joined the bubbly chorus from the hot tub.

The two men talked intensely for five minutes, just out of earshot. I could catch only a word here and there, but it seemed there was some serious political horse-trading going on. I thought I overheard the phrases "cooking the books," "couldn't keep her big mouth shut" and "balanced budget, my foot," but I couldn't swear to it. Then one voice said, "CBO numbers," and I thought the other replied, "my own damn numbers," and then I heard raucous laughter.

No wonder the glass ceiling bars women from ascending, I thought. Shared bodily functions are part of a timeless male-bonding ritual, one that joins men as different as Clinton and Gingrich and, in turn, bonds them to a family tree of human leaders that goes all the way back to the first Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon who put down their clubs and chose, instead, to go have a pee together.

Not bothering with goodbyes, I climbed out of the hot tub and hurried away; Web, silent the entire time, was making me nervous. Jovial shouts of "Hey, let's cross swords!" receded in the distance.

I strolled leisurely back toward the White House. Then, over the crunch of

(concluded on page 144)

"Hold all calls. I've found a real beauty!"

GERI HALLIWELL PROVES THAT GINGER IS THE FLAVOR OF THE MONTH

THEY CAME from across the sea, armed with a couple of videos, five suitcases full of impossibly short skirts, a handful of infectious songs ("Tell me what you want, what you really, really want") and a slogan: girl power. Their reputation, promulgated across a great number of magazine covers, preceded them: They were the peppy, sexy new antidote to all those sullen, grungy boy bands that had come to dominate British

Before these girls, popular music's favorite spices were parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. But naw five zesty new seasonings tap the pap shelves: (fram left) Sparty, Baby, Scary, Ginger and Posh, a.k.a. Melanie Chishalm, Emma Bunton, Melanie Brawn, Geri Halliwell and Victoria Adams. Geri's Union Jack ruled at last year's Brit Awards in Landan. In times past, Geri needed neither the flag nor any ginger ta spice things up.

pop music. These young women seemed primed for Stateside stardom by dint of the fact that their first three British singles hit number one. That the only previous acts to achieve this feat were Gerry & the Pacemakers, Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Jive Bunny & the Mastermixers and Robson & Jerome—a decidedly mixed batch—seems beside the point. These are the Spice Girls. Resistance is futile. They hit America running as fast as it's possible to run in platforms. They did lunches, dined with the right disc jockeys, visited the right radio stations and made fun of some of those people later. But at the time they bubbled, laughed, smiled and thanked everyone for playing their records. In Los Angeles they were delighted to learn that their pictures had been painted on the side of a large brick building on Melrose Avenue. So, between promotional chores, they hurried to the site to have their pictures taken. When they got there, they sadly watched their mural being replaced by

Where should a well-bred prince plant his goze? Charles pondered the problem (left) as he greeted Geri ot a concert in Manchester last fall; later, girl power met the royal power girl, Queen Elizabeth II (above), after a performance in Landan.

Geri says "fun and freedom and adventure" are the Spice Girls' message. "We're not saying 'Be a particular way,' we're just saying 'Be yourself.'" She's thoroughly herself when she calls to mind a line from the song *Naked*: "Don't be afraid to stare, she's only naked."

a painting of David Bowie.

But that was about as disappointing as life got for the Spice Girls in 1997. By the end of the year they had three more consecutive number one hits in the UK (take that, Jive Bunny!). Sales of their debut album, *Spice*, approached 20 million worldwide. The group hit the top of the charts in more than 40 countries and the Girls were looking at a net worth of some $50 million. A backlash, of course, set in.

The doubters are par for this course: Frothy, lightweight pop will always annoy those who prefer their music to carry more import and angst. Still, pop is the ticket if you want to become the year's best-selling act, or to cause a few tremors on the pop-culture landscape.

The Spice Girls have done both. In one widely seen clip, Prince William shyly basked in the company of the quintet. In South Africa, Nelson Mandela curiously remarked that his time

Nothing like beautiful pop stars to enliven a long afternoon of diplomacy: Baby, Scary and Ginger dropped in on Prince Charles and Nelson Mandela (top) during Charles' official visit to Mandela's Pretoria home last November. Back on familiar turf, the girls took to the podium at last year's Brit Awards (above). They won best single, *Wannabe*, and video, *Say You'll Be There*.

with the women provided him with "some of the greatest moments of my life." In Washington, Hillary Clinton reportedly greeted Donatella Versace with the phrase girl power at a White House function. (Bill may well have said it, too, but let's not get into that.)

And in theaters across America earlier this year, young women screamed at the appearance of the Spice Girls during the opening scenes of *Spice World*. It was as if it were 1964 and the girls were watching the Beatles—with the difference that most were presumably hot and bothered over role models rather than objects of desire. Some 90 minutes later, a good number of them exited the theaters singing the words to *The Lady Is a Vamp*, the jazzy, stylized finger-popper that concludes the movie. The song is a tribute to famous females of the past—Marilyn, Jackie O, Charlie's Angels—and, not incidentally, to famous females of the present. "Scary, Baby, Ginger, Posh, Sporty," they sing, "Yes, now that's your lot."

Once they went by different names: Melanie Brown, Emma Bunton, Geri Halliwell, Victoria Adams, Melanie Chisholm. That was back in 1994, when they were dancers and models and wannabe pop stars who answered an advertisement placed by a manager looking to assemble an all-girl band that could inspire the same kind of pubescent adulation that, in the UK at least, greeted dodgy boy bands such as Take That and Boyzone. The girls soon parted from their original manager. They hung out together, wrote songs—or fragments that canny producers could shape into songs—and made the rounds, landing a new manager, record deal and producers. They changed their name from Touch to the Spice Girls. (Geri suggested just plain Spice, but that was taken.)

Despite their lack of musical experience, their appeal was obvious. "They came to the studio and sang a cappella in the car park," said Matt Rowe, one of their longtime producers. "Then they all sat on one another's laps in a chair. And I thought, Yes, this is the group for me."

The Girls claim they had their priorities straight from the start. "Right from the beginning, we said we didn't want to be put up on a pedestal," Bunton said. "We wanted girls to look at us and say, 'Fuck, I want to join the gang.' We didn't want to be out of reach."

"We were saying," added Halliwell, "that you can have that sense of freedom and fun too."

In the UK, at least, this attitude contrasted sharply with the glum louts whose dour music dominated the charts. "It was about time some fun pop was brought back, with positive messages," Chisholm told one reporter. "'Cause with grunge and gangsta rap, it was getting really negative."

By the time their first album, *Spice*, came out in 1996, they had acquired zippier monikers: Mel B, Emma, Geri, Victoria and Mel C. But as the hits kept coming—first *Wannabe*, then *Say You'll Be There*, then *2 Become 1*—the names were replaced by labels: Scary Spice, Baby Spice, Ginger Spice, Posh Spice, Sporty Spice. And with each label came a set of identifiable attributes: Scary Spice has a pierced tongue and frizzy hair and likes leopard prints. Posh Spice wears heels and very short skirts and looks bored. Sporty Spice favors warm-up suits and does kung fu moves. Baby Spice goes for frilly dresses and pigtails.

Then there's Ginger Spice, who's often dubbed the group's unofficial ringleader. (Some of the promotional material associated with *Spice World*, the movie, calls her Sexy Spice.) She is Geraldine Estelle Halliwell. Her father, now deceased, was a car salesman, her Spanish mother is a cleaning lady. Geri was born in Watford 25 years ago, which makes her the oldest Spice Girl. When she auditioned for the group, the would-be Svengali who was then running the show asked her how old she was. Legend has it she replied, "I'm as old or as young as you want me to be. I can be a ten-year-old with big tits if you want." His response was not recorded, but she obviously got the gig.

Before joining the Spice Girls, Geri held a variety of jobs, including club dancer in Majorca, aerobics instructor, model and game-show hostess in Turkey. When the group became famous and old topless photos surfaced in the tabloids, she reacted the way Madonna reacted to a similar situation years earlier: She shrugged it off. This makes sense, because she is a huge Madonna fan.

Some of her attributes are readily apparent, others less so. "The largest muscle and my life's biggest asset," she told *Us* magazine, "is my brain." She uses that brain to spice up people's lives. "Life can be hard, it can be negative," she has said. "So you can turn on to our video and put a bit of vitality and fun into it all."

Vitality and fun are favorite words of hers, and of the other Spice Girls. In conversation, though, the phrase they use most frequently may well be *at the end of the day*: It's their way of either summing up or shrugging off whatever they've been talking about so they can present a nice, positive moral. "At the end of the day," says Ginger, "we're about freedom, fun and liberty." "At the end of the day," adds Scary, "we're quite normal." At the end of every day in the imaginary realm of Spiceworld, vitality and fun and positivity win out—courtesy, of course, of girl power, a vague concept that involves accepting yourself for who you are, and not being pushed around by men. Mind you, their message is not exclusionary: "There are Spice Boys, too," they have been known to tell male interviewers. "You can be a Spice Boy. In fact, you are a Spice Boy." It sounds pretty simple: Be yourself, have fun, don't let anybody push you around.

•

Onstage in Los Angeles last year, Ginger Spice leaned into the microphone. "I'd like to dedicate this to every woman in America," she said, holding up one of the pair of *Billboard* Music Awards the Spice Girls won—one for best new artist, one for album of the year. "This is living proof," she added, "that girl power works." Then she reached up, pulled her sunglasses off her head and down over her eyes, and affected a quick sneer. "Thank you very much," she said. It wasn't the best Elvis impersonation, but it wasn't bad for a girl from Watford.

The *Billboard* awards were part of a turbulent winter for the Spice Girls. They released a new album, which sold well, then weakened, then rallied. They put out a movie that got clobbered by *Titanic* but made decent money for a couple weeks. They fired the manager they'd hired to replace their original manager. They appeared on an extremely successful pay-per-view concert special. They denied rumors that one of the reasons they'd fired the manager was because he was dating Baby Spice. They denied rumors they were breaking up, or that any of them were going solo. They did *Letterman*. They won three American Music Awards, but weren't at the ceremony to receive them. They weren't nominated for a Grammy, which some people cited as a sign of integrity on the part of the recording academy. They heard countless naysayers suggest their 15 minutes of fame were just about up. They had another hit with *Spice Up Your Life*. They started a tour.

And one more thing: When they returned to Los Angeles, they drove back down Melrose Avenue, past the brick building that once sported their pictures until their mural was painted over for David Bowie. But now, a year since the Spice Girls' first visit, all traces of Bowie were gone. Instead, the wall sported a new mural of Scary, Ginger, Baby, Posh and Sporty Spice and a single word: SPICEWORLD.

"I hate that smug little grin on their faces!"

Netmail

a stranger was trying to blackmail me over the internet—an unwise play, as he was about to find out

fiction By Brendan DuBois

By the time my guns were cleaned and the dinner dishes were put away, it was night. I went upstairs to the spare bedroom that I've turned into an office, carrying a glass of wine. The office is lined on all sides with bookshelves, and between the two windows is a metal desk I picked up at a yard sale last summer. I flipped on the computer and dialed into the Mycroft-Online computer service.

E-mail waited for me.

I sat back in the chair, wineglass in my hand. With my other hand I reached for the mouse. Something was wrong. I shouldn't be getting e-mail. My phone number was unlisted, I picked up the mail—usually addressed to Occupant—at the post office once a week and no one at all had my e-mail address. But there was a little blinking icon in the center of the menu screen, showing a chubby mailman waving a letter at me.

I looked out the windows at the darkening fields and woods. Relax, I thought. It was undoubtedly spam, electronic junk mail sent to everyone who subscribes to my online service. I sipped from my glass and clicked on the icon, and after a confusing jumble of letters and numbers came this message:

> TO: Sopwith12
> FROM: Anon666
> Sopwith12, you've been a bad boy. We have the evidence we need and if you don't do exactly as we say, we will go public. This is no joke. Reply within one day or you'll regret it.

A tingly feeling raced up my arms. Sopwith12 was my online ID. This wasn't an anonymous spam. I put the glass down and thought for a moment, then clicked on an icon shaped like a New England town hall, complete with white pillars. *(continued on page 84)*

PAINTING BY ROBERT GIUSTI

GIUSTI

Tiger at Play

our favorite sports artist captures a young giant's genius

text by JOHN ANDRISANI

By LeRoy Neiman

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1997

Pairings and Starting Time Sheet

Group	Time	Name	City & State	Today
1	6:40	RON PRILO JR. JOHN HICKSON ROB WILKIN	Amelia Island, FL Tampa, FL Shawnee Mission, KS	
2	6:49	DOUG MARTIN MIKE STANDLY IGNACIO GARRIDO	Edgewood, KY Houston, TX Spain	
3	6:58	BRANDEL CHAMBLEE PETER JORDAN RONNIE BLACK	[illegible], AZ Valrico, FL Tucson, AZ	
4	7:07	MIKE BRISKY KEVIN SUTHERLAND LEN MATTIACE	Orlando, FL Sacramento, CA Ponte Vedra Bch, FL	
5	7:16	WAYNE GRADY HAL SUTTON JOHN MAHAFFEY	Australia Shreveport, LA The Woodlands, Tx	
6	7:25	DARREN CLARKE PHIL MICKELSON NICK FALDO	Northern Ireland Scottsdale, AZ England	
7	7:34	PER-ULRIK JOHANSSON BEN CRENSHAW CRAIG STADLER	Sweden Austin, TX England	
8	7:43	BOB TWAY PAUL AZINGER JOHN DALY	[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]	
9	7:52	ANDREW MAGEE PAUL GOYDOS DUFFY WALDORF	[illegible] Valley, AZ [illegible] Beach, CA Valencia, CA	
10	8:10	FRED COUPLES JESPER PARNEVIK FRANK NOBILO	Dallas, TX Sweden NZ	
11	8:19	CLARENCE NOSE ED FIORI DUDLEY HART	[illegible]boro, NC [illegible]mland, TX Ft. Lauderdale, FL	
12	8:28	WAYNE STEWART NICK PRICE STEVE ELKINGTON	Orlando, FL Zimbabwe Australia	
13	8:37	STUART APPLEBY JOE OZAKI TIM HERRON	Australia Japan Wayzata, MN	
14	8:46	BRAD FAXON LEE WESTWOOD TOM WATSON	Barrington, RI England Mission Hills, KS	
15	8:55	TIGER WOODS ERNIE ELS JUSTIN LEONARD	Windermere, FL South Africa Dallas, TX	
16	9:04	LARRY MIZE JAY HAAS CURTIS STRANGE	Columbus, GA Greer, SC Kingsmill, VA	
17	9:13	TOMMY TOLLES DAVID DUVAL ROBERT DAMRON	Flatrock, NC Jacksonville Bch, FL Orlando, FL	
18	9:31	TOM KITE LANNY WADKINS JEFF SLUMAN	Austin, TX Dallas, TX Chicago, IL	
19	9:40	DARRELL KESTNER RUSS COCHRAN KIRK TRIPLETT	Manhasset, NY Paducah, KY Scottsdale, AZ	
20	9:49	VIJAY SINGH IAN WOOSNAM LEE JANZEN	Fiji Wales Orlando, FL	
21	9:58	DOH POOLEY JIM CARTER CHRIS PERRY	Tucson, AZ Scottsdale, AZ Powell, OH	
22	10:07	KELLY GIBSON BILLY ANDRADE TOM BYRUM	New Orleans, LA Bristol, RI Sugarland, TX	
23	10:16	[illegible]	[illegible]	
25	10:34	STEVE [illegible]	[illegible]	
27	11:01	[illegible]AMES MASON PETE OAKLEY BOB BOYD	Duluth, GA Lewes, DE Wilmington, NC	
28	11:10	GLEN DAY MARK O'MEARA COSTANTINO ROCCA	West Point, MS Windermere, FL Italy	
29	11:19	OLIN BROWNE SAM TORRANCE TIM FURYK	Jupiter, FL Scotland Ponte Vedra Bch, FL	
30	11:28	FRED FUNK BILLY MAYFAIR GUY BOROS	Ponte Vedra Bch, FL Scottsdale, AZ Pompano Beach, FL	
31	11:37	CRAIG PARRY SCOTT HOCH YOSHINORI KANEKO	Australia Orlando, FL Japan	
32	11:46	PAUL STANKOWSKI JOHN COOK [illegible]NKER	Flower Mound, TX Rancho Mirage, CA Beavercreek, OH	
33	11:55	JOSE MARIA OLAZAB[illegible] MARK WIEBE JEFF MAGGERT	Spain Denver, CO The Woodlands, Tx	
34	12:04	MICHAEL BRADLEY PETER JACOBSEN PHIL BLACKMAR	Valrico, FL Waikoloa, HI Corpus Christi, TX	
40	1:07	TOM LEHMAN GREG NORMAN COLIN MONTGOMERIE	Alexandria, MN Australia Scotland	
42	1:25	[illegible]S LOVE I[illegible] PAUL BROADHURST LOREN ROBERTS	Sea Isl[illegible], GA England [illegible], IN	
43	1:43	KENNY PERRY [illegible]y MAY BROWN ST[illegible]RY	[illegible]n, KY [illegible] City, TX Orlando, FL	
44	1:52	[illegible] CAVEZ[illegible] [illegible] DST	[illegible], AZ Maycroft[illegible], GA South Af[illegible]	
45	2:01	[illegible]KE MAHO[illegible] JOHN KIN[illegible] ROBERT [illegible]NBY	Bl[illegible]ppine[illegible] [illegible]on, WI [illegible]ia	
46	2:10	ROBERT GA[illegible] PADRAIG H[illegible] CARLOS FRANCO	[illegible] [illegible]land Paraguay	
47	2:19	GEOFF GOOSEN THOMAS DJORN STEWART CINK	South Africa Denmark Smyrna, GA	
48	2:28	SHAWN KELLY JOHN PAESANI JEFFREY LANKFORD	Sacramento, CA Norwich, CT Mocksville, NC	
49	2:37	BOB FORD JOHN LEE CHRIS TUCKER	Oakmont, PA Napion, FL Charlotte, NC	
50	2:46	BOB NAKOSKI JIM WHITE BOB SOWARDS	Novi, MI Lincoln, NE Dublin, OH	

Tiger Woods
1st drive
1997 P.G.A. Winged Foot

LeRoy Neiman

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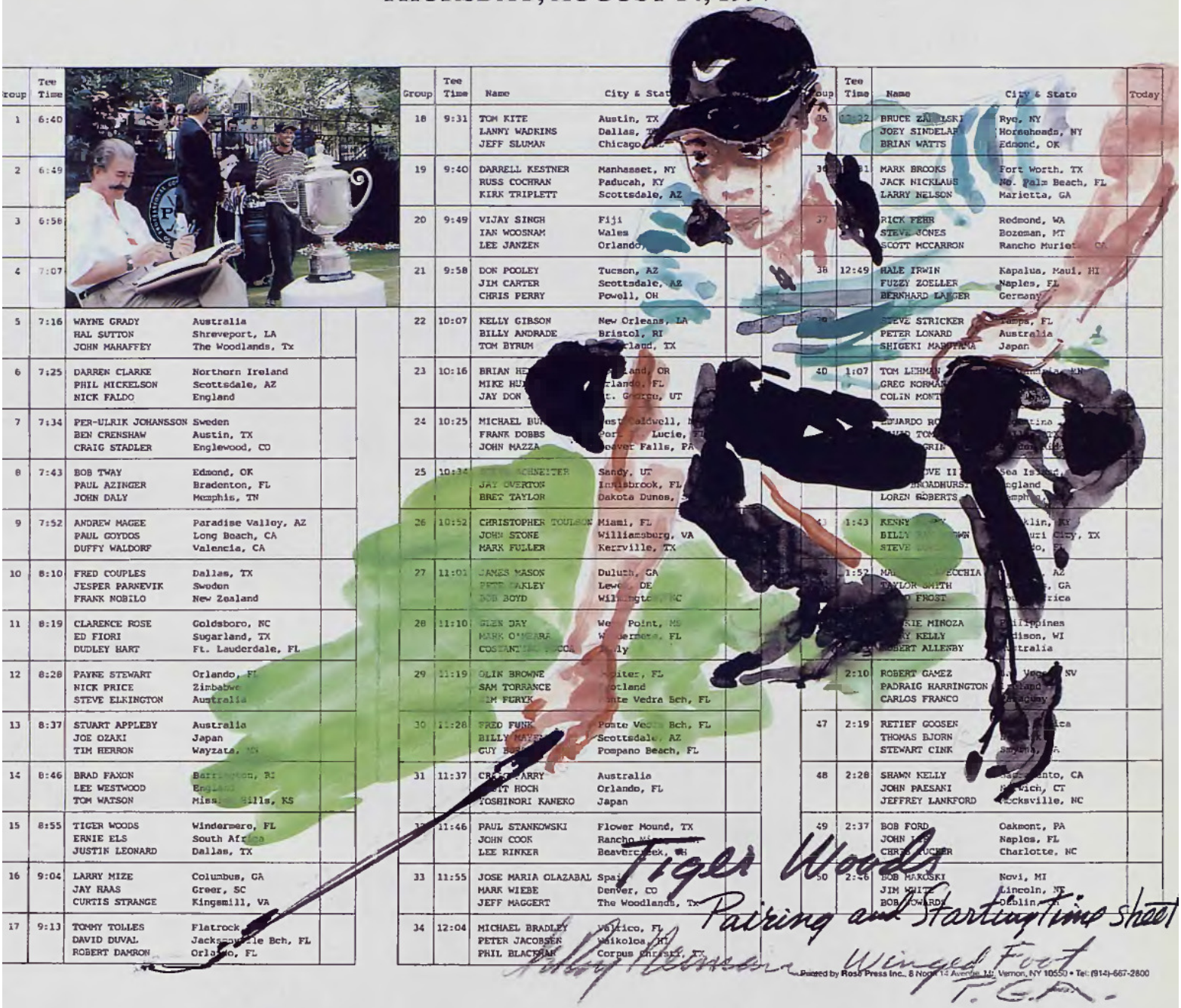
LeRoy Neiman sketched Tiger Woods at the Winged Foot Club at the 1997 PGA, which was won by Davis Love III. "I was sitting pretty in a special chair with an unobstructed close-up view," says Neiman. "From there it was apparent how strong Tiger is. It's said he presses 350 paunds and autruns NFL defensive backs. His lean form and powerful, graceful swing bear that out."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1997



Group	Tee Time		
1	6:40		
2	6:49		
3	6:58		
4	7:07		
5	7:16	WAYNE GRADY	Australia
		HAL SUTTON	Shreveport, LA
		JOHN MAHAFFEY	The Woodlands, Tx
6	7:25	DARREN CLARKE	Northern Ireland
		PHIL MICKELSON	Scottsdale, AZ
		NICK FALDO	England
7	7:34	PER-ULRIK JOHANSSON	Sweden
		BEN CRENSHAW	Austin, TX
		CRAIG STADLER	Englewood, CO
8	7:43	BOB TWAY	Edmond, OK
		PAUL AZINGER	Bradenton, FL
		JOHN DALY	Memphis, TN
9	7:52	ANDREW MAGEE	Paradise Valley, AZ
		PAUL GOYDOS	Long Beach, CA
		DUFFY WALDORF	Valencia, CA
10	8:10	FRED COUPLES	Dallas, TX
		JESPER PARNEVIK	Sweden
		FRANK NOBILO	New Zealand
11	8:19	CLARENCE ROSE	Goldsboro, NC
		ED FIORI	Sugarland, TX
		DUDLEY HART	Ft. Lauderdale, FL
12	8:28	PAYNE STEWART	Orlando, FL
		NICK PRICE	Zimbabwe
		STEVE ELKINGTON	Australia
13	8:37	STUART APPLEBY	Australia
		JOE OZAKI	Japan
		TIM HERRON	Wayzata, MN
14	8:46	BRAD FAXON	Barrington, RI
		LEE WESTWOOD	England
		TOM WATSON	Missi[illegible] Hills, KS
15	8:55	TIGER WOODS	Windermere, FL
		ERNIE ELS	South Africa
		JUSTIN LEONARD	Dallas, TX
16	9:04	LARRY MIZE	Columbus, GA
		JAY HAAS	Greer, SC
		CURTIS STRANGE	Kingsmill, VA
17	9:13	TOMMY TOLLES	Flatrock, [illegible]
		DAVID DUVAL	Jacksonville Bch, FL
		ROBERT DAMRON	Orlando, FL

Group	Tee Time	Name	City & State
18	9:31	TOM KITE	Austin, TX
		LANNY WADKINS	Dallas, [illegible]
		JEFF SLUMAN	Chicago, [illegible]
19	9:40	DARRELL KESTNER	Manhasset, NY
		RUSS COCHRAN	Paducah, KY
		KIRK TRIPLETT	Scottsdale, AZ
20	9:49	VIJAY SINGH	Fiji
		IAN WOOSNAM	Wales
		LEE JANZEN	Orlando, [illegible]
21	9:58	DON POOLEY	Tucson, AZ
		JIM CARTER	Scottsdale, AZ
		CHRIS PERRY	Powell, OH
22	10:07	KELLY GIBSON	New Orleans, LA
		BILLY ANDRADE	Bristol, RI
		TOM BYRUM	[illegible]land, TX
23	10:16	BRIAN HE[illegible]	[illegible]and, OR
		MIKE HU[illegible]	[illegible]rlando, FL
		JAY DON[illegible]	[illegible]t. George, UT
24	10:25	MICHAEL BU[illegible]	[illegible]ldwell, [illegible]
		FRANK DOBBS	Port[illegible] Lucie, FL
		JOHN MAZZA	[illegible]oover Falls, PA
25	10:34	[illegible]SCHNEITER	Sandy, UT
		JAY OVERTON	Inglisbrook, FL
		BRET TAYLOR	Dakota Dunes, [illegible]
26	10:52	CHRISTOPHER TOULSON	Miami, FL
		JOHN STONE	Williamsburg, VA
		MARK FULLER	Kerrville, TX
27	11:01	JAMES MASON	Duluth, GA
		PETE OAKLEY	Lewe[illegible], DE
		BOB BOYD	Wilm[illegible]gton, NC
28	11:10	GLEN DAY	We[illegible] Point, MS
		MARK O'MEARA	W[illegible]dermere, FL
		COSTANTINO ROCCA	[illegible]ly
29	11:19	OLIN BROWNE	[illegible]ster, FL
		SAM TORRANCE	[illegible]otland
		[illegible]IM FURYK	[illegible]nte Vedra Bch, FL
30	11:28	FRED FUNK	Ponte Ved[illegible] Bch, FL
		BILLY MAYF[illegible]	Scottsdale, AZ
		GUY B[illegible]	Pompano Beach, FL
31	11:37	CR[illegible]G PARRY	Australia
		[illegible]IT HOCH	Orlando, FL
		TOSHINORI KANEKO	Japan
[illegible]	11:46	PAUL STANKOWSKI	Flower Mound, TX
		JOHN COOK	Rancho [illegible]
		LEE RINKER	Beaverc[illegible]ek, [illegible]
33	11:55	JOSE MARIA OLAZABAL	Spai[illegible]
		MARK WIEBE	Denver, CO
		JEFF MAGGERT	The Woodlands, Tx
34	12:04	MICHAEL BRADLEY	Melrico, FL
		PETER JACOBSEN	Nikiloa, HI
		PHIL BLACKMAR	Corpus Christi, TX

Group	Tee Time	Name	City & State	Today
35	[illegible]:22	BRUCE ZA[illegible]LSKI	Rye, NY	
		JOEY SINDELAR	Horseheads, NY	
		BRIAN WATTS	Edmond, OK	
36	[illegible]:31	MARK BROOKS	Fort Worth, TX	
		JACK NICKLAUS	No. Palm Beach, FL	
		LARRY NELSON	Marietta, GA	
37		RICK FEHR	Redmond, WA	
		STEVE JONES	Bozeman, MT	
		SCOTT MCCARRON	Rancho Murie[illegible] CA	
38	12:49	HALE IRWIN	Kapalua, Maui, HI	
		FUZZY ZOELLER	Naples, FL	
		BERNHARD LANGER	Germany	
39		[illegible]STEVE STRICKER	[illegible]ampa, FL	
		PETER LONARD	Australia	
		SHIGEKI MARUYAMA	Japan	
40	1:07	TOM LEHMAN	[illegible]Minnetonka, MN	
		GREG NORMAN	[illegible]	
		COLIN MONT[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]EDUARDO RO[illegible]	[illegible]ntino, [illegible]	
		[illegible]HO TOM[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]GRI[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]OVE II[illegible]	Sea Isl[illegible], [illegible]	
		[illegible]BROADHURS[illegible]	[illegible]England	
		LOREN ROBERTS	[illegible]mphis, TN	
43	1:43	KENNY [illegible]	[illegible]klin, KY	
		BILLY [illegible]OWN	[illegible]uri City, TX	
		STEVE [illegible]	[illegible]do, FL	
[illegible]	1:52	MA[illegible]	[illegible]ECCHIA [illegible], AZ	
		TAYLOR SMITH	[illegible], GA	
		[illegible]D FROST	[illegible]frica	
[illegible]		[illegible]KIE MINOZA	[illegible]Philippines	
		[illegible]Y KELLY	[illegible]dison, WI	
		[illegible]OBERT ALLENBY	[illegible]ustralia	
46	2:10	ROBERT GAMEZ	[illegible] [illegible], NV	
		PADRAIG HARRINGTON	[illegible]land	
		CARLOS FRANCO	[illegible]guay	
47	2:19	RETIEF GOOSEN	[illegible]frica	
		THOMAS BJORN	[illegible]	
		STEWART CINK	[illegible], [illegible]	
48	2:28	SHAWN KELLY	[illegible]mento, CA	
		JOHN PAESANI	[illegible]wich, CT	
		JEFFREY LANKFORD	[illegible]cksville, NC	
49	2:37	BOB FORD	Oakmont, PA	
		JOHN [illegible]	Naples, FL	
		CHRIS [illegible]UCHER	Charlotte, NC	
50	2:46	BOB MAKOSKI	Novi, MI	
		JIM [illegible]HITE	Lincoln, NE	
		BOB [illegible]OWARD	[illegible]Dublin, [illegible]	

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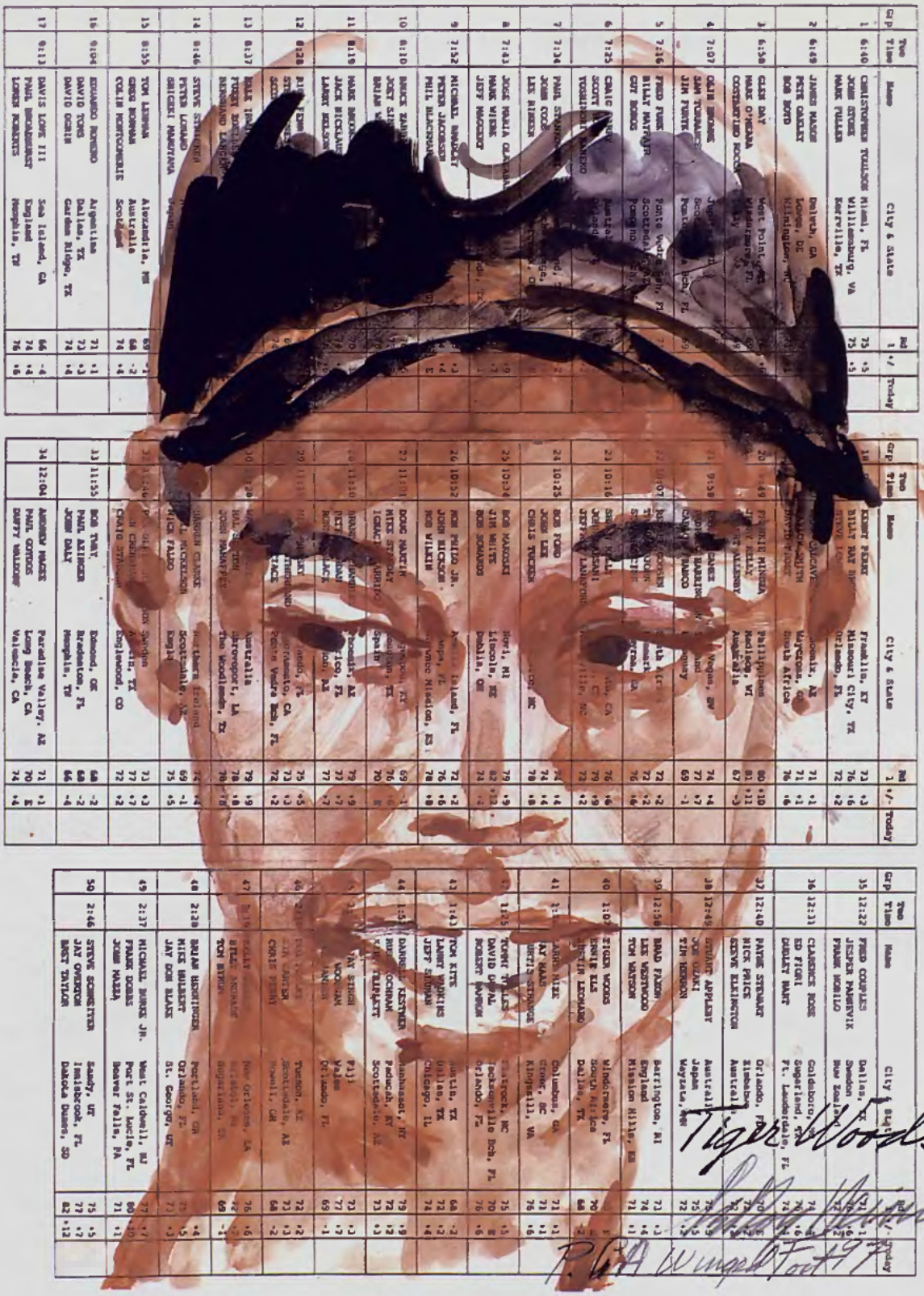
What we are forever confronted with on the golf course is a never-ending battle between the id and the ego, between being aggressively carefree and being strategically cautious and rational. We find ourselves in a tug of war: Do we play conservatively and be good, predictably? Or do we smile at temptation, let go and gamble and, at least possibly, be great? What makes this complex game even more intriguing is that it is always played on an innocent-looking field of green hills and valleys, among ponds and streams, pines or palms. Or among pretty flowers, such as those bright-pink azaleas that line the fairways of Augusta National, the heavenly Georgia course where Tiger Woods returns this spring to defend his Masters crown. Woods, unquestionably the strongest and most mentally intense player in the game, experiences the toughest battle between id and ego, between carefree aggression and calm focus.

In this selection of paintings, LeRoy Neiman captures Tiger's persona, his split personality, of sorts. On one side we see an aggressive man, swinging powerfully through the ball as no other golfer—not even John Daly—can, sometimes physically letting go of the club to tell the world he doesn't give a damn about staying in control. Sheer power is his priority. This is the Tiger who intimidates his competitors with a superfast swing of perfect rhythm and a killer instinct passed on to him by his father, Earl, a former Green Beret. This is Tiger the terminator, the 22-year-old who, on the way to victory in the 1997 Masters, made mincemeat of Augusta National, hitting 350-yard drives over 100-foot trees guarding doglegs, followed by towering irons stiff to the hole.

The other side of Tiger is focused. This is the Tiger who chooses from his closet, on every competitive day but Sunday, a green or yellow shirt, rather than his favorite, angry red. This is the cool Tiger with the big, brown altar-boy eyes, the charmer disguising the big, bad wolf. This is the Tiger who takes in everything during chipping practice, his eyes watching the ball in the air and



FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1997
Pairings and Starting Time Sheet

on the ground. This is the Tiger who can truly see shots come to life in his mind's eye, before playing them. This is the Tiger who stands steadily over a pressure putt, calming his heartbeat as easily as Gandhi did when standing before the British army. This is the focused thinker who hates to make strategic errors, the proud pro who isn't afraid to listen to the advice of others. This is Eldrick Woods, with the meditative eyes of a tiger passed on to him through his Thai mother, Kutilda, who makes sure her only son practices the Buddhist ways she taught him.

During amateur match-play events, Tiger let his aggressive side run wild. He played with his amateur partners the way a cat plays with a mouse. In 1991, at the age of 15, Tiger became the youngest winner of the U.S. Junior, an event he also won in 1992 and 1993, becoming the only player to win three times in a *(text concluded on page 153)*

"I noticed that the tour pros vory their wardrobes each day," soys LeRoy Neiman. "There seems to be no superstition, like not weoring the some type of shirt the doy ofter you play a subpar round. In ony cose, on Sundoy you can count on Tiger's showing up in his signature blood-red victory chemise. He's the mon to watch." With his typical floir for creativity, Neiman used the PGA pairing and storting time sheets as his canvas.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1997

Grp	Tee Time	Name	City & State	Rd 1	+/-	Today
1	6:40	CHRISTOPHER TOULSON	Miami, FL	75	+5	
		JOHN STONE	Williamsburg, VA	75	+5	
		MARK FULLER	Kerrville, TX	79	+9	
2	6:49	JAMES MASON	Duluth, GA	78	+8	
		PETE OAKLEY	Lewes, DE	78	+8	
		BOB BOYD	Wilmington, NC	71	+1	
3	6:58	GLEN DAY	West Point, MS	76	+6	
		MARK O'MEARA	Windermere, FL	69	-1	
		COSTANTINO ROCCA	Italy	69	-1	
4	7:07	OLIN BROWNE	Jupiter, FL	70	E	
		SAM TORRANCE	Scotland	74	+4	
		JIM FURYK	Ponte Vedra Bch, FL	69	-1	
5	7:16	FRED FUNK	Ponte Vedra Bch, FL	71	+1	
		BILLY MAYFAIR	Scottsdale, AZ	75	+5	
		GUY BOROS	Pompano Beach, FL	74	+4	
6	7:25	CRAIG PARRY	Australia	74	+4	
		SCOTT HOCH	Orlando, FL	71	+1	
		TOSHIMORI KANERO	Japan	72	+2	
7	7:34	PAUL STANKOWSKI	Elmer Mound, TX	68	-2	
		JOHN COOK	Rancho Mirage, CA	71	+1	
		LEE RINKER	Beaver Creek, OH	70	E	
8	7:43	JOSE MARIA [illegible]	Spain	79	+9	
		MARK [illegible]	Denver, CO	74	+4	
		JEFF [illegible]	The Woodlands, TX	76	+6	
9	7:52	MICHAEL BRADLEY	Valrico, FL	72	+2	
		[illegible] JACOBSEN	Waikoloa, HI	74	+4	
		[illegible]	Corpus Christi, TX	70	E	
10	8:10	[illegible]	Rye, NY	76	+6	
		JO[illegible]LAR	Horseheads, NY	72	+2	
		[illegible]	Edmond, OK	78	+8	
11	8:[illegible]	[illegible]	Fort Worth, TX	70	E	
		[illegible]	Palm Beach, FL	74	+4	
		[illegible]	[illegible]ta, GA	76	+6	
12	[illegible]	[illegible]	Redmond, WA	72	+2	
		[illegible]	Bozeman, MT	69	-1	
		[illegible]	Rancho Murieta, CA	78	+8	
13	8:37	[illegible]	Kapalua, Maui, HI	73	+3	
		[illegible]LER	Naples, FL	73	+3	
		[illegible]NGER	Germany	73	+3	
14	8:46	[illegible]	Tampa, FL	73	+3	
		[illegible]	[illegible]stralia	75	+5	
		[illegible]	[illegible]	68	-2	
15	8:55	TOM [illegible]HMAN	Alexandria, MN	69	-1	
		[illegible] NO	Australia	68	-2	
		COLIN MO[illegible]RIE	Scotland	74	+4	
16	9:04	EDUARDO ROME[illegible]	Argentina	71	+1	
		DAVID TOMS	Dallas, TX	73	+3	
		DAVID OGRIN	Garden Ridge, TX	74	+4	
17	9:13	DAVIS LOVE III	Sea Island, GA	66	-4	
		PAUL BROADHURST	England	74	+4	
		LOREN ROBERTS	Memphis, TN	76	+6	

Grp	Tee Time	Name	City & State	Rd 1	+/-	Today
18	9:31	KENNY PERRY	Brandon, FL	73	+3	
		BILLY RAY BROWN	Missouri City, TX	76	+6	
		STEVE LOWERY	Orlando, FL	72	+2	
19	9:40	MARK CALCAVECCHIA	Phoenix, AZ	71	+1	
		TAYLOR SMITH	Waycross, GA	71	+1	
		DAVID FROST	South Africa	76	+6	
20	9:49	FRANKIE MINOZA	Philippines	80	+10	
		JERRY KELLY	Madison, WI	81	+11	
		ROBERT ALLENBY	Australia	67	-3	
21	9:58	ROBERT GAMEZ	Las Vegas, NV	74	+4	
		PADRAIG HARRINGTON	Ireland	77	+7	
		CARLOS FRANCO	Paraguay	69	-1	
22	10:07	RETIEF GOOSEN	South Africa	72	+2	
		THOMAS [illegible]	Denmark	72	+2	
		STEWART [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
23	10:16	SHAWN [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JOH[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JEFF[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
24	10:25	BOB [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JOHN [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		CHRIS[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
25	10:34	BOB[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		BO[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
26	10:52	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JOHN HIC[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	11:01	DO[illegible] MARTIN	Edgewood, NM	69	-1	
		MIKE STANDLY	Houston, TX	76	+6	
		[illegible]TO GARRIDO	Spain	70	E	
28	11:10	BRANDEL CHAM[illegible]	[illegible]	79	+9	
		PETE [illegible]ORDA[illegible]	[illegible], FL	77	+7	
		RON[illegible] BLACK	[illegible], [illegible]	77	+7	
29	11:19	MIKE BRISKY	Orlando, FL	75	+5	
		KEVIN SUTHERLAND	Sacramento, CA	73	+3	
		LER MATTIACE	Ponte Vedra Bch, FL	72	+2	
30	11:28	WAYNE GRADY	Australia	79	+9	
		HAL SUTTON	Shreveport, LA	78	+8	
		JOHN MAHAFFEY	The Woodlands, TX	78	+8	
31	11:37	[illegible]	Northern Ireland	74	+4	
		PHIL MICKELSON	Scottsdale, AZ	69	-1	
		NICK FALDO	England	75	+5	
2	11:46	PER-ULRIK JOHANSSON	Sweden	73	+3	
		BEN CRENSHAW	Austin, TX	77	+7	
		CRAIG STADLER	Englewood, CO	72	+2	
[illegible]	11:55	BOB TWAY	Edmond, OK	68	-2	
		[illegible]AZINGER	Bradenton, FL	68	-2	
		[illegible]DALY	Memphis, TN	66	-4	
34	12:04	ANDREW MAGEE	Paradise Valley, AZ	71	+1	
		PAUL GOYDOS	Long Beach, CA	70	E	
		DUFFY WALDORF	Valencia, CA	74	+4	

Grp	Tee Time	Name	City & State	Rd 1	+/-	Today
35	12:22	FRED COUPLES	Dallas, TX	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JESPER PARNEVIK	Sweden	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		FRANK NOBILO	New Zealand	[illegible]	[illegible]	
36	12:31	CLARENCE ROSE	Goldsboro, NC	76	+6	
		ED FIORI	Sugarland, TX	76	+6	
		DUDLEY HART	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	74	+4	
37	12:40	PAYNE STEWART	Orlando, FL	70	E	
		NICK PRICE	Zimbabwe	72	+2	
		STEVE ELKINGTON	Australia	72	+2	
38	12:49	STUART APPLEBY	Australia	75	+5	
		JOE OZAKI	Japan	75	+5	
		TIM HERRON	Wayzata, MN	72	+2	
39	12:58	BRAD FAXON	Barrington, RI	73	+3	
		LEE WESTWOOD	England	74	+4	
		TOM WATSON	Mission Hills, KS	70	-2	
40	1:07	TIGER WOODS	Windermere, FL	68	E	
		ERNIE ELS	South Africa	70	+2	
		JUSTIN LEONARD	Dallas, TX	68	-2	
		[illegible]MIZE	Columbus, GA	71	+1	
		[illegible]	Greer, SC	71	+1	
		[illegible]	Kingsmill, VA	76	+6	
		[illegible]	[illegible]rock, NC	75	+5	
		[illegible]	[illegible]ville Bch, FL	70	E	
		[illegible]	[illegible]	76	+6	
		TOM KITE	[illegible]	[illegible]	-2	
		[illegible]NY WADKINS	Dallas, TX	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]E SLUMAN	Chicago, IL	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]KESTNER	Manhasset, NY	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		[illegible]OCHRAN	Paducah, KY	72		
		[illegible]BARLETTA	Scottsdale, AZ	73	+3	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]Y SINGH	Fiji	73	+3	
		[illegible]OSNAM	[illegible]ales	77	+7	
		[illegible]	[illegible]ando, FL	69	-1	
[illegible]	2:10	DON [illegible]	[illegible], AZ	72	+2	
		JIM CARL[illegible]	[illegible], AZ	73	+3	
		CHRIS PERRY	[illegible]	68	-2	
[illegible]	2:19	KE[illegible] GIBSON	[illegible]	76	+6	
		B[illegible] ANDRADE	[illegible]	72	+2	
		[illegible]TRUM	Sugar[illegible], TX	[illegible]	[illegible]	
48	2:28	BRIAN HENNINGER	Portland, OR	74	[illegible]	
		MIKE HULBERT	Orlando, FL	75	+5	
		JAY DON BLAKE	St. George, UT	[illegible]	[illegible]	
49	2:37	MICHAEL BURKE JR.	West Caldwell, NJ	77	+7	
		FRANK DOBBS	Port St. Lucie, FL	70	+10	
		JOHN MAZZA	Beaver Falls, PA	[illegible]	[illegible]	
50	2:46	STEVE SCHNEITER	Sandy, UT	[illegible]	[illegible]	
		JAY OVERTON	Innisbrook, FL	[illegible]	+7	
		BRET TAYLOR	Dakota Dunes, SD	[illegible]	+12	

HERE'S TO COCKTAILS MADE WITH THE BUBBLY

Make It CHAMPAGNE

BY GARY REGAN AND MARDEE HAIDIN REGAN

Perhaps it's the millennium and its promise of partying on a global scale that has made champagne the drink of the decade. In fact, the bubbly is so much in demand that some producers are concerned they may run out before the end of the century. Add another drinking trend—the return of the martini—and you have the ingredients for a major bash come December 31, 1999. If the martini is king of mixed drinks, the champagne cocktail is the queen. The original version is simple: Moisten a sugar cube with a few dashes of Angostura bitters, place it in the bottom of a champagne flute, carefully fill the glass with champagne and garnish with a lemon twist. The sugar makes the wine fizz, so be careful as you pour. Variations on the theme have been around almost as long as the original, and adding half an *(concluded on page 152)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GIORGIO VENTOLA

Netmail *(continued from page 76)*

Another treaty—unknown to her—dictates I treat her 14-year-old son Eric as a real person.

A message came up that said MEMBER DIRECTORY and I typed in ANON666. Within a second or two, the answer came back: No such member is listed on Mycroft.

I logged off, shut down the computer and stared out the dark windows for a while.

•

It was spring in Pinette, Maine, and the next morning I was outside, working. I had chainsawed down a dead oak a few weeks back and had cut logs in two-foot lengths. I was now splitting each log for firewood. It was satisfying work, and I soon stripped off my sweatshirt and T-shirt, keeping on only my work boots, jeans and the nine-millimeter Smith & Wesson, which was strapped to my side.

With each fall of the ax, I thought about my brief electronic message. I had been in Pinette for a while, and had gotten used to my new life. There was always work to be done on the dozen or so acres I owned, and I had the television and the public library and mail-order books. Still, I sometimes woke up at two or three in the morning, imagining I could hear the far-off sounds of Boston or New York or London or Tokyo.

It was the computer that saved me from turning into an unshaven recluse who cut paper dolls in his off-hours. Sitting in my tiny upstairs room with the computer linked to the Internet, I was wired to the whole globe. It wasn't the real thing, but with me exiled to this little Maine town and forbidden from traveling, it was the next best thing. I explored colleges, universities, museums and scientific laboratories. I saw the view from cameras set up in Bombay, Antarctica and at the top of Mauna Loa in Hawaii. I visited the home pages of college students, X-rated–film stars and bagpipe players. It was intoxicating, traveling down those little bundles of fiber. But I had one hard-and-fast rule: Thou shalt lurk—thou shalt not contact.

There are chat rooms, discussion areas and mail server lists along the tangled wires of the Internet, and while I poked my head into these areas every now and then, I never said hello. I've read enough amusing stories of frat boys pretending to be sex-crazed housewives on the Net to know that I should never trust anyone on the other end of a computer terminal.

So, no messages, no mail.

But now someone was contacting me, with a message that made me want to load every weapon in the house.

•

Later that day I went into town and picked up my mail at the post office, a counter in the Pinette General Store. The store is in a big rambling building that was built in 1825 and has wide floorboards, worn down in the middle by generations of Mainers. Everything from battery cables to soup mixes to motor oil is stocked on the sagging shelves. It's owned by Miriam Woods, a woman with dark brown hair and even darker eyes lightly framed by wrinkles. She was widowed five years ago when Mr. Woods was downing a pine tree and misjudged the tree's fall. Besides being the store's owner, the postmaster (or postmistress, I can't keep track of what's what nowadays) and one of the town's three selectmen (or selectwomen), Miriam is also my unofficial intelligence source for what's going on in town.

She had on jeans and a University of Maine sweatshirt, both of which fit her nicely. The store was nearly empty of customers when she reached under the counter and handed over my thin collection of mail. After the usual chitchat of small-town happenings, I said, "I was wondering if I could borrow your son for a while."

"Eric?" she asked.

"Well, yes, unless you have a couple of stealth sons living in your basement, that's the one I'm talking about."

She took a rubber band, snapped it in my direction and asked, "How about tonight?"

"Tonight sounds good."

"How does dinner sound?"

"Sounds better," I said. "And dessert?"

Another snapped rubber band, this one striking my shoulder. "Hardly. This is a school night for Eric. He'll be in."

"Fine, then. Rain check?"

A wink. "Always."

•

The mail took about a minute to flip through and dispose of, and I went home to shower and change. I had time to kill before heading over to Miriam's, so I turned on the computer and logged onto Mycroft-Online. The chubby, cheery mailman waved his hand at me.

You Have Mail.

I double-clicked on the icon and up popped another message:

> TO: Sopwith12
> FROM: Anon666
> We know you've read the message, so stop ignoring us. You've been a bad boy and we have the evidence. Unless you pay up, we'll let the world know about it. Reply now.

Some possible replies flitted through my mind, most of them containing words that the Catholic nuns had once said would tarnish my soul. So with thanks to the Sisters of Mercy, I sent a quick answer back:

> TO: Anon666
> FROM: Sopwith12
> Tell me more.

I left it at that. I spent the next hour exploring the computers of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena and downloading photographs of Jupiter.

•

Before dinner I was in Eric's room as his mom hurled herself around the kitchen downstairs. Like most relationships, mine and Miriam's is based on trust, friendship and treaties. One treaty revolves around the kitchen. I stay out of it while she prepares dinner, and when I'm cleaning up she's on the couch with a magazine or newspaper.

Another treaty—unknown to her but one I set up a while ago—dictates that I treat her 14-year-old son Eric as a real person, not as an impediment to my "getting lucky," as some men tactlessly put it. In return, he speaks to me in whole sentences and doesn't ask embarrassing questions about my future plans with his mother. He's tall, almost as tall as I am, and slightly gangly, with his mother's brown hair and eyes. His room is tiny and cluttered, the walls bedecked with posters of sports stars and space shuttles. But there's a tidy place around the computer, which he bought a couple of years ago after working long hours at the local lumberyard.

He's had far more experience exploring cyberspace than I have. I got right to the point when I sat down on his bed.

"I have a little computer problem, one I don't want your mother to know about," I said.

"Oh?" he said, smiling at being taken into my confidence. "With hardware or software?"

"Mailware, if there's such a word," I said. I pulled out two folded pieces of

(continued on page 90)

"Finish your sandwich n' let's get busy!"

fashion by Hollis Wayne
Burberrys

british stripes with rep diagonals—the hottest look since blue eyes and blonde hair

Shirts...

In England, blondes prefer gentlemen. For years wide vertical patterns on shirts were seen as a trademark of British design. These days British stripes work on everyone: bankers, salesmen—even their overnight guests. And in a dynamic style statement, designers are pairing vertical-patterned shirts with striped ties. The result makes solid shirt hues look downright stuffy. Still don't believe us? Take a look at our model, a discriminating beauty who definitely likes them heavy on the starch: Her shirt with contrastive collar and cuffs is from Best of Class by Robert Talbatt ($195). The style dates back to when butlers ironed the master's detachable white collar and French cuffs daily, as they were washed separately. The shirt on top of the pile is also from Best of Class by Robert Talbatt ($195). In descending order, the pink and white shirt is by Brioni ($235), the orange and white is by Tommy Hilfiger ($50), the yellow and blue is by Thomas Pink ($110) and the purple, green and white is by Burberrys ($85).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY RUDY SOTOMAYOR

She loves me, she loves me knot. Another British touch is the rep tie. Below, the ultimote tie rack (from her top to her bottom): Gold ond yellow silk tie by Tino Cosmo ($70); orange, blue and burgundy silk by Robert Talbott ($85); pole-blue and purple striped by Joseph Abboud ($75); dark-blue and royal blue by Tino Cosmo ($70); off-white, red and blue by Boss Hugo Boss ($95); ond bright-blue and oronge from Best of Class by Robert Talbott ($105). Bringing up the reor is an orange ond light-blue silk from Best of Closs by Robert Talbott ($105).

...and Ties

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER

Netmail *(continued from page 84)*

"You could get the sender's ID from the NSA—man, they got computers you wouldn't believe."

paper from my pocket, which were the first and second e-mails from Anon666, with the body of the messages cut away. I passed the papers to him.

"I got these messages this week, and I want to know where they're from," I said. "I don't know anybody called Anon666."

"Uh-huh," he said, looking over the papers. "What online service are you using?"

"Mycroft."

He looked at me, smirking. "Come on, Owen. Get out of the Steam Age. Upgrade yourself, why don't you?"

"One of these days, but not now. What does this tell you?"

He looked over the papers and said "Hmm" a few times and then passed them back to me. "Black and deep."

"Excuse me?"

"Look at the header."

"The what?"

Eric, God bless him, was patient with his elders. "Just above where it says To and From. The header information, all those letters and numbers. That tells you how the message got from the sender's computer to your computer. There are a number of systems and computers it passes through to get to your little computer, hooked up to your girlie-man online service. The header tells you how it got there."

I looked back at the numbers and letters.

"And what does it tell you?"

"Third line down. Phrase there says 'anon.service.se.' That tells me that whoever sent this message sent it through a mail-forwarding computer system in Sweden. Message goes there and all other forwarding info gets stripped out, so when it pops up in your mailbox, you don't know who sent it. Could be someone in Siberia, could be someone in Portland. Perfect way to send anonymous messages."

"Any way of finding out more?"

He laughed and leaned back in his chair. "That's what I mean by black and deep. This is serious spookland stuff. Even if you sniffed around in Sweden you wouldn't find them. Maybe you could get the sender's real ID from the National Security Agency folks down in Fort Meade—man, they've got computers you wouldn't believe."

A friendly voice from downstairs. "Hey, guys, come on down! It's getting cold!"

"In a sec, Ma," Eric said. He looked at me and said, "What's the matter, Owen? Someone sending you death threats?"

I shrugged. "Just junk mail."

•

After dinner Miriam walked me out to my truck. It was a cool night, but there was a warm smell of things growing and coming back to life that promised a long summer. We walked hand in hand and she turned to me as we reached my truck's door.

"Thanks for a good night," I said.

She squeezed my hand. "My pleasure, sir. And did you get what you needed from Eric?"

"Sure did," I said. "I had a little bug with my computer and he fixed it for me." Which was mostly true.

"And how long did it take him?"

"About 30 seconds."

She laughed. "That's my Eric." And as quick as her laugh, her mood turned somber. "Computers will take him far, if I can ever afford to get him into college."

"There are scholarships, you know, and grants."

"You must not read the papers anymore, Owen," she said bitterly. "We're in an era of self-sufficiency. Every man, woman and fatherless son for himself."

"Don't fret," I said. "I'm sure something will come up."

I moved closer and she whispered, "Just a quick kiss, all right? I don't want my son seeing a man's hands up my shirt."

A soft kiss to her lips. She squeezed my hand again and whispered, "Next week he's off visiting his uncle and aunt in Vermont. Come back for dinner then."

I kissed her again. "I'm getting hungry already."

•

I took a detour home, driving up Phelan's Hill, the highest peak in town. On top is a fire tower, manned in the summertime. Two other cars were up there, so I parked on the far side of the dirt lot. Young love hates to be disturbed.

From the windshield I could make out the sparse lights of Pinette. I settled back into the seat of the truck. Off to the right, by the fire tower, was a collection of barbecue stands and wooden picnic tables. Two years ago, there had been nothing here except a gravel parking lot, and some townspeople asked the selectmen to purchase the picnic tables and barbecue stands to turn the fire tower into a picnic area. The board had refused. But a month or so later, an anonymous donor had given the necessary funds to the town, and the picnic area was built.

Below the hill, in town, was a new Little League field. Outstanding mortgages for three or four elderly residents had been discreetly paid. There was a well-stocked food bank at the Congregational church. All taken care of anonymously.

And in a couple of years, a certain young mother would find in her mailbox a hefty check made out to her son, from something called the Northern Maine Woods Scholarship Organization. In the cover letter, it would state that these scholarships were reserved for the sons and daughters of lumber workers killed in the woods, kids who had expressed a desire to study computers.

The thought made me smile. Maybe it should be called an association instead of an organization. That sounded better. From one of the cars I heard soft cries, and the honk of a horn as an arm or leg pressed against the steering wheel. Another smile.

Not a bad place to be. I had adjusted to exile in Pinette and liked being anonymous, especially anonymous with a fat bank account. That account helped with a lot of things, including odd guilt pangs from old times. But now I had an e-mail buddy on the other end of the telephone wire. That would have to be taken care of, and soon. I started the truck and headed back home.

•

The next day I received a reply from my anonymous correspondent:

> TO: Sopwith12
> FROM: Anon666
> Here's the deal. Fifty thousand dollars cash and we don't turn you in. If you don't reply, the evidence we have will be made public. You have 24 hours to respond.

I looked at the screen, thinking of the complexity of computer systems and the men and women who have sweated to wire the world. The people who had placed me in this little town had made a number of promises; chief among them was the assurance that I would never be charged with anything, ever again.

But someone out there knew something. How?

I moved my fingers to the keyboard and sighed. I sent my reply.

(continued on page 144)

"This war on drugs is really getting out of hand!"

twenty-five things men do right in bed

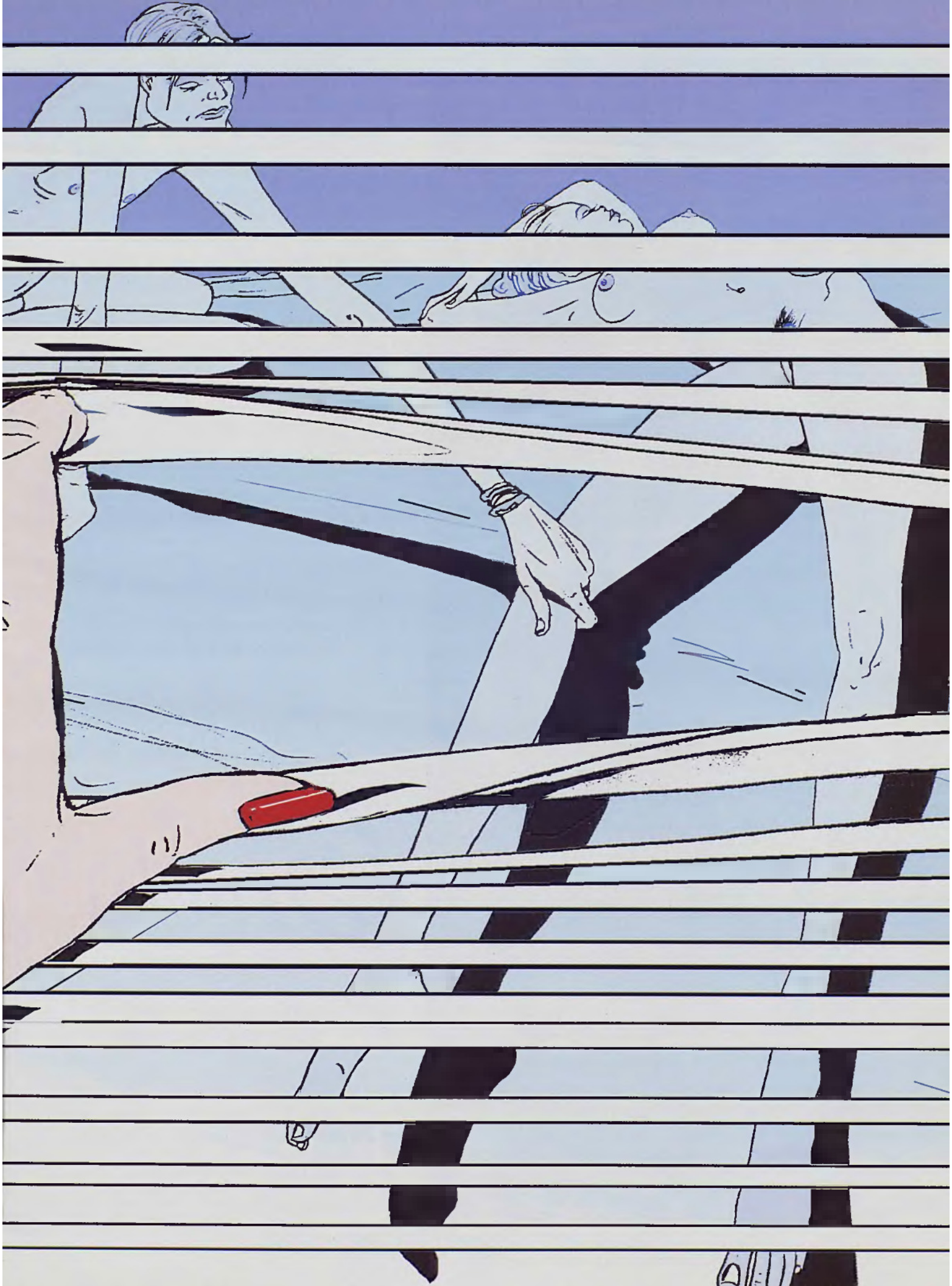
article by chip rowe

IF YOU BELIEVE the women's magazines, divorce filings and sitcoms, men are the most hapless lovers since, well, men. Women know our weak spot: We take pride in our sexual prowess, and to question our skills is always a shot below the belt. Women's magazines push articles such as "What Makes a Man Give More in Bed" (as if a woman has to ask twice). Piranhas on the Internet chuckle over "Why Cucumbers Are Better Than Men" or "40 Ways Men Fail in Bed." Even Mae West, who once claimed she liked two types of men (foreign and domestic), stooped to quip, "Some men are all right in their place, if they only knew the right places."

Don't believe it. Men feel at home having sex, and we treat our guests right. Sex is our calling, and there's nothing we think about more. When a woman passes an attractive man on the street, she may imagine being on his arm, kissing him wildly under the stars. When a guy passes an attractive woman on the street, he's invented 16 new sexual positions faster than Big Blue can calculate a chess move. That's the sort of ingenuity that builds nations.

So where did men pick up this reputation for, as one margarita-swilling female focus group put it, "self-absorbed, shallow and selfish" lovemaking? Traditional sex roles play a part. "Men are expected to initiate sex and lead women through it," notes Anne Semans, coauthor of *The New Good Vibrations Guide to Sex*. "If they do it wrong, they get raked over the coals." A few clumsy stragglers are all it takes. "Almost every woman remembers a cretin from her early sexual experiences who didn't know where it was, let alone what to do with it," explains Michael Castleman, author of *Sexual Solutions*. "Men have similar stories, but we don't blame the female gender *(continued on page 116)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI



OUR MS. Brooks

it's fun to get fiscal with miss may, a dazzler from dayton

AS A MANAGER at a branch of Key Bank in Dayton, Ohio, Deanna Brooks, 24, advised patrons on their investments and savings plans. A few months ago she decided to change her life—to prove her fiscal and physical fitness to millions of PLAYBOY patrons. Unfortunately, being Miss May has already cost Deanna her bank job. We commiserated with her over lunch at the Polo Lounge in Los Angeles' Beverly Hills Hotel.

Q: What sort of bank manager would you say you were?

A: A good one. My title was quality service team leader. I started out as a teller, but money matters have always come easily for me; before long I had more responsibility. There was a problem, though. The bank's officials were so conservative they were almost prudish. Female employees weren't supposed to look feminine. We weren't supposed to wear makeup. I went along with that. I wore outfits with high necklines, dresses that showed zero leg—and customers still came in to look at me. My bosses didn't appreciate that at all.

Q: Really? You mean they didn't want the extra business?

A: It made them uncomfortable. I guess that the powers that be at the bank thought money

One of nine kids in a devaut Marmon family, Deanna grew up in Dayton. "We were different. In high school I was the girl who couldn't have a Coke, couldn't drink coffee and wouldn't dreom of having sex," she soys. "My folks will absolutely freok when they see these photos. But I have to live my own life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

and sex appeal should be kept apart.

Q: In Los Angeles money and sex are never very far apart.

A: I think I could get to like Los Angeles. Dayton doesn't seem so friendly anymore, not since I lost my job. There was an investigation at the bank. Of me! They told me that I should cooperate, but I

"Doing this is o statement," Deonno soys. "I'm saying, 'Look at me. I'm smort ond I'm sexual and I won't deny either side of me.' Is that so bad? I still soy the bonk hod no reason to fire me, but I am much happier now."

refused. Wouldn't you? I mean, my only crime was being less conservative than the people I worked for.

Q: Isn't that sort of corporate behavior against the law? Have you considered suing Key Bank?

A: No. I'm moving on. I figure it's their loss. Once the news got out that I'm Miss May, it would probably have helped the bank. I would have brought in a lot of new checking accounts.

Q: How did you become a Playmate?

A: I had worked as a waitress and at the bank. I thought, Is this all there is? I decided to make a big change. A photographer friend had some photos of me from college, when I was a model in his photography class. Some were nudes. We sent them to Adam Lawson, an old high school friend. Why Adam? Well, he got out of Dayton and went to Los Angeles to seek his fortune, and what do you know—he is a butler at the Playboy Mansion. I guess you could say that I used Adam to get in the door.

Q: You mean the Playmate selection process is rigged?

A: No. I had to do test shots and prove myself like anyone else. But at least I was my own boss. I always try to be prepared for the next opportunity. After all, luck is nothing but preparation meeting opportunity.

"If you're going to pose like this you can't do it halfway. You have to feel the power of your sexuality," asserts Miss May. "PLAYBOY is a perfect way to say: Here I am—watch me shine."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Deanna Brooks

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4½" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 4/30/74 BIRTHPLACE: Boulder City, Nevada

AMBITIONS: To be happy with whatever I do—but singing & acting would be a dream come true!

TURN-ONS: Being touched on the lower back, good kissers, well-planned romantic evenings!

TURNOFFS: Hairy backs—especially on men! Guys who whistle or say "Hey babe!" when you walk by.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURE: I have a mole that's seldom seen. And I'm not telling where.

STYLE: I'm free-spirited, funny, seemingly shy but secretly confident.

DEANNA'S SECRET: I like to wear garterbelts and satin & lace bras under jeans and sweatshirts!

SEX SCENE: Anywhere you might get caught! A golf course, the back porch, an elevator....

My Cheerleader phase!

BIG Hair Gourmet

My Waif look!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Dressing after a shower at the health club, Dave noticed Frank had a cork lodged in his ass and asked, "How'd that happen?"

"I was walking along the beach and tripped over a lamp. There was a puff of smoke and an old man in a turban came oozing out. He said, 'I am Abdullah, the Persian genie. I can grant you one wish.' And I said, 'No shit!'"

What's wrong with lawyer jokes? Lawyers don't think they're funny and no one else thinks they're jokes.

Adam was returning home late one night when Eve confronted him. "You're seeing another woman, aren't you?" she accused.

"Don't be silly," he replied. "You're the only woman on earth."

Later that night Adam woke up feeling a tickle on his chest. "What the hell are you doing?" he asked Eve.

"What do you think?" she said. "I'm counting your ribs."

Once upon a medieval time, a king decided to hold a contest to decide who at court had the mightiest "weapon." The first knight stood up, pulled down his pants and tied a five-pound weight around it. His weapon rose. The crowd cheered, the women swooned, the children waved banners and the band played a lively madrigal.

Another knight dropped his pants and tied a ten-pound weight to himself. His weapon rose. The crowd cheered, the women swooned, the children waved banners and the band played a lively madrigal.

After several more knights tried to prove their superiority, the king finally spoke. "I have the mightiest weapon of them all!" He dropped his pants and tied a 40-pound weight to himself. His weapon rose. The crowd cheered, the women swooned, the children waved banners and the band played *God Save the Queen.*

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A hooker walked into the bank to put some recently acquired diamond earrings into her safe-deposit box. The banker examined her stash and told her, "Ma'am, I happen to know something about jewelry, and those aren't real diamonds."

"Oh my God," she cried. "I've been raped!"

A Jewish lawyer was troubled by the way his son had turned out, so he went to see his rabbi. "I brought him up in the faith, spent a fortune to educate him," the fellow complained, "and now he's decided to be a Christian. Rabbi, where did I go wrong?"

"Funny you should come to me," said the rabbi. "I, too, brought up my boy in the faith, put him through Yeshiva University, spent a fortune. Then one day he tells me he has decided to become a Christian."

"What did you do?"

"I turned to God for the answer."

"And what did God say?"

"He said, 'Funny you should come to me.'"

Why aren't there any British-made computers? They couldn't find a way to make them leak oil.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A young man finally came to terms with his homosexuality and decided to come out of the closet. On his next visit home, he went into the kitchen and nervously explained to his mother that he had realized he was gay. Without looking up from her saucepan, she said, "You mean a homosexual?"

"Well, yes."

"Does that mean you suck men's dicks?"

Caught off guard, the fellow eventually managed to stammer an embarrassed "yes."

"In that case, young man," she snapped, "don't you dare ever complain about my cooking again!"

A businessman was aboard the redeye when turbulence shook the plane, causing the stewardess to spill hot coffee in his lap. "I'm so sorry, sir," the flustered flight attendant said. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I think so," he replied. "But tell me, was that regular coffee or decaf?"

"Regular."

"Just my luck," he moaned. "Now it's going to be up all night."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

Killion

CAN'T GO FAST ENOUGH? TRY A SPORT BIKE

WARP SPEED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

You've spent $30,000 on chrome trinkets for your cruiser and still haven't satisfied your adrenaline jones? Try a sport bike. These motorcycles are for the performance oriented, those for whom speed is a destination. Left: We didn't think Honda's VFR could be improved, but the new Interceptor (about $9500) is a dream. The 781cc V4 engine, a direct descendant of the RC45 race engine, pumps out 108 horsepower and moves the 459-pound package into hyperspeed. The Suzuki TL1000R (below) tweaks 135 hp out of a 996cc V-twin. Hang on tight for about $9500.

Top: The Yamaha YZF-R1 is short, sweet and savage. It rips 150 hp from a compact in-line-four engine, slung in a Deltabox II frame that weighs 390 pounds. They call the area behind the windscreen a cockpit. Tuck yourself in and learn to fly: Sub–ten-second quarter-mile times are yours for $10,199.

Left: Kawasaki trimmed 70 pounds from last year's Ninja ZX-9R and developed an awesome 899cc engine to create a 403-pound, 130-hp missile. The newest Ninja even boasts a titanium muffler (and it will lighten your wallet by $9999). Below: The BMW K1200RS ($15,990) is a bike that wants to go fast all day long. The rubber-mounted flat-four engine delivers 130 hp to the shaft-driven rear wheel. In a novel approach to marketing, BMW offers test tours, not test rides. You can sign up with Edelweiss Tours for a long-range romp through the Rockies, around the Grand Canyon or through northern California. For details call 800-877-2784.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

Bunny Memories

By KATHRYN LEIGH SCOTT

THE PLAYBOY CLUBS WERE A GUY'S PARADISE—AND THE WORKPLACE OF MANY WOMEN WHO BECAME STARS, SCIENTISTS OR TYCOONS

"You're . . . ," said Gloria Steinem, with one of those give-me-a-second, palms-up gestures.

"Oh, you won't remember me," I said.

It had been nearly 30 years since we worked together. I hadn't even expected to see her at the party launching a publisher's fall list, which included Steinem's much-anticipated *The Revolution Within*. But when our eyes met I thought I could detect a flicker of recognition.

"I was Bunny Kay," I continued. "We worked together at the Playboy Club in New York."

"Oh, dear," she muttered. The sentence trailed off as she began backing away. To fill an awkward pause she added, "Are you doing anything now?"

"Yes I am," I answered. "I have my own publishing company."

As the gap between us widened, she ventured, "Oh, well, I guess there is life after Bunnydom."

"I never doubted it," I replied.

I was surprised to see how eager she was to distance herself from the slightest memory of the women she had written about in her renowned piece, "A Bunny's Tale," for *Show* magazine in 1963, when she had taken a job as a Playboy Bunny to write an exposé on the newly opened Club. Her characterization of Bunnies then as naive, hapless victims was not only clichéd but also predictable and insultingly inaccurate. Our chance meeting at the party got me thinking, and I wondered if I'd remembered only the good times, the quirky encounters with customers, the funny anecdotes.

My fascination with Bunnies, even 25 years later, surprised me, and I began my own Rabbit hunt, as it were, to find out what happened to all the girls who stood poised on the dawn of a new era, bedecked in satin ears and eager to explore.

Before I was finished, the list included such notables as actor and supermodel Lauren Hutton, Teddy Howard (who owns a multimillion-dollar ad agency), rock singer Deborah Harry, TV and film actor Susan Sullivan, congressional candidate Sabrina Scharf Shiller and the National Institutes of Health's distinguished immunologist Polly Matzinger, as well as the chief executive of a New York Stock Exchange company, an architect, a racehorse breeder, a real estate tycoon, lots of attorneys, a vast number of moms . . . well, you get the idea.

Here are four who shared their memories.

LAUREN HUTTON

"The girls who became Bunnies in the early Sixties were trailblazers. We were prefeminist, pre–hippie-era pioneers and extraordinarily brave for the time. I don't think any of us at 18 or 19 felt we needed permission to do anything, though we had grown up in an age when girls had to have permission for everything. Before there was any attention given to the idea of a woman controlling her sexuality, we had started figuring out for ourselves what real sexual freedom was about.

"Back then everything was a giant adventure. After a year at the University of South Florida, I headed for New York. I saw the ad for Bunny jobs in *The New York Times* and was hired in 1963, not long after the Club opened. There were three other Bunnies with my given name, Mary, so I opted for Lauren, after my father, Laurence. I was hired as a Lunch Bunny, because I was too young to work at night. Lunch Bunnies were there to be looked at—to smile, chat and, incidentally, serve drinks.

"I quickly became the Demerit Bunny. My ears were crooked, my tail wasn't on straight, whatever. Every time I had almost enough demerits to be fired, I would somehow win the bartender's Bunny of the Week contest. That would give me enough good points to lower the demerits.

"After about a year, I wanted to move on. I was working in a dark club while the sun was shining. It was depressing. Also, I was in my first relationship, a bad one, with a disc jockey I'd fallen in love with in Florida. He was older and had a lot of control over me. *(text continued on page 154)*

A hop down memory lane: Bunny treasures (above and right) include the original Ployboy Club membership key and the key card that replaced it, sotin ears (color-coordinoted with the woist-hugging suits), the name tag (worn at the hip) and the shot gloss with the Femlin designed by LeRoy Neiman. The originol costume (left) is registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

Bunny Money was traded for cocktails, food and souvenirs. More Club swog includes (above ond right) Rabbit Heod cuff links, a Femlin coffee cup and soucer, an oshtray, o swizzle stick, a Bunny Watcher's mug with a cleor glass bottom, a Rabbit Head lighter, a cocktoil napkin and—below, right to left—a playful trophy, a Femlin oshtray, a wineglass and casino chips from the London Club and the Bahomos Club.

Below, left: The Chicago Ployboy Club at 116 East Walton opened February 29, 1960 and entertained 16,800 keyholders and guests in its first month. Middle: Jet Bunnies Marsha Morris, Shown Ferguson and Britt Elders on the Big Bunny, Hugh Hefner's custom stretch DC-9. Right: Ploymate Bunnies Avis Miller ond Gwen Wong pose for VIP, the Club magazine.

The original black ensemble (far left) soon turned colorful (left) and was accented with a collar, cuffs and a bow tie. The VIP Bunny (center) worked the gourmet dining rooms. The Cabaret Bunny (right), introduced in 1980, wore ruffles. By 1986 there were more than 20 versions of the outfit, including a tongue-in-cheek Bride Bunny ond Cupid Bunny ond a real Bikini Bunny (far right) who worked at the resorts.

"Our neighbors appreciate you, because I used to keep them awake all night with my cries of passion!"

twenty-five things *(continued from page 92)*

"Every time he slid into me, little puffs of colored tissue paper flew into the air."

in toto. A guy doesn't write off women just because one girl he slept with lay there like a log."

Bad sex takes two, but more often than not the man takes the blame. "A lot of women write to ask, 'Why is it that men are concerned only with their sexual pleasure?'" says Janet Lever, a sex and health columnist for *Glamour*. "I'd like to know how these women pleasure themselves. If a woman isn't in touch with her sexuality, the greatest Don Juan on earth is not going to bring her around."

And yet men still dedicate our lives to the task. We see great sex as a challenge, and we're happy to rise for the occasion.

"Sex is like any athletic skill," Castleman says. "It demands physical prowess, communication and stamina. Men become especially good at sex when they have a little coaching and practice." Lever says she often receives letters from men describing how they please women. This doesn't surprise her. "There's nothing men love more than making a woman come. Years ago, when I helped put together the *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, close to 90 percent of the men said they loved giving oral sex. I wanted to shout from the rooftop that men do this right."

The roofs are crowded with women. We asked dozens of them to tell us what men do right. The list that follows is far from complete, but it's a start. We offer it not as a manual, but as a meditation.

(1) MEN LOVE TO LICK THINGS

Carole, 35: "One guy would find my clitoris with his tongue and lick it with a steady, pulsing rhythm, going harder and faster until I would be out of my skull with pleasure. His strength and persistence allowed me routinely to come four or five times. This is definitely a learned skill that must have taken a lot of practice."

Lynn, 29: "I dated someone who said, in all honesty (don't bother lying about this, guys, we'll know), that if he had to give up all sex acts but one for the rest of his life, he'd forgo intercourse and getting head and keep cunnilingus. What could I say to that?"

Allison, 30: "One lover would work his tongue over my body, including my clitoris, until I felt like I was being devoured. Near the end of the relationship, we were in a parked car discussing why we shouldn't have sex anymore. We had what was supposed to be a goodbye kiss, but there was that tongue. We had to finish breaking up later."

(2) MEN ADAPT TO ANY SITUATION

Gina, 36: "We rented a house with friends. When we went to our bedroom, it had only bunk beds. Before I knew it, I was hanging on for dear life from the edge of the top bunk as my husband performed cunnilingus and then fucked me. I had such a strong orgasm that I could barely breathe."

Ann, 35: "Late in my pregnancy we couldn't manage any position except spoons. It was becoming routine. So one night my husband put a pillow under my hips to elevate them, then stood over me and masturbated. I masturbated with my vibrator while he talked about how sexy I looked and massaged my breasts. It worked for me."

(3) MEN LOVE ADVENTURE

Jill, 31: "I was dating an artist. During homecoming weekend we were walking to my house when we passed a Dumpster filled with chicken wire and tissue paper from the floats. He helped me climb in, then made his move. Every time he slid into me, little puffs of colored tissue paper flew into the air."

Mindi, 29: "We were driving home when my boyfriend pulled off the road to a secluded spot. He opened my door, took me out of the car and put me on the hood to go down on me. I wouldn't recommend this on a first date, but we'd been together long enough that he knew I'd love it. It was clandestine and risky. The same person once did me against a tree."

Barbara, 50: "We were on the roof of his building having drinks when we heard fire trucks. There was a fire in the building across the avenue. We took our wine to this three-foot-wide wall at the edge of the roof and watched. He started nuzzling me from behind. He had told me earlier not to wear any underwear under my dress, so I figured that he had something planned (although certainly not a fire). I could feel the heat on my face. Suddenly there was a spotlight on us as we fucked. The firemen cheered and yelled wonderfully rude comments. It was incredibly erotic, like being in a porn movie. My date's reaction was to sit me in a deck chair facing the light and go down on me."

(4) MEN HAVE PENISES AND KNOW HOW TO USE THEM

Lisa, 22: "One guy I knew had the most amazing control over his dick. He fucked me with such skill that I'm convinced he could have dipped his penis in ink and written a letter. He was slow and hard and would almost pull out before going back in and hitting the right spots."

Erica, 25: "To this day, I don't know exactly what this guy did. But within two minutes after he slid inside me, I had an orgasm. He knew how to use it, even with a condom on. After my second orgasm, I had to ask him to stop."

(5) MEN ARE DIRECT

Marcy, 34: "Last week my husband and I were walking up the stairs in our apartment building when he said, 'Stop. Bend over.' I'm like, 'Oh, God. Right now?' He put my hands on the banisters, then pulled down my panties from under my skirt and started doing me from behind. This happens quite often, actually. The key is that if I tell him no, he won't push it. I've never told him no."

Natasha, 23: "My boyfriend and I were in a bar, and I was sitting on his lap and teasing him by wiggling my ass around. Finally he said, 'Should I take you into the bathroom and fuck you?' I was sort of taken aback, but he said it like he wasn't kidding. We used the handicapped stall in the men's room."

Tammy, 31: "Men don't mince words about what they want. Although since I've been living in San Francisco, I've met sensitive types who ask for permission: 'Can I touch you there?' It drives me crazy. You don't need to ask my OK for the basics. When I lived in St. Louis, they didn't ask permission to a fault."

(6) MEN ARE GOOD WITH THEIR HANDS

Mary, 27: "My favorite lover used his hands with tactical precision. He would touch me in places like my feet, the backs of my knees, my back—places that you explore when you want to be intimate rather than just sexual."

Marcia, 35: "I had one boyfriend who would stroke me everywhere. He had large, strong fingers, and it always made me feel more naked."

(7) MEN LOVE TO TEASE

Adrian, 28: "My husband will tie me up and leisurely run his hands over my body. I can't believe his patience. By the time he unties me, I'm in a frenzy."

Katie, 24: "One guy was licking me and it felt so good I asked him to put his fingers inside me. He refused for the longest time. Whenever I moved, he would stop licking for about ten

(continued on page 161)

argentina's hottest export gives acting another go

IT HAS BEEN 15 years since we discovered Veronica Gamba on the set of *Smokey and the Bandit III*. "A woman said I looked like Natalie Wood and asked if I would pose for PLAYBOY," she recalls. "I couldn't stop giggling." The Buenos Aires–born beauty had reservations about becoming a Playmate, but her mother talked her into it. "She said, 'Why not? You have a beautiful body.'" Veronica's next role, Miss November 1983, was a hit, though she decided to forgo her acting career to raise daughter Harlie and son Nicholas. Today, the older, wiser and still beautiful (as seen on these pages) Miss Gamba is once again ready for her close-up. Her dream gig? "A woman on *Melrose Place* who seduces everyone," she says. Aaron Spelling, check your messages.

"Posing nude is o little like acting. It allows me to be someone I'm not," explains Veronica (below, in 1983, and right, today).

PLAYMATE REVISITED: VERONICA GAMBA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"My Latin blood mokes me romantic. I love to look deep into my man's eyes and tell him how much I love him," says Veronica (above, with the object of her affection, husband Eric). "I'm also very jealous. When I was 16, my boyfriend looked ot PLAYBOY so often I got pissed off and told him, 'I'm going to do thot someday!'"

PUMPED-UP HITTERS, RAMPANT SALARIES AND MORE EXPANSION WON'T SPOIL THE FUNDAMENTALS—OUR NATIONAL PASTIME THRIVES

Playboy's 1998 Baseball Preview

sports By Kevin Cook

BOBBY COX looked like he had smelled something foul. His Atlanta Braves had lost again, their fifth October fold in seven years, and manager Cox knew why. It's "a crapshoot," he said of the postmodern postseason, three rounds of playoffs in which anything can happen. It happened again last fall. The Braves had trounced the second-place Florida Marlins in the National League East on their way to a 101–61 record, best in the game. But by finishing 92–70 Florida made the playoffs as a wild-card team. That meant a weeklong rematch in which Atlanta outpitched, outscored and outhit (.253 to .199) the Marlins — and still lost.

"The best team didn't win," bitched Atlanta's Kenny Lofton. He was right, but who cared? We all watched the second-best team advance to face the Cleveland Indians, who had sneaked past a superior Baltimore team on their side of the playoffs, in a grand World Series that went down to the last quarter inch.

Title-starved Cleveland, which has not won it all in 50 years, had it made in the ninth inning of the seventh game. The Indians' 6'3", 230-pound closer, Jose Mesa, had the whole World Series in his hand. Mesa rocked and launched a pitch that could have ended the festivities. A slider in the right place—outside edge—but with a fatal split second of hang time. On any given day Florida's pull-happy young catcher Charles Johnson taps that pitch to an infielder. Now, in the most important at bat of his or anyone's life, Johnson made like Tony Gwynn. He slapped a single over second base. A quarter of an inch lower and the ball is an out. The Series went into overtime and, in the eleventh inning, the Indians' Tony Fernandez showed why Cleveland is cursed. Fernandez bent over for a routine grounder and Bucknered it. Soon it was fireworks over Miami: a blockbuster night for Marlins owner Wayne Huizenga, who hugged everyone and wept at this tearjerker ending. Huizenga was so moved that he quickly decided, once and for all, to dismantle the team and sell it. Which gives us our only sure bet for 1998: The world champions suck.

With the gutted Marlins stinking up the NL East, Atlanta might win by 25 games. In the American playoff tier Cleveland will repeat in the Central Division. Lofton is the Indians' center fielder again, while ex–Braves star Marquis Grissom jumps from Cleveland to the Milwaukee Brewers, who are jumping to the National League. So, naturally, the Detroit Tigers will jump from the AL East to the AL Central, making room for the Tampa Bay Devil Rays.

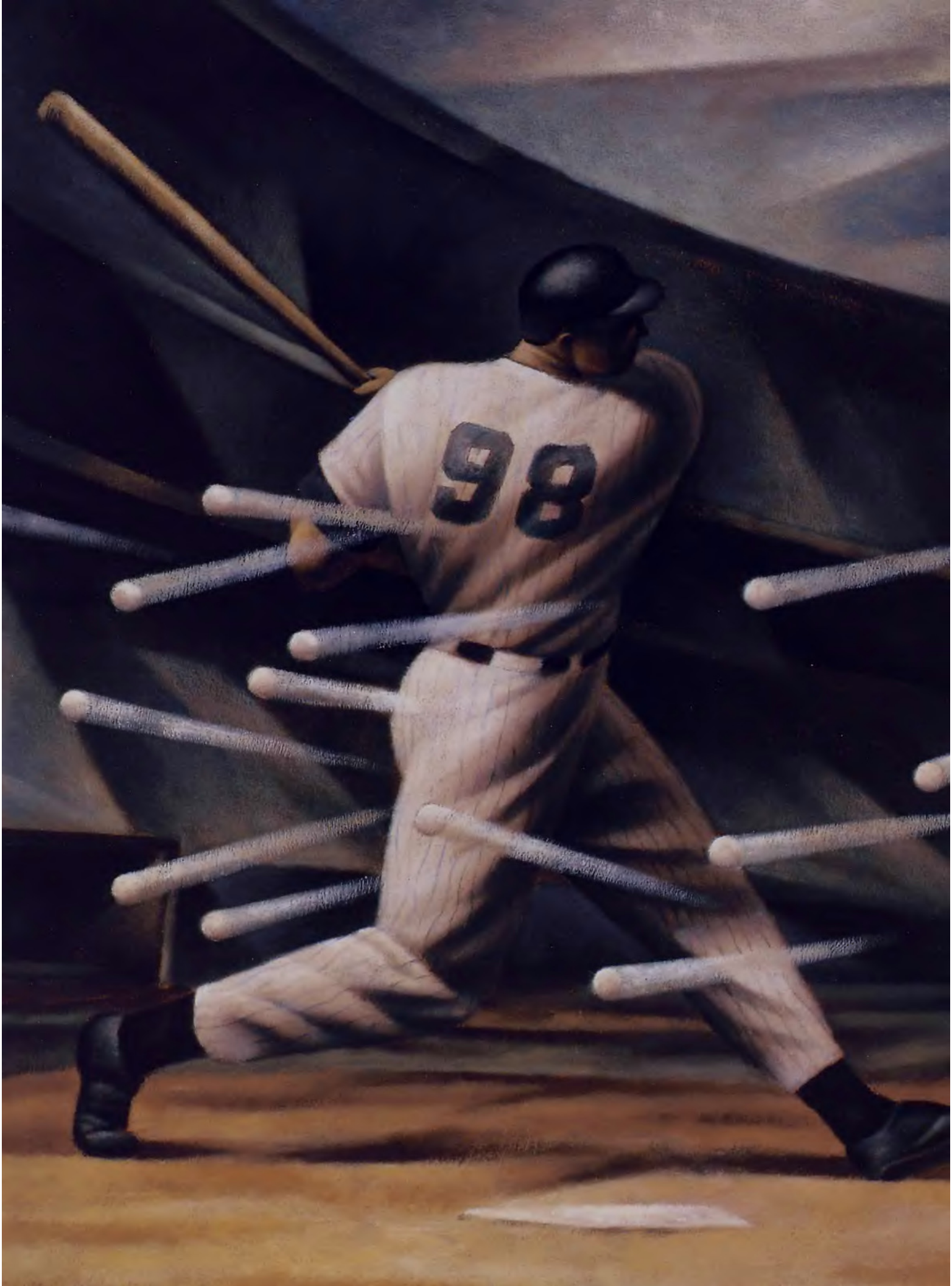
Got that? Good, because further expansion and radical realignment are on the way. The more things change in modern baseball, the more they change more.

Fans and pundits like to say the game is in trouble. If so, at least the players are ready to rumble. Many ballplayers make a fetish of pumping iron and guzzling creatine, a nutritional supplement that helps athletes train harder and develop that Mr. Olympia look we are starting to see on shortstops. Ken Caminiti bulked up and went from 18 homers and 75 RBI in 1994 to 40 homers, 130 RBI and an MVP award in 1996. Brady Anderson had a career high of 21 homers before 1996, when he hit 50. Mark McGwire, the game's strongest player, is another creatine man.

The pump has a price, however. Today's baseball musclemen are so taut they can go pop at the least provocation. They tend to get hurt more, a factor that decides more than its share of division races and playoff series.

Expansion is another engine of change. After Tampa and Phoenix launch this year, two more teams are likely to be created by 2002. That means 40 to 50 big-league pitchers who might feel more at home in Shreveport or Osceola. It means a dilution of pitching throughout the game. Free-swinging sluggers feast in such times. The clubs'

PAINTING BY MIKE BENNY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Playboy's Picks

AL EAST	AL CENTRAL	AL WEST
1. Yankees	1. Indians	1. Rangers
2. Orioles	2. White Sox	2. Mariners
3. Blue Jays	3. Twins	3. Angels
4. Red Sox	4. Tigers	4. Athletics
5. Devil Rays	5. Royals	

AL WILD CARD: MARINERS

NL EAST	NL CENTRAL	NL WEST
1. Braves	1. Cardinals	1. Dodgers
2. Mets	2. Astros	2. Padres
3. Marlins	3. Pirates	3. Rockies
4. Expos	4. Brewers	4. Giants
5. Phillies	5. Cubs	5. Diamondbacks
	6. Reds	

NL WILD CARD: PADRES

AL CHAMPS: YANKEES
NL CHAMPS: BRAVES

WORLD CHAMPS: YANKEES

recent move toward small, hitter-friendly ballparks is another plus for musclemen like McGwire, Jeff Bagwell and Andres Galarraga, the whiffmaster who is first in the NL in strikeouts—and first in homers and runs batted in—since 1995. Sometimes the inflated homer and RBI totals of such pitch-poor times are misleading. The Cubs' Sammy Sosa (who is second in the NL in Ks since 1995) may bat only .251 with a scary 174 strikeouts, killing countless rallies, but he also hits 36 homers. Sosa got his numbers, so he gets $10 million per year.

The new emphasis on stats shows another change: Real baseball is getting to be more like a fantasy league. Every trade, every free-agent signing, every transaction is driven by a calculus of salary and stats. Contract negotiation, renegotiation, arbitration—they are all about the numbers in each player's stat line. Nobody shows a videotape of anyone bunting the runner over when agents meet with general managers over arbitration. Nobody gets an extra million for hitting the cutoff man. Only statistics count at money time. Which leads to a pet peeve of mine: A batter starts off the ninth inning with his team trailing by four runs and swings at the first pitch.

I actually boo the TV when that happens. It is all about one guy trying to get his numbers, his money, and the hell with the game.

Otherwise the wrinkled old national pastime is doing fine. There is tasty debate over Mike Piazza, the best-hitting catcher of all time, and a pair of his rivals for the number two slot on the Cooperstown All-Stars. Would you rather have Piazza or Florida's Charles Johnson, who at 26 is already the finest defensive catcher ever? Most scouts would trump them both with the Rangers' Ivan Rodriguez, also 26, a better all-round catcher than either Piazza or Johnson.

Another plus: We are entering a sort of golden age of player quotes. While many ballplayers still put their faith in clichés, telling you they give 110 percent and praise the Lord, more and more players are media savvy and often intentionally funny. When pitcher Al Leiter limped off the field he told reporters, "My groin has no comment."

Lefty Kent Mercker left an itemized note to reporters on his locker after a loss to the Mets: "(1) Bad location with fastball. (2) Fell behind too many hitters. (3) Stunk. (4) Stunk. (5) Stunk again."

When Cubs pitcher Jeremi Gonzalez threw a fastball at Jeff Kent's chin, Kent, the Giants' *muy macho* infielder, jumped up and began jawing at Gonzalez. Cubs catcher Tyler Houston, defending his pitcher's manhood, went after Kent. Both benches emptied and now there were 50 grown men wrestling, kicking and biting. Shrugged Kent: "Just male bonding."

As this nut-scratching ballet lurches toward its third century, Atlanta is probably still the best team. The Braves are talented enough to contend every year and rich enough to spend the $5 million or $6 million it costs to rent a key player when the pennant race heats up. Atlanta has every right to appear in this year's World Series.

Naturally, I'm picking the Yankees.

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

The **Yankees** aren't exactly rebuilding, not with Darryl Strawberry and Tim Raines still rattling around Babe Ruth's old house with sore-armed David Cone and manager Joe Torre, whose worry lines are now a foot deep. Strawberry is 36, Rock of Ages Raines is 38, Cone 35, and Torre looks 100. In an off-season move to rejuvenate the DH slot, New York signed 38-year-old Chili Davis.

The Yanks aren't exactly fitness freaks, either. While other big leaguers pump iron, Yankees hurlers David Wells and Hideki Irabu waddle to the mound. Fans hang a picture of a cold beer from the stands when Wells strikes out somebody. Irabu, the ballyhooed Japanese League ace who was supposed to be better than Hideo Nomo, was a case of *no mas* instead—he got hammered and seemed to quit trying.

So why pick New York to win a fierce division, then beat Atlanta in a rematch of the 1996 Series? Because owner George Steinbrenner's and former

"A day like this and all you can think of is, We've never done it on a roof before!"

general manager Bob Watson's decisions won't all backfire. Even their questionable moves have an upside. Strawberry and Raines may be a pair of weak full-time outfielders, but shove them together and you get one good one. The portly Wells is worth two six-packs of strikeouts on a good night, while aging DH Davis can only be better (and far less pricey) than Cecil Fielder, the bad-year blimp who made $9 million for his 13 homers. Even the Irabu debacle may turn out to be a prelude to years of excellence by an accomplished pitcher who can only improve.

Irabu can provide ballast for a rotation headed by ace Andy Pettitte. Starters Doc Gooden and Kenny Rogers are gone. That's addition by subtraction; Yankees pitchers will now lead the league in ERA. First baseman Tino Martinez, shortstop Derek Jeter, outfielders Bernie Williams and Paul O'Neill and DH Davis anchor a division-best offense that got even better when Steinbrenner acquired all-star second baseman Chuck Knoblauch. And the Boss acquired Knoblauch without giving up hotshot minor leaguer Ricky Ledee. Ledee was hurt last year—blew out his groin in May—but he may grow into a .300-30-100 man in the majors.

If all goes well for the Yanks, or even if most of their personnel moves turn out decently, they can reclaim the World Series crown that Florida borrowed last year. I see Steinbrenner's team beating America's team in October—another heartbreaking loss for Atlanta. This year's lasting image won't be the Braves fans' tomahawk chops or those noxious "We're #1" foam-rubber index fingers Atlanta fans wave. Instead, we'll see the New York version of "We're #1," a salute with a different finger.

Orioles owner Peter Angelos didn't like Davey Johnson. Angelos, a wealthy local gargoyle, forced Johnson out after back-to-back playoff appearances and hired Ray Miller, former pitching coach for Jim Leyland's championship Pittsburgh teams. Miller takes over a veteran team. A very veteran team. In fact, the Baltimore lineup (starring 37-year-old ironman Cal Ripken as he stretches out his million-game march and slowly turns to pewter, plus 1993 World Series hero Joe Carter and cancer survivor Eric Davis) is so old that fans are calling the stadium Jurassic Park at Camden Yards. Angelos thinks this is the club that will finally bring home the hardware in October. But replacing Davey Johnson with a new manager is an odd way to helm one of the oldest teams in recent history. Baltimore's Mike Mussina–led pitching staff will suffer from the departure of closer Randy Myers and can only slip from its league-best status of last year. Oriole's fans can't wait for a season that may be only the first in a long string of disappointments.

Ex-Oriole Myers flew the coop and landed in Toronto, where he'll save 40 games for Roger Clemens and the **Blue Jays.** Without Joe Carter, the once-proud Jays may sputter with an offense that struggled even with Carter aboard. New catcher Darrin Fletcher (17 homers for Montreal in 1997) and veteran Mike Stanley need even more help than sophomore slugger Jose Cruz Jr. can provide. Cruz, stolen from Seattle when Mariners GM Woody Woodward panicked at the trading deadline last year, had 26 homers in a partial season at the tender age of 23. The Jays still finished last in the East. In games not started by Clemens they played .414 ball. Clemens and Pat Hentgen head a strong rotation, though, and Myers won't blow 21 leads, as Toronto relievers did last season. Look for rookie manager Tim Johnson's men to finish a distant third.

Toronto will end up a game or two ahead of the **Red Sox** in the first year of Dan Duquette's great experiment, the Boston K party. A year ago the general manager let local god Clemens walk rather than pay him $50 million, only to see the Rocket sign with division rival Toronto, earn a standing O on his return to Fenway Park and win 21 games with a 2.05 ERA and a Cy Young award for the Jays. Now Duquette signs 26-year-old Pedro Martinez to a $75 million contract—the biggest bucks ever for a pitcher—in hopes that he'll be the next Clemens. It's a huge risk. Martinez has magical stuff but has had only one big year so far. Boston's rickety bullpen is another risk. Starter Tom Gordon shifted to the pen last summer and became an effective closer; Duquette rewards him by signing ancient closer Dennis Eckersley, probably reducing Gordon to a set-up role. First sacker Mo Vaughn, who hit 35 homers last year while griping aloud about the GM, leads an overrated offense that hit fewer homers than the miserable Oakland A's in 1997. Vaughn is worth his weight—roughly 535,000 troy ounces—in gold. Rookie of the Year shortstop Nomar Garciaparra (.306, 30 homers, 98 RBI, first name the reverse of his dad's), coming off one of the hardest-hitting seasons ever by a leadoff man, will be worth far more than Vaughn in the long run. But GM Duquette, seeking to prove his own worth, keeps risking the Sox' ruination.

Unlike those other Florida fish, Tampa Bay's **Devil Rays** won't shock the world any time soon. Like their namesakes, they will be bottom feeders. The Rays can throw familiar faces—such as Fred McGriff and Wade Boggs—at you. But Wilson Alvarez and Roberto Hernandez, the erstwhile Killer Zs of the Chicago White Sox, must now toil for a team that will put fans to sleep. By the time Tampa Bay has any important games to save, Hernandez may be older than Boston closer Eckersley.

AMERICAN LEAGUE CENTRAL

The **Indians** were an eighth of an inch from the promised land—that was the distance on Charles Johnson's bat between a Series-ending double play and the single over Tony Fernandez' head that Johnson hit instead, giving Fernandez a chance to play goat half an hour later. Cleveland still has only heartbreak to show for its brilliant seasons of the past three years. General manager John Hart laid the groundwork for this renaissance ten years ago, signing his young stars to long-term contracts. Fans responded to the club's marketing, which emphasized the excitement of building for the future. Next came a new stadium. Jacobs Field, a sterling example of the new retro school of ballpark design executed with Disneyesque precision, is a perfect postmodern ballpark—a cross between Ebbets Field and a mall. By 1996, only five years after the Indians went 57–105, they were the hottest ticket in town. Every game was sold out before Opening Day.

Two years later you still can't get a ticket, but Indians fans don't sound too bullish. Hart's plan worked—the club's young stars matured together and became the league's best team—but, like hapless Atlanta, the Indians kept losing in the postseason. Hart's rebuilding program is now widely copied by other rebuilding clubs. Still, there's something missing in the Jacobs Field office of the game's smartest GM: a World Series trophy.

With Lofton back in center after his tumultuous sabbatical with the Braves, Hart and manager Mike Hargrove have their most important player in place. Matt Williams is gone, but ex-Tiger Travis Fryman should hit 25 homers. Cleveland discovered lion-hearted starter Jaret Wright in 1997; Hart has added oft-injured Ben McDonald, Steve Karsay, Doc Gooden and other intriguing possibilities to a staff that features the fierce one-two punch of Mike Jackson and Jose Mesa in the bullpen. Add Geronimo Berroa and another role player or two, plus a big-name pitcher Hart will rent for the 1998 pennant drive, and you can plan to pay scalpers' rates if you want to see

(continued on page 128)

Box-office star Burt Reynolds stole the show in October 1979 as only the second man (after Peter Sellers) to appear on the cover of PLAYBOY. Caught in the act by photographer Mario Casilli, Burt and Playmate Gig Gangel spent much of the shoot goofing—and then Burt copped her ears for himself. Since then, our elite list of cover men has grown to include Steve Martin, Donald Trump, Dan Aykroyd, Jerry Seinfeld and Leslie Nielsen. All nice, but Burt's bunny is a classic.

MOTOROLA
FLEX
NEW MESSAGE!
1:29AM
You have 2 New Messages
Inter@ctive
PAGER

Far-Out Pagers

"earth to mir- it's your mother calling!"

Houston, we have a pager—or, rather, four of them that perform amazing messaging feats. OK, they can't beep you on the moon, but they provide excellent ground service. All are alphanumeric (the only way to go, in our opinion), which means callers can send text messages along with their phone numbers. This combo comes in handy when you forget the name of the woman you gave your pager number to, but it also allows you to receive extra info on the fly, including news, sports scores and stock reports. Need to read and respond to e-mail and faxes from the road? New two-way paging devices with mini keyboards can do that, as well as store phone numbers and schedules. Most models beep or vibrate, but some pagers will even play a tune. *Fly Me to the Moon*, anyone?

Clockwise from top left: The world's smallest alphanumeric pager, Motorola's Jazz measures 2.9"x1.5"x1". Its features include a one-line scrolling display and a 2200-character memory. Price: $150. Texas Instruments' Advantra Premier is an organizer with a four-line display and PC connectivity ($300). Research in Motion's Interactive Pager has a clamshell design that opens to reveal a four-line display and keyboard for sending e-mail, faxes and more ($575). The PC card that is part of Socket's alphanumeric PageCard allows you to answer your messages and e-mail via computer ($250).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

Baseball

(continued from page 124)

"Play ball or I'll let the Twins become the Charlotte/Greensboro/Winston-Salem Triplets."

the Indians win again this September. Before they lose in October.

Frank Thomas, Albert Belle and Robin Ventura make the **White Sox** the AL Central team everyone else fears. You can't beat Chicago without sneaking through that minefield. Fortunately for the rest of the league, owner Jerry Reinsdorf stripped the Sox' roster of almost everything but murderers' row. Even in 1997 with the gimpy Ventura hitting only six homers, those three players accounted for nearly half of Chicago's total of 158. Reinsdorf capitulated last summer, trading most of the club's best pitchers because, he said, "Anyone who thinks we can catch Cleveland is crazy." At the time they were three and a half games behind.

This season will prove again that Reinsdorf was right. After dumping his assets and dumping them cheap, the owner has assured White Sox fans a decade of mediocrity.

The rest of the Central is shooting for .500. Take the **Twins**—please. In a 68–94 season Minnesota batted a passable .270 but hit only 132 homers, the worst in the league. Twins pitching was still worse—an ERA of precisely 5.00. Their best player, second baseman Chuck Knoblauch, is now gone. The club was in dire need of a youth movement, so what happens? General manager Terry Ryan signs elderly singles machine Paul Molitor, plus free agents Otis Nixon, 39, and Mike Morgan, 38. Starter Brad Radke, who went 20–10 in a breakthrough 1997 season, joins Morgan, soft-tossing control freak Bob Tewksbury (two batters walked since Little League) and a rookie or two in the Twins' rotation. Infielder Todd Walker takes over as Knoblauch's replacement at second base. Meanwhile owner Carl Pohlad, spurned by local voters and legislators who refuse to build him a new stadium, threatens to sell the team and let it skip town. "Play ball or I'll let the Twins become the Charlotte/Greensboro/Winston-Salem Triplets," threatens Pohlad. To which many fans reply, "See ya."

Detroit's **Tigers** improved by 26 games in 1997, from 53–109 to 79–83. They edged out the Sox and the Jays to finish third in the AL East, slicing almost two runs from the team ERA. Scarily strong 6′7″ first baseman Tony Clark smacked 32 homers, plated 117 runs and batted .276, adding 26 points to his 1996 batting average. Clark also lifted his strikeouts from 127 to a whiffmasterly 144. At 25 Clark is only getting better. Center fielder Brian Hunter became the first Tiger since Ty Cobb to lead the majors in steals. Outfielder Bobby Higginson deserves a few million All-Star votes, too. Twenty-two-year-old Deivi Cruz is a human vacuum at shortstop, and veterans Bip Roberts, Luis Gonzalez and Joe Randa don't suck. Still, with manager Buddy Bell's pitching staff due for a fall, the Tigers are likely to slip backward before reaching the .500 mark in 1999 or 2000.

Royals closer Jeff Montgomery recovered from a bum shoulder and a rocky first half to notch his 256th career save last fall. A Kansas City rotation featuring Kevin Appier's stellar stuff (103 wins in eight years—all with sub-4.00 ERAs) and the sneaky junk of Tim Belcher, who managed a 13–12 record with a gruesome 5.02 ERA, is worth rooting for. Ditto first baseman Jeff King, who managed 28 homers and 112 RBI while batting only .238. Third baseman Dean Palmer (23 homers, 86 RBI with KC and Texas) has reupped. Beyond that the Royals, who ran last in the AL Central last year, show few signs of life. Outfielder Johnny Damon, once compared to George Brett, now looks more like Tom Poquette. Prospects Felix Martinez, Jeremy Giambi and Rod Myers all arrive with question marks attached. Expect another year of Royal pain.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

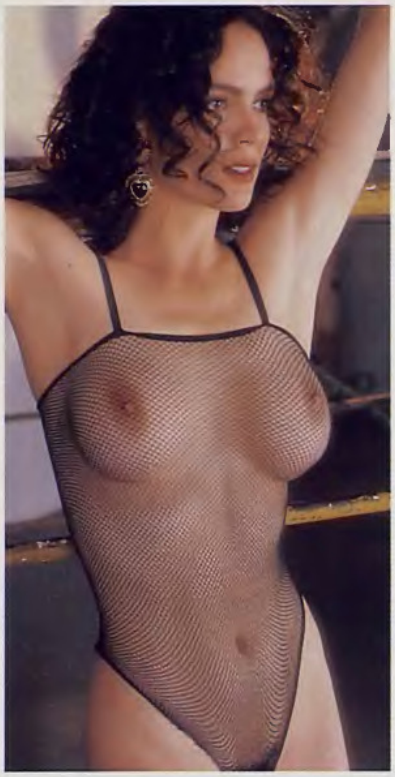
Nobody in his right mind could pick against Seattle in the West. But I am left-brained and see the logic in **Rangers** general manager Doug Melvin's moves. In midsummer 1997, when he saw Ken Griffey Jr. & Co. move ten games ahead, Melvin started planning for 1998. It was a classic fantasy league move: bail and lurk. While Seattle surged ahead toward another postseason defeat, Melvin shuffled his roster. He added a role player here and a cheap spare part there to complement the Texas nucleus of mighty Juan Gonzalez, catcher Ivan "Pudge" Rodriguez and closer John Wetteland. Texas' skilled if unthrilling rotation features Darren Oliver (13–12, 4.20 ERA), John Burkett (9–12, 4.56) and Aaron Sele (13–12 for Boston). Their motto: "Competent innings." Bobby Witt, Rick Helling, Roger Pavlik and rookie Matt Perisho add pitching depth. The Texas attack, which dipped to 4.9 runs per game in 1997, should rebound. Shortstop Kevin Elster came from nowhere—a nine-year average of four homers per year—to swat 24 for the Rangers two years ago, then spent an injured year in Pittsburgh. Elster returns to a lineup that teams Gonzalez' 42-homer power and the fast-maturing genius of Pudge Rodriguez, who keeps improving. Since 1992 he has batted .260, .273, .298, .303, .300 and .313. Last year the league's best catcher hit 20 homers for the first time. He is only 26. Texas also has Will Clark at first base, outfielder Rusty Greer and reclamation project Lee Stevens as designated hitter. Longtime prospect Stevens had hit only 17 homers in four years of trying, then hit 21 when manager Johnny Oates gave him a full-time shot. Center fielder Tom Goodwin, another of Melvin's acquisitions, returns to zoom around the bases to the tune of 90-plus runs and 50 steals. Roberto Kelly and Luis Alicea give Oates options off the bench. After playing possum last fall, the Rangers are ready to pounce.

Lou Piniella's **Mariners** are starting to look like the Atlanta Braves. They have the best pitcher and the most famous guys but fall flat in October. Last season Ken Griffey Jr. staked his claim to be the game's best player, batting .304 with 56 homers and 147 RBI. He won his usual Gold Glove. Randy Johnson won 20 games with a 2.28 ERA and almost 300 strikeouts. Edgar Martinez made a run at the batting title, Jay Buhner hit 40 homers, manager Piniella popped 20 to 30 blood vessels and Seattle won the AL West as usual. Result: another playoff loss. With Johnson reportedly on offer as trade bait, Seattle's divisional hegemony is in peril. Like Cleveland, Atlanta, Baltimore and other teams whose time has come and gone, the Mariners of the Griffey–Johnson era may get worse before they get back to the playoffs. General manager Woodward's 1997 trade of Jose Cruz Jr. for a pair of jockstraps may become the Cruz Curse, a death knell like the Babe Ruth sale of 1920 that sentenced Boston to eternal damnation.

The Disneyland **Angels** will soon win this division every year. For the Disney Co.'s baseball flagship, the jewel of the Anaheim baseball experience, nothing less than success will suffice. Their old football-friendly, earthquake-fissured stadium has been morphed into a retro-modern baseball mall where slugger Tim Salmon, phenom Darin Erstad and closer Troy Percival can shine for years. General manager Bill

(continued on page 156)

"What kind of parents are you? You keep telling me to get down to basics—and now, when I do, you get pissed!"



did the president have sex with miss america? given the chance, who wouldn't?

Amazing Gracen

Last February the *Star* printed a story called "Bill and His Women." The tabloid reprinted the cover shot from our May 1992 issue to illustrate an article on indiscretion. Here she is, folks, Miss America 1982, Elizabeth Ward Gracen—a fresh look at some previously unpublished photos of the woman who made such an impression on President Clinton. When we ran our original pictorial, tabloids such as the *Star* were claiming that Clinton spent state funds on an affair with the former beauty queen. Gracen's response was a lesson to all who pry: "Basically, what the tabloids are asking me is, Have I slept with this person? I don't believe that's anyone's business. I have certain boundaries about what I choose to reveal about myself, and I respect other people's boundaries as well."

Elizabeth was a class act then, and she's a class act now. She is everything we would want in a lover—for more than the obvious reasons.

We were working on that pictorial long before the tabloids tried to link Gracen to

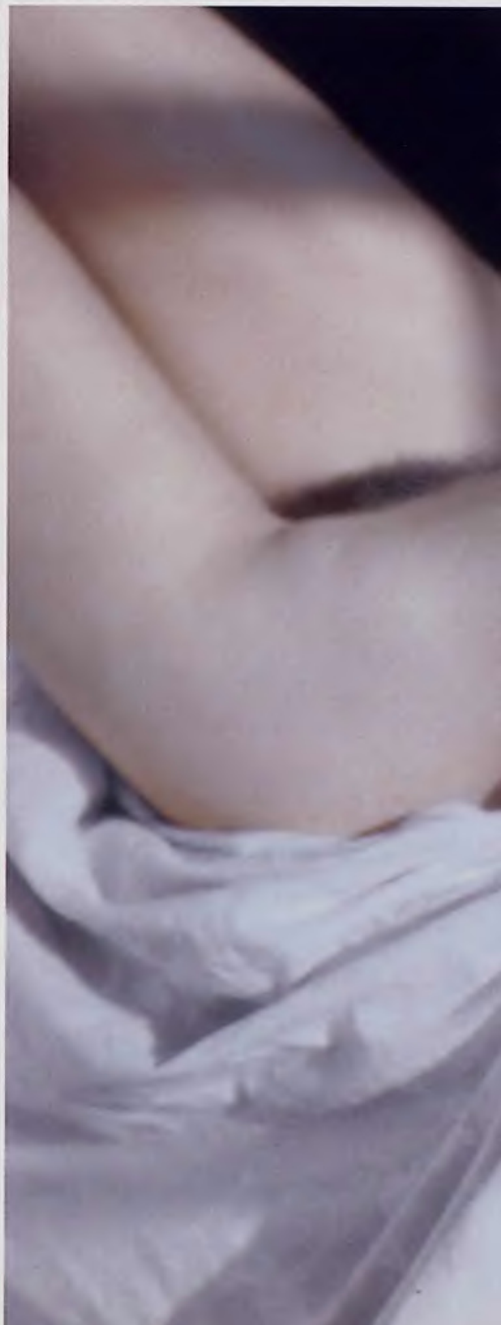
BILL AND HIS WOMEN
'I know he's ready to go after anything that walks by' –wife Hillary
PLAYBOY
CLINTON
THE CHEATING, LYING, DIRTY PHONE CALLS & STEAMY SEX

The incessant tabloid coverage of Clintan's alleged affair with Monica Lewinsky spawned the above *Star* and *Enquirer* stories this past February and raised the question "Da we care about the president's bedroom behaviar?" Elizabeth Gracen persuasively declared in 1992, "There are more important issues in a presidential campaign than a man's fidelity."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Clinton. The former Miss America wanted to send a wake-up call to Hollywood. And it worked. (She has appeared in films and on television.) Nudged by the tabloid reference, we went back to our files. What we found were shots of a remarkably attractive woman whose name is in the news. Do we need further justification? Gracen is a without doubt the most beautiful woman in this story. What would you have done in Bill's place?

Having said that, let's take this opportunity to reflect on the media circus that has surrounded Monica Lewinsky. With little evidence, the media fabricated details—the semen-stained dress, the Secret Service voyeur, the hours of telephone sex—right out of a fire-and-brimstone sermon. Commentators



resurrected scripts that were as modern as any soap opera and as old as Cotton Mather. At the same time, the common man looked at Clinton and asked, "Who cares?" We knew about it in 1992 and still voted him in. Nothing has changed.

At the heart of most of the pontification is the notion that male lust needs to be curbed, that anything more than one woman for one man for all

(text continued on page 164)

20 QUESTIONS

BEN STILLER

a young prince of hollywood sounds off on self-hatred, self-esteem and the downside of the onscreen boner

Growing up on the road with his actor-comedian parents Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, Ben Stiller often watched six hours of television a day. He felt at home with "Bewitched" and "I Dream of Jeannie." He could recite every word of every episode of "SCTV." He was more familiar with Will Shatner than with Will Shakespeare. Eventually, Stiller learned to read, write and direct. Predisposed to a career in show business, he studied theater at UCLA for a year before opting out of college and heading home to New York, where he made his professional acting debut on Broadway in "The House of Blue Leaves." Stiller persuaded some cast members (including Swoosie Kurtz and Stockard Channing) to appear in a short comedy film he directed, "The Hustler of Money," a spoof of Martin Scorsese's "The Color of Money." The film aired on "Saturday Night Live," and Stiller was soon hired as a featured player and apprentice writer. After an unhappy five-week stint, Stiller left the show and created "The Ben Stiller Show" for MTV. That show moved to Fox, where it won an Emmy for comedy writing but flopped in the ratings. It was during the series' run that Stiller established his ongoing comedic collaboration with Janeane Garofalo. They shared the big screen with Winona Ryder in Stiller's feature-length motion picture directorial debut, "Reality Bites." Stiller followed with a leading role in the hit "Flirting With Disaster," then turned director again for the controversial $40 million Jim Carrey film "The Cable Guy." Now Stiller is back to acting, with starring roles in "Zero Effect" opposite Bill Pullman and "Permanent Midnight," based on Jerry Stahl's dark Hollywood memoir. Stiller is working on an adaptation of Budd Schulberg's unrepentant Hollywood novel "What Makes Sammy Run?" which he hopes to direct and star in.

Robert Crane caught up with Stiller at the King's Road Cafe in West Hollywood. He reports: "For me, Ben—handsome, unshaven, wearing a white T-shirt and black pants—could have been the guy behind the counter, the owner or the poetry reader on Friday nights. He definitely does not have an entourage."

1.

PLAYBOY: The real scourge of today's youth—drugs or TV?
STILLER: It's probably a combination of the two. I've had more experience with television. It's detrimental to your thinking process. Once in a while I run into somebody who doesn't watch television at all, and it's astonishing the way he or she talks about ideas and books. When you stop watching TV, it's like coming off a drug. I'm not into prime-time television. I watch the late-night stuff or the fringe cable channels. Television has become an atmospheric presence in my house, which is probably even scarier.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're one of the chief theoreticians of and apologists for the post–Generation X mind-set: Ironic disposition, deadpan demeanor, dark clothes. Are we missing something?
STILLER: I like dark clothes. When *Reality Bites* came out, there was so much Generation X bullshit about it, I wanted to jump off the Eiffel Tower. It got ridiculous. I never viewed myself in any way except by what I was doing. *Reality Bites* was written by Helen Childress. If anybody deserves credit for a generational voice, it's her.

3.

PLAYBOY: There isn't a lot of nudity in Gen X movies. Why all the modesty?
STILLER: *Reality Bites* isn't really about sex. It focuses on two people who have been in love with each other for a long time. It's not supposed to be a *Red Shoe Diaries* episode. I like sex in movies as much as the next guy. I'm considering doing a movie about the porn industry. If the sex scenes were relevant to what the movie's about, I'd show as much sex as the next guy. I'm constantly asked to do sex scenes. I'm sick of people seeing me as just a piece of ass. I'm self-conscious about my body. I had a scene in *Flirting With Disaster* in which I had a boner. I had to deal with the fallout from that. It seems to be people's favorite: "Oh, man, the scene where you had the boner—that was the best. How'd you do that?" It was fake, but I had to walk around all day with it on. Somehow, it wasn't embarrassing for me to do that scene. I felt silly and funny. The sex in that movie was dealt with in a very real way as opposed to being romanticized; it wasn't meant to be hot or erotic. People in this society are so repressed about sex. That's why PLAYBOY is successful. I started reading PLAYBOY when I was ten.

4.

PLAYBOY: Describe the lifestyle of the posthip.
STILLER: My dad had a hip replacement and he's doing fine. He has much more mobility.

5.

PLAYBOY: Janeane Garofalo says she's self-hating but has high self-esteem. Is that common among the posthip?
STILLER: I think most actors have incredibly big egos, but they're also incredibly insecure. That's a bad combination. I include myself in this group. For whatever psychological reasons, we want and need approval from everybody in the universe, though we also think we're totally unworthy of it. We need to validate ourselves through our work.

6.

PLAYBOY: Why is the literacy rate in the U.S. among the lowest in the developed world?
STILLER: The U.S. is geographically isolated from other countries. We don't come into contact with other populations. I just got back from Europe, where everybody is at least bilingual, usually trilingual, because the countries are so close to one another and people are in contact with different nationalities and cultures. American culture is sedentary. There's something very wrong with the educational system in this country. I went to a private school on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. I was able to skate along and not work very hard because I knew my parents had money and would be able to send me to college.

7.

PLAYBOY: Say you're doing a remake of *War and Peace*. Would you get the book or the Cliffs Notes or rent the original from the video store?
STILLER: I would probably use the notes as a guide as I watched the video. I'm a multimedia sort of person. I used to read and have the TV on and listen to a CD all at once. I've been trying to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY THURNHER

focus on one thing at a time. So I'd start reading the book, and as time progressed, I'd realize I wouldn't ever get through it. Then I'd switch over to the notes and watch the end of the movie to figure out what happened. That would take two hours. I usually flip through a script to the end to see if my character is still there. Now I'm trying to enjoy the experience of just reading.

8.

PLAYBOY: People call you the nicest guy in Hollywood. What would they be shocked to know about you?

STILLER: I'm repressed. Every once in a while my dark side comes out—in a way that has never hurt anyone. I don't really do drugs. I have never done heroin. I have experimented with the minor drugs. I've never done cocaine either. I'm taking this opportunity to tell you which drugs I've never done. Once in a while I have weird little adventures. All those things we repress in American culture are present in me. I'm working hard with my therapist to bring them all to the surface in a way that will be safe for everybody to deal with.

9.

PLAYBOY: We understand you dislike jokes. Which joke forced you into a joke-free environment?

STILLER: Right now I don't think I could recall one joke, except maybe a riddle from when I was ten years old. My parents never really told jokes in their act. They did sketches and characters. Humor catches you off guard. So when somebody says, "here's a joke," the laugh is never going to be genuine. I was watching *Harold and Maude* recently by myself, and a couple of times I laughed out loud. Also, I love Hal Ashby movies.

10.

PLAYBOY: Of the jobs you've had, which should have been fun that weren't?

STILLER: For a summer I was a busboy and waiter at a place in New York called Café Central, which was a hip, trendy restaurant in 1985. First I bused tables and was really bad at it. I'm clumsy at carrying plates and glasses. You had to have a swiftness and a facility for carrying stacked objects. That wasn't me. I was interested in who was coming in, because it was an actor hangout. I would want to see who was talking to whom and what they were saying—basically, stuff you shouldn't do as a person of service. Dudley Moore came into the restaurant and I was really interested in what he was saying. I kept going over to make sure that he and his companion had enough coffee and that their plates were cleared. I think I really annoyed him. I kept changing the ashtrays with that move where you put the clean ashtray over the full ashtray and remove both and put back the clean ashtray. I think I did that one time too many. Then I became a waiter there, and dealing with orders and the kitchen was worse. It prompted me to get acting work.

11.

PLAYBOY: We hear you dislike auditions. What happens when you're directing a film and a friend does a bad audition for you? Can you say, for instance, "Janeane, you blew that one"?

STILLER: First of all, I don't think I could get Janeane in to audition. She's too difficult to get on the phone now. She's doing films with Sylvester Stallone. Second only to auditioning on my own, in terms of torture, would be to watch a friend audition. It's hard to maintain a sense of dignity in an audition. I have done so many auditions where I've put it out there and have been met with that kind of blank stare—"Great! Thanks! OK! Great work! Thanks for coming in!" At the door I'm thinking, What the hell am I doing with my life? If I want to work with friends, I just offer them the parts.

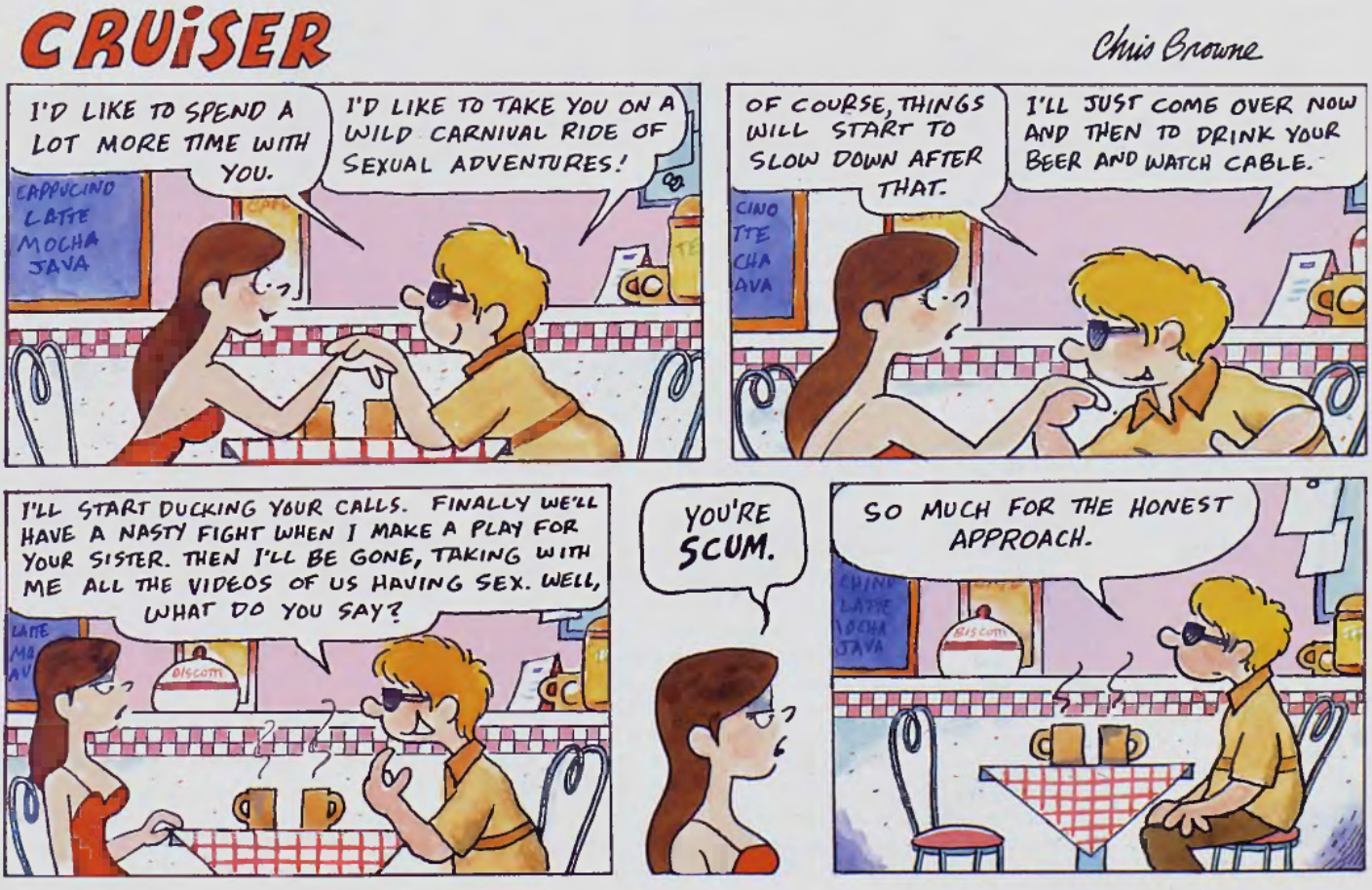
12.

PLAYBOY: What about the appropriation of contemporary movie titles by the X-rated industry? For example, *The Cable Guy* could become *The Able Guy*. Is there a pornoproof movie title?

STILLER: I haven't seen one for *Get Shorty*. That's not going to bring a lot of people to a movie theater. I enjoy seeing what they do with the porno movie titles. I never fail to chuckle when I see a clever one.

13.

PLAYBOY: Is irony the only form of rebellion left when you admire your parents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CAPPUCINO
LATTE
MOCHA
JAVA
OF COURSE, THINGS WILL START TO SLOW DOWN AFTER THAT.
I'LL JUST COME OVER NOW AND THEN TO DRINK YOUR BEER AND WATCH CABLE.
I'LL START DUCKING YOUR CALLS. FINALLY WE'LL HAVE A NASTY FIGHT WHEN I MAKE A PLAY FOR YOUR SISTER. THEN I'LL BE GONE, TAKING WITH ME ALL THE VIDEOS OF US HAVING SEX. WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
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and their work?

STILLER: My early rebellion was that I wasn't going to be funny. That's what I thought when I was in high school. I was going to be a serious actor and make serious movies. I tried to do that for a while, but unfortunately you can't help what's in your system. As much as I tried to get away from it, I kept coming back to things that made me laugh—*SCTV* and things like that. You have to rebel against your parents when you're that age, so what happened was that my humor took on the second-generation cynical edge that I saw in all the show-business parodies they did on *SCTV*. That show was made for me. Nobody else got it as much as my sister and I. We would watch it when we were both 14 and see things like "The Sammy Maudlin Show" and think, Oh my God, we've actually lived this. We've seen this happen.

14.

PLAYBOY: What was the most unreasonable position that your parents took with you?

STILLER: The time my mother forced me to go to camp comes to mind. She insisted I go and I hated it. I couldn't understand why it was so important. Now I see she was helping me grow up. My parents put me on an airplane and I freaked out and made the pilot turn the plane around. I went home that day, but the next day they made me go back. At the time I thought my mother was Hitler. I wanted to stay home: "I love you. I want to be with you and Daddy." Now I realize they were doing the right thing. They were great parents. I love them.

15.

PLAYBOY: What would life be like if you were going through it as Ben Meara?

STILLER: I'll always be associated with both of my parents in some way. You have to embrace that. I've been lucky enough to carve out my own career. It's hard for the kids who have to live in the shadows of these huge celebrities. A friend saw my dad and me at a Knicks game. He saw a father and son watching us. The father said, "Look, there's Jerry Stiller." The son said, "There's Ben Stiller." Neither knew who the other guy was. It's different audiences.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is David Letterman the spiritual leader of Generation X?

STILLER: I think David Letterman is the comedic persona of the Eighties and Nineties. Letterman's attitude has been copied by so many shows. He has influenced a generation of television personalities. Letterman is the guy Generation X grew up with. It's been interesting to watch him mature and become like the establishment. Now there's a counterculture to him, but he'll always be the king to Generation X. He is funny five nights a week. I did *The Ben Stiller Show* for 13 episodes. I was almost relieved when we got canceled. It's hard to keep up the quality.

17.

PLAYBOY: Describe your perfect world since *Reality Bites*.

STILLER: A world with no indecision. I'm really indecisive. I wish I didn't have to make choices all the time because they drive me crazy and I always second-guess myself. A perfect world would be to know what's right and what's wrong and act on it and not worry about hurting people's feelings. I have a lot more to learn about life. I need to experience the world more. I like to explore, but I also like to go home to my comfortable bed.

18.

PLAYBOY: Given that Gen Xers don't exercise, tell us about your workout regimen.

STILLER: I'm working on my abs a lot, and my glutes. I have a treadmill in my house and I like to run at this lake in Hollywood. I just try to run a lot. I like to swim when I have access to a pool. Once in a while I lift weights, but I start to look like Stretch Armstrong. I need to do more of the aerobics stuff. I can get neurotic about that. There is a real advantage to working out. When you're not feeling well or you're depressed and you go out and do something physical, it can change your attitude.

19.

PLAYBOY: Discuss the topic: Jim Carrey—sure thing.

STILLER: That's what the money people in Hollywood like about Jim Carrey, that he's a sure thing. Because of Jim, even a dark, strange film like *The Cable Guy* will gross more than $100 million worldwide. Sadly, that's all the money people see him as. They don't see him as what he is, which is an incredibly talented guy who's willing to take chances and who totally commits to what he's doing and really wants to grow.

20.

PLAYBOY: Does how you treat your car say something about you? Do you wash yours, take it to a car wash or have it detailed?

STILLER: I made the mistake of taking mine to this car wash in Los Angeles, which I guess is like a big gay hustler pickup type of place. You have to wait 20 minutes for the car to go through and I had nowhere to go. I got trapped there for a while. Don't get me wrong, I'm open to all—it's just not my bag. I care enough to get the car washed, but I just don't think I'll do it at that place anymore.

"I already have a hare shirt."

CAPOTE'S FINAL CUT

true to his word, the tiny terror lived to dish

Last year Hollywood released two movies based on Truman Capote's books "Other Voices, Other Rooms" and "The Grass Harp." CBS did a two-part miniseries of "In Cold Blood" (which was originally made into a movie in 1967). CBS remade his "A Christmas Memory." And Doubleday published an oral biography of Capote, edited by George Plimpton. The last person to interview Capote, who died in Los Angeles on August 25, 1984, was PLAYBOY*'s Lawrence Grobel. Then, as always, Truman had the last word.*

•

My fame started when I was 16. *Life* magazine did an article about me, a prodigy writer, you know. From that point on it's been a foregone conclusion. If you're a celebrity, you're a celebrity. That's the end of the question. You can't change that. Most people who become famous overnight find that they lose 80 percent of their friends. Your old friends just can't stand it for some reason. I had a lot of friends, and [after *Other Voices, Other Rooms* was published] I lost them overnight.

•

During the ten years I went into and out of *In Cold Blood* I interviewed more than a hundred killers. There is one thing that 80 percent of them have in common: They have tattoos. There's something really the matter with most people who wear tattoos. I know from experience that there's something terribly flawed about people who are tattooed above the little something Johnny had done in the Navy, even though that's also a bad sign. For most people, tattoos are a sign of some feeling of inferiority. People with tattoos are trying to establish some macho identification for themselves.

•

All male actors have a disdain for their profession. Women actors have a totally different feeling. All the men I've ever known, professional actors, have had a slight feeling that they're doing something that isn't exactly what they ought to be doing. They feel some guilt about it. It's as though what they are doing isn't masculine or somehow has some effect on them that makes them rather bisexual by nature. The only actors I've ever known who don't feel that way have been gay. Practically the entire English theater is made up of nothing but extraordinary, gifted, gay male actors.

•

Barbra Streisand's great fault as a singer is that she takes every ballad and turns it into a three-act opera. She simply cannot leave a song alone.

•

Gore Vidal has never written a novel that's readable, with the exception of *Myra Breckinridge*, which you can sort of thumb your way through. Gore has never written anything that anybody will remember ten years from its last paperback edition. See, Gore has never written a masterpiece. Even J.D. Salinger has written a masterpiece of a kind. Flannery O'Connor wrote a masterpiece or two. Hemingway did. Faulkner did. Scott Fitzgerald did. Norman Mailer never has. We could go on and on, but Vidal has not done the one essential thing: He has not written an unforgettable book or a book that was the turning point in his or anybody else's life. Without that, it doesn't matter how much he does or what he does.

•

I've never liked Bob Dylan. I have always thought he was a fraud. He's certainly not this simpleminded little boy with these simple little lyrics. He's an opportunist with a sharp, career-minded knowing-where-he's-going. He's also insincere. I never did understand why people like Bob Dylan. He can't sing.

Mick Jagger is a bore. If you've seen Mick perform as often as I have, you come to have absolutely no feeling about him as a performer except, Isn't it extraordinary that he has that much energy and is able to do the same thing over and over again with such precision? And there's something about his total lack of improvisation, where he's pretending to be spontaneous all the time, which is wearing. But he's an extraordinarily keen, sharp businessman. The moment he walks off the stage he pulls a computer out of his pocket.

•

I hate John Updike. Everything about him bores me. He's like mercury: You put a drop in your hand and you try to hold on to it. It's running this way and that way and you can't grab hold of it, you can't figure out what it's all about as it runs through your fingers. And he's so mannered. There's such a thing as a style and there's such a thing as a stylist. I consider myself a stylist. I consider him a mannered style, not a stylist, because it isn't even something that's his own. Everything is always twisted in a certain way. You can hear how hard vocabulary is working. You become so conscious of it that you absolutely lose contact with the story because of your awareness of how he's twisting a sentence, the unnaturalness of rhyme and rhythm toward this mannered thing of his which, to me, completely deadens his writing.

•

The real difference between rich people and regular people is that the rich people serve such marvelous meats and vegetables. Delicious little tiny vegetables. Little fresh-born things, scarcely out of the earth. Little baby corn, little baby peas and little lambs that have been ripped out of their mothers' wombs. That's the real difference. All of their vegetables and their meats are so incredibly fresh and unborn.

•

The Nobel Prize, to me, is a joke. They give it year after year to one absolutely nonexistent writer after another. The American writers they've given it to are beyond belief. Let's face it: They're really a very crummy little organization. I mean, anybody that could have given the Nobel Prize to Pearl Buck ought to be examined by a mental institution.

•

Greta Garbo had about four Picassos, and two of them, I'm absolutely certain, were upside down.

BUBBA BUBBLE

(continued from page 64)

my slippers on gravel, I heard a rustling in the bushes beside me. I suppose I should have been frightened, but all I could think was, *What now? Has Kasich come over with a new Grateful Dead bootleg?*

But the small figure that emerged from the underbrush was only Socks, carrying a dead rat. It's too bad Newt hadn't brought majority whip Tom DeLay with him. A guy who made his fortune in the extermination business would have loved this.

"Socks, are there any of those inside?" I asked.

"You mean outstanding public servants like Newt Gingrich? Yeah, there are plenty."

"No, I mean rats," I said.

"So do I," Socks shot back.

"I just have a hard time accepting that two men who seem like such opposites can get along so well."

"You think they're getting along well now, you should see them in a few hours when the girls arrive. It's the world's longest-running bachelor party. But come on, Arianna. What about you and Al Franken? Besides, it's really not so surprising."

"I suppose you're right. By the way, Socks, if you're thinking of leaving that rat with me, thank you. But I have several already."

"Oh, it's not for you." His eyes shone in the dim light and he seemed to wink. "I save these for Hillary. She's not exactly a cat person, so I try to bring her as many presents as I can."

And he was gone.

"No thanks, I was harassed at work."

Netmail

(continued from page 90)

TO: Anon666
FROM: Sopwith12

Before anybody gets paid anything, I want to know what evidence you're talking about.

Then I switched off the computer and went through the house, gathering my collection of pistols, rifles and shotguns. In my backyard I set up targets and shot away all afternoon until my ears rang, even through ear protection, and the forefinger on my right hand developed a blister.

I ate grilled cheese-and-tuna sandwiches over the kitchen sink and spent the evening in front of the fire, cleaning my guns. Usually the scent of gun oil and the precision of the cleaning process calms me down and brings everything into soft focus, but not tonight.

•

The next day I chopped more wood, set up a new bird feeder at the edge of the woods and changed the wiper blades on my truck. But all day I kept glancing up at the office window on the second floor of the house, as if I half-expected to see a mailman there, waving at me.

After washing my hands for the fourth time, I trudged upstairs and flipped on the computer, smiling wryly. Surfing the Net was usually my reward for a hard day of work, something to look forward to. My not-so-friendly correspondent had changed that.

The icon popped up. Just for once, couldn't the programmers at Mycroft make that mailman a mailwoman? Just for a change? I double-clicked.

My mailbox contained two pieces of mail. I called up the first, from Anon666. This one had a name, EVIDENCE, and it indicated that four files were attached to it. These were graphic files, with easy-to-understand instructions on how to view them, which I followed. The images scanned themselves into place on my computer screen. Each was a picture of young boys or girls, or both, involved in activities that would make the picture takers instantly eligible for ten to 15 years in jail. I closed the files and trashed them, and then went out and washed my hands again. When I came back, I opened up the second message:

TO: Sopwith12
FROM: Anon666

Now that you have viewed the evidence, here's the deal. Fifty thousand dollars or we let the information out that you're a collector and trader. You have 24 hours to respond.

I was smiling as I typed my reply:

TO: Anon666
FROM: Sopwith12

Sorry, stupid. I have many faults, but activity involving children isn't one of them. Peddle your wares elsewhere, and while you're at it, piss off.

I whistled as I went downstairs. The idiot on the other end had undoubtedly screwed up the address. Sopwith21 or Sopwith11 would be getting blackmail notes next. If so, he would get what he deserved.

I decided to call Miriam.

•

The postmistress and first selectwoman of Pinette lay in bed with me, one foot idly tracing my leg. Her head was on my shoulder and the room smelled musky and warm, and she was gently interrogating me.

"We've known each other for a while, now, haven't we," she murmured.

"Uh-huh," I said, staring up at the dark ceiling, my eyelids fluttering open and shut.

"And all I know about you is that you're retired, you made some good investments at a younger age and you're living off that."

"You've got a good memory."

I winced as she turned her foot and started scraping my leg with an untrimmed toenail. "I want to know more."

"What?" I said in mock anger. "And take the mystery and romance out of our relationship?"

She paused for a moment, then giggled and said, "I'm beginning to feel like one of those threatened women in dopey made-for-TV movies. You know, lonely woman falls in love with dashing stranger, and by the fourth commercial she's being found in pieces in shallow graves in New Jersey."

"Do you feel threatened?"

"Hmm," she said, burrowing into my shoulder. "Not yet. But I would like to know more about you."

I stifled a sigh. Conversations like this inevitably end up losers. "OK. Tonight and for one night only. Ask three questions and you get three answers. All right?"

"Really?"

"Yep, and to show you how fair I am, I won't count that as a question. Go ahead."

I could feel her body tense as she thought, and then she said, "Where are you from?"

"Valparaiso, Indiana." True.

"Where did you work before you came to Maine?"

"A company called Seylon Systems. It's now defunct." Which was true, if the fact that its other founding members were now dead or in jail equaled defunction.

"And what did you do there, for Seylon Systems?"

"I solved problems." OK, that one was a stretch, but true enough.

"What kind of problems?"

I pulled the blanket over my chest. "Sorry, that's question four."

"Bastard," she said, grabbing my nose and yanking it back and forth. We wrestled under the covers until we were both out of breath. I was resting on top of her when she said, "You know, I might go to Kyle Brewer one of these days."

"And why would you be bothering the chief of police?"

She slapped my ribs. "Maybe I'll have him do a trace on you and get the real skinny."

I kissed her on the nose and said as gently as I could, "Miriam, please don't do that."

Instant defensiveness. "Why not?" Her voice lowered. "Are you in trouble?"

"Not at all," I said. "And I want to keep it that way." I wondered how this was going to go and what she was going to say, and she surprised me by holding me tight.

"Then I'll stay quiet," she said.

•

A few days later I started digging up ground to plant some corn, a rough and dirty job. After another over-the-sink meal and a long shower, I went up to the computer.

You Have Mail.

Tap-tap went my fingers on the keyboard. Up popped a new message:

TO: Sopwith12
FROM: Anon666

Insults get you nowhere. Results count. And here's one result: We don't care what you say or claim. We get the money or this information goes public. This means you: Owen P. Taylor, Rural Route 4, Pinette, Maine. You have 24 hours, or copies of this information go to the local police, the state police and the newspapers. Feel like explaining this to them?

The walls of the room seemed to close in about my shoulders, making me feel like I couldn't move, couldn't breathe. If Anon666 went through with his threat, I could expect a search warrant or two to be executed at my little house. Then questions would be asked, and re-asked, and after that . . . well, I wouldn't have to worry about my freshly planted corn crop. The raccoons or woodchucks would get it. Not me.

I typed my reply:

TO: Anon666
FROM: Sopwith12
Deal.

Then I shut off my computer and proceeded to get drunk.

•

The next day I went down to the cellar, clicking on humming fluorescent

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lights. The workbench filled with tools and odd bits of junk stood in one corner next to a pile of cardboard boxes and a pegboard holding hammers, screwdrivers and an awl. I inserted the awl into two of the peg holes and moved the board on well-oiled hinges to uncover a safe in the concrete wall. I unlocked it and reached inside, past souvenirs and odds and ends. I pulled out bands of money, fifties and hundreds. Mad money, so to speak.

I counted and separated the bills, put them back and went upstairs. My computer sentinel was cheerful as ever. Today's message was:

TO: Sopwith12
FROM: Anon666
Glad to see you come to your senses. The deal is $50,000 and no more messages from us. Wire the money to the Grand Breeze Bank of the Cayman Islands, to account number 448-2036. Get it there within 48 hours or the mailing begins.

I rubbed at my jaw and sent the reply with a slap to the keyboard:

TO: Anon666
FROM: Sopwith12
No deal. Payment will be in cash. Wire transfers leave records. And I want a face-to-face handoff, in public. I'm not leaving $50,000 on a park bench or in a bus terminal locker. That's my offer, and it's not negotiable.

I stayed online for a while, digging around in the computers of the Department of the Interior, and was surprised when a chime went off.

You Have Mail.

Damn. Anon666 must have been sitting at his computer, waiting for a reply. What an eager fellow.

TO: Sopwith12
FROM: Anon666
Do you think we're your local bank, that you can negotiate with us? The original deal stands. A wire transfer within 48 hours or we go public.

My reply was just as quick:

TO: Anon666
FROM: Sopwith12
Nope. It's my deal or you don't get your $50,000. If you go ahead with your threat, you don't get your money, and I show people copies of the e-mail messages you've been sending and explain how I've been set up. Inconvenient but bearable. And I'll be $50,000 richer. My deal, or publish and be damned.

"It's the special counsel appointed by the Justice Department to investigate your philandering."

•

I went into town to have lunch with the postmistress. I dropped off a few envelopes, which included money orders to the local Girl Scout and Boy Scout troops, as well as to a convent of nuns up the road who were having problems with a leaky roof. The money orders were signed Mark Twain.

When I got back that night, I had an answer.

TO: Sopwith12
FROM: Anon666
Deal. Be at the park bench near the subway entrance at Harvard Square in Cambridge at nine A.M. this Saturday. Have the money in a red toolbox, a small one that looks like a tackle box. And no tricks! My associates will be watching, and if something goes wrong, the pictures go out.

My reply was quick and to the point: See you there.

Then I went downstairs and got to work.

•

Saturday morning about four A.M., I swung out of bed and got dressed in the dark, shivering from the cold. The next several hours were going to be challenging, but not so challenging as they would be were Anon666 farther away. If he were in New York City or Dallas or Los Angeles, the risk would have been greater.

In my cold, dark kitchen I picked up the toolbox and went out to the rear porch. I waited in the night, listening to the crickets. A half-moon illuminated the backyard. My truck was parked off to the side by the barn. I wondered if my watchers were still, invisibly, on the job, and hoped I wouldn't find out. Near the porch door I picked up a knapsack and slung it over my back. Something inside gurgled as I adjusted the straps. I went outside through the porch door and right past the truck, keeping the barn between me and the front yard, and then I was into the dark of the woods.

I started to jog along a path I had carefully cut through these woods. Though it was dark, I had placed at eye level little glowing dots that marked the trail. The knapsack bounced on my back and I heard a flurry of wings as I disturbed something in my path. After about 20 minutes I emerged onto a swampy bit of land that opened up to a well-lit parking lot and row upon row of cars—Powell's Motors, in Fyfield, the next town over from Pinette. I knelt down and undid my pack. From the pack I took out a car battery, a small can of gasoline, a set of Maine license plates and a hot-wiring kit. In another

15 minutes I was on the road, heading south, the rising sun at my left shoulder.

•

Harvard Square, Cambridge. Noisy, with lots of cars. Downtown Pinette doesn't even have a traffic light. I sat on a park bench near the entrance to the subway (they call it the T) and waited, the toolbox in my lap. I had on a Red Sox baseball cap, jeans and a bright red windbreaker. Colorful. A trio of musicians was playing for spare change near the T entrance—trumpet, violin and guitar doing something awful to Mozart. I looked at faces, wondering which belonged to the man—could it be a woman?—who had been torturing my life.

Then I knew. A man came up to me, grinning widely. He wore khaki slacks, heavy boots and an Army jacket. His beard was about three steps beyond stubble and his hair was long. He looked like the kind of guy who puts his hair in a ponytail on dates. He sat down next to me and said, "Well," in a cheerful voice.

"Excuse me?"

He looked straight ahead, still smiling. "Glad to see you're on time. I take it the money's in the toolbox?"

"It is."

"So, why don't you hand it over and we can both be on our ways?"

I rubbed along the metal edges of the toolbox. "You'll get it, but I want some questions answered."

"Huh," he said. "Not part of the deal."

"No, but it's the deal that's here. Some questions and answers, and then you'll get the box."

He shrugged. "Why the hell not. Fire away."

"I take it you're Anon666."

He smiled again. "The same. But why don't you call me . . . Tom, for now."

"All right, Tom it is." I shifted so I could look at him better. "This was all a scam, right? You probably sent out hundreds, maybe thousands, of those messages by electronic mail, trying to get a nibble. Right?"

He winked. "That would be giving up trade secrets, now, wouldn't it?"

"But that's what happened, right? You're skilled in computers and you saw an opportunity. Send out untraceable threats to thousands of addresses and hope that someone who is feeling guilty or who likes privacy will pay up. Right?"

No answer, just a smirk. I went on. "So, why did you do it? Running low on funds?"

He laughed and put his hands in his jacket. "I did it because I could, that's why. There are kids out there, two or three years out of college, who work at companies designing software. When the companies go public, the kids are millionaires before they're 30. Can you believe that? Ready to retire."

He was still smiling but there was an edge to his voice. "I've worked 80 to 90

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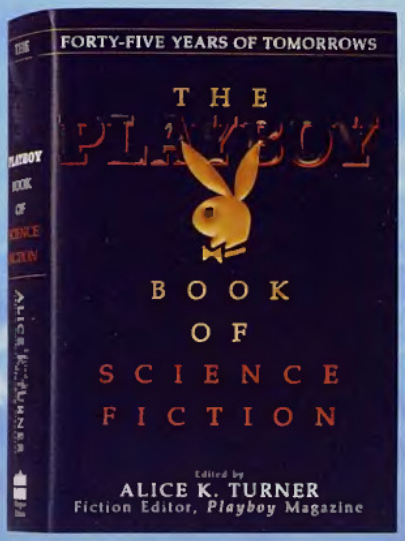

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hours a week, in three start-up companies, and all three have gone bust. I've got enough stock options to paper a room with. So I saw a way of using my skills to make some extra income. New skills are taking over society, and I'm pleased to be able to use them. Now, that's enough chitchat. Open that box, just a crack, so I can see the money."

I lifted the lid and angled the toolbox around so that the bundles of $100 bills were visible, and his grin got even wider. "Nice, very nice," he said. "How about handing it over?"

I closed the lid, snapped it shut and said, "One more question and it's all yours."

The smile started to fade. "Make it quick."

"You married, Tom? You got kids, maybe live with a girlfriend?"

He held out a hand. "I'm all by my lonesome, but that will probably change next week. Say, at Club Med?"

Another laugh and I passed him the toolbox. I said, "It's all yours."

He grabbed it and headed to the subway entrance without looking back.

I waited a few seconds, ditched the cap and windbreaker and followed.

•

He lived one stop away, near Porter Square. Shadowing him was almost too easy. He was focused on the toolbox with that delighted smirk on his face. I kept him in view from an adjoining car and trailed him when he got off in a residential area with big Victorian houses that had been divided into apartments. I winked at a couple of kids scurrying by on bicycles.

He bounded up the front steps of a large white house and let himself in with a key. I waited up the street a bit, leaning against an oak tree. Cars were parked up and down both sides of the roadway. I stood there, hands tucked into my pants pockets, thinking of Tom and that little phrase he had used.

What was it? Something about new skills taking over society and his being pleased to have them. Yeah.

•

Even though I was expecting it, the explosion on the upper floor of the old Victorian made me jump.

Both windows blew out to the street with a rocketing blast that echoed a few times. Even a part of the roof, black shingles flying, was peeled away by the force. A ball of flame and smoke roared up through the roof, car alarms started blaring and there were screams from people running on the sidewalk as pieces of wood and glass fell to the street and bounced off car roofs.

I smiled and walked away. There's something to be said for old skills, too.

•

That night, safely back in Pinette, I was in Miriam's arms when she said, "What is it with you? You've been grinning ever since you got here."

"I'm a happy guy, that's what."

"Happy about what?" she asked, rubbing slow circles on my back.

"Happy that I took care of a job today, one that's been bothering me for a while."

Her hands pressed deeper. "And what was the job?"

"Hmm," I murmured, burrowing underneath the blankets. "It's a secret."

"What?" she said, with mock dismay. "And you can't tell me?"

"Well, I could . . ." I said, letting my voice trail off.

"And why not?"

I tickled her ribs and she jumped. "Because if I told you, then I'd have to kill you."

She giggled and gently tapped my face. "Some joke."

I kissed her. Some joke.

•

Three days later FBI agents knocked on my door. I had just finished washing the kitchen floor when I heard their strong *rap-rap* on the screen door to the porch. I went out, wiping my hands on a towel, and there were two of them, in dark-blue business suits, holding up their badges.

"Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. Taylor," the older one said. "I'm Special Agent Cameron, and this is Special Agent Pierce. Mind if we come in?"

"Not at all," I said, and they walked in with me. "Sorry about the floor, guys. I just washed it."

Agent Cameron's hair was thinning on the sides and graying, and the younger one, Agent Pierce, wore his black hair in a crewcut. I understand they're coming back into fashion.

"Can I get you guys anything to drink? Water? Soda?"

They both shook their heads and the older agent said, "Do you mind if I get to work, Mr. Taylor?"

"Not at all," I said, sitting down at the kitchen table with that day's *Portland Press Herald*. Agent Cameron left the kitchen and I heard him go upstairs as the younger agent sat across from me. I spread open the newspaper and said, "How do you think the Red Sox will do this year?"

No reply. I looked up to see him staring at me with disgust.

"Have I said something that offended you, Agent Pierce?"

"You and what you've done are offensive, Taylor," he said. His hands were placed on the table in front of him, and his fingers were thick and stubby.

"All done in the service of my country, or so I was told," I said as I turned a page.

"Don't tell me you still believe that," Agent Pierce said, nearly spitting out the words.

"Why not?" I asked.

Agent Cameron came back into the kitchen. "Upstairs is all in order. You still have the agreed-upon number of firearms?"

"I do."

"If you don't mind, I'll go down to the cellar."

"I love you, Richard, and I want to have a baby with you, but that's where I draw the line."

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"Be my guest."

Agent Pierce and I glared at each other, then I went back to my newspaper. Agent Cameron came back twice, to announce searches of the barn and my pickup. A few minutes after that he and Agent Pierce stood in my kitchen, and the older agent said, "Everything appears to be in order. No violations. No evidence that you've left town. And how is life in this little town treating you, Taylor?"

There were a lot of possible answers to that question, and I chose one that seemed pretty neutral. "I'm getting used to it."

For the first time, I saw Agent Cameron smile. "Just be glad we didn't place you in upper Alaska or the Texas panhandle. At least the weather here is relatively moderate."

I smiled back. "Ain't it the truth."

As they turned to leave Agent Cameron stopped and said something that made my knees lock: "Oh, if you have a moment, there is a matter we'd like to discuss with you. It concerns a bombing death in Cambridge."

"Oh?"

The younger agent said, "Have you heard about it?"

"Something in the paper yesterday. Some computer worker. Right?"

"Very right," Agent Cameron said. "A powerful blast. It was fortunate that the other two apartments in the building were empty at the time. The explosion made identifying the body . . . extremely challenging. We'd like to talk to you about it."

I clasped my hands behind my back, ensuring that they wouldn't shake. "Go right ahead."

Agent Pierce frowned. "Not here, Taylor. Down in Cambridge."

"Excuse me?"

Agent Cameron said, "We'd like your expertise. Look over the scene, check out the few fragments we found. Maybe you could offer us a few leads."

The kitchen floor seemed to sag beneath my feet. "Do I have to?"

Agent Cameron shrugged. "Consider it a favor."

I made a show of looking around my house. "Well, gentlemen, I did a favor for you folks some years ago that ended up with me being exiled to a town that doesn't even have a bookstore. I'm afraid my favor quotient is used up."

Agent Pierce glared some more and Agent Cameron merely shrugged. They left and drove away, and though I felt like dancing around the house with glee, I kept still.

You never knew who might be watching. Or for that matter, who might be getting a message.

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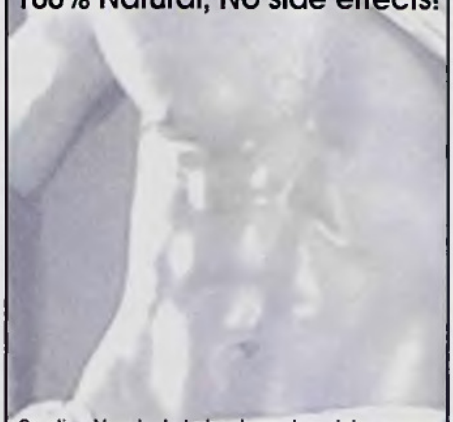

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SCOTT ADAMS

(continued from page 60)

shaking vigorously, dooms the entire planet to annihilation."

PLAYBOY: Do you like Matt Groening's cartoon work?

ADAMS: *Life in Hell* is great. I'm a huge *Simpsons* fan, though that's more of a group effort. Cartoonists like Matt Groening proved that you don't need great drawing skills to be a cartoonist. Thank God for that. I believe it was Garry Trudeau who said that he helped make the world safe for bad artists.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Trudeau's *Doonesbury*?

ADAMS: I love it. He's probably done the best job of changing a strip to keep it fresh over time. He's a model of how to stay in the business a long time and still be relevant.

PLAYBOY: On television, do you like Mike Judge's cartoons *King of the Hill* and *Beavis and Butt-head*?

ADAMS: Yes, though I can't do big doses of *Beavis and Butt-head*. I don't think it's safe for anybody to do that. More than 20 minutes would not be good for your mental health.

PLAYBOY: As a child, did you know you were funny?

ADAMS: I was always screamingly funny to a very small percentage of the general population.

PLAYBOY: When did Dilbert come to life?

ADAMS: When I worked at the bank. Originally, he was a composite of my co-workers. Dilbert is some part of my own personality and some combination of people who had better jobs than I did, the technical people, the engineers. There is one person who doesn't know that he was actually the body model for Dilbert, which I think is funny.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you tell him?

ADAMS: Well, he probably wouldn't be flattered.

PLAYBOY: How does a doodle become the one you continue to develop?

ADAMS: That's a question that makes you wonder if there is such a thing as fate. I don't know the answer. Dilbert emerged over time. The most fateful moment was when I was drawing him as a doodle and realized he needed a name. I was at Pacific Bell at that point. I drew him on my whiteboard in my cubicle and had a name-the-nerd contest. One of my bosses came by and wrote "Dilbert." It was one of those moments of total clarity. I was completely certain not that I was naming him but that Dilbert was in fact his name.

PLAYBOY: How much of Dilbert's personality and history are actually yours?

ADAMS: If you include my entire past—my dating and work histories—he is maybe 65 percent me and the rest other people.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities you and he share?

ADAMS: He has a good attitude but circumstances have put him in a bad place. He's an optimistic guy despite the fact that everything around him is really not that good. He is this little spot of normalcy among the absurdities. I have the same love of technology for the sake of technology that he has. I share very much his lack of understanding about how female creatures operate.

PLAYBOY: Have you done better than Dilbert in that area?

ADAMS: I've had a long-term-girlfriend relationship for eight years. That's way better than Dilbert, whose best was 20 minutes.

PLAYBOY: Do Dilbert's romantic misadventures come from your history?

ADAMS: Yes, from the period between 16 and 32. It wasn't always smooth and easy.

PLAYBOY: And how about Dilbert's work ethic?

ADAMS: I work hard. I'm pretty much a workaholic.

PLAYBOY: How good are you at balancing your work and home lives?

ADAMS: I don't have kids, so everything is easier to balance. My girlfriend, Pam, is as much a workaholic as I am. We both work late and have dinner around nine o'clock. We will go to any place that's still open. We have amazingly compatible lifestyles in terms of how we spend our time.

PLAYBOY: Do your readers complain that their work seems to have infiltrated the rest of their lives?

ADAMS: I'm hearing that a lot, particularly from people with electronic leashes—pagers and cell phones. When people are hired these days, sometimes they are told that it's a 24-hour-a-day job. They will be paged at four A.M. to go fix the computer system or even for much less important things.

PLAYBOY: Do you have those leashes? A pager?

ADAMS: My pager goes off only if somebody hits the URGENT button on my voice mail, and even then I routinely ignore it. Experience has shown that it's never urgent.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a different code for a genuine emergency?

ADAMS: For *real* urgent? No. I don't have a special blood type—even if someone is in a really bad accident, they are going to be just as alive or dead by the time I get there.

Nonstop work can suck your reasons for being alive right out of you. Things like having a personal life and being with your family and raising kids and having sex go out the door. People are dying inside.

PLAYBOY: But not you?

ADAMS: I love my work. I'm not working for someone else. I don't have a boss I hate.

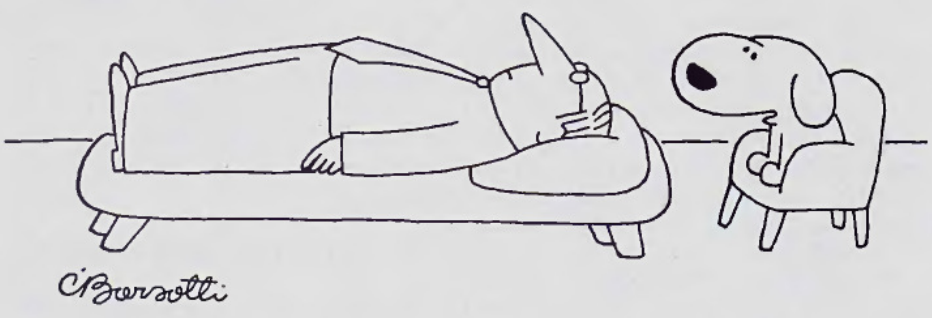
PLAYBOY: Is it any worse when bosses make crazy salaries while their companies are losing money and even laying off employees?

ADAMS: People have become almost immune to that sort of thing. People are far more prickly about stuff they live with day to day. I just did a strip about a company canceling its casual Friday because it had designated a different day that week Hawaiian-shirt day. Somebody actually took the trouble to cancel casual Friday. Lord knows what's going to happen to your stock if you have two casual days in one week. That's the kind of thing people obsess over. When it comes to the huge money bosses make, at some level people are saying to themselves, I wish I were getting all that money. The griping seems like sour grapes. I've never heard anyone say, "Man, if I were Michael Ovitz, I would have given that money back." That's not to say that I don't go after that particular theme a lot. In fact, I recently had Dogbert taking over the company, downsizing and taking massive stock options. I heard indirectly that [Sunbeam's chairman] Al Dunlap wasn't happy with that series. Dogbert got the nickname "Buzzsaw" Dogbert. Al "Chainsaw" Dunlap apparently experienced a day when many people were cutting out that cartoon and showing it to him. It didn't please him.

PLAYBOY: Was the connection innocent?

ADAMS: A chain saw and a buzz saw are entirely different tools.

PLAYBOY: In general, the politics in *Dilbert* are subtle compared with those in



"Our time's up for today. Just give my nurse some table scraps on your way out."

Doonesbury. Do you ally yourself more with the Democratic or the Republican agenda?

ADAMS: I find myself in a strange situation that doesn't really relate to anything. Unlike many people, I feel no need to sugarcoat my opinions. I'm in favor of the death penalty. I'm in favor of abortion. I'm in favor of euthanasia. I'm in favor of a strong military defense. What do all these things have in common? I'm basically in favor of killing.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought of running for office on that platform?

ADAMS: I know that it wouldn't get me very far. I could try to put a good spin on it and say I'm pro-choice and pro–strong defense. People should have dignity in death. We should have deterrents to crime. But it all kind of falls into one basket when you simplify it. No, you don't see anybody running on that sort of platform.

PLAYBOY: Although *Dilbert* isn't overtly political, is it gratifying that you're not merely entertaining people? That you are providing something meaningful that reflects their lives?

ADAMS: I would like to say that I set out to do a good thing and it worked out. But I really sat down just to draw cartoons and make a buck. It will never vary from that simple objective. But if it helps people, I like that.

PLAYBOY: How important has the Internet been to the success of *Dilbert*?

ADAMS: Probably the difference between being in 300 and 1700 newspapers. At first it allowed me to have a really small core audience. The people who lived and breathed the Internet saw that there's a character who lives in that world too. Secondly, it allowed me to put my e-mail address on the strip, which allowed people to write and tell me what they liked and didn't like. They wanted more business strips, but I didn't know that and was doing a lot of nonbusiness stuff. So I changed, and that change alone probably would have brought the strip to several hundred newspapers. Then, Watterson and Larson, two of the best cartoonists in the world, retired unexpectedly, which opened up a bunch of spaces in newspapers. The key space for me was the one that was left by *Calvin and Hobbes*, since it was rectangular. In the world of cartooning, that makes quite a big difference. *The Far Side* was a single panel. To fill those spaces most editors conducted polls. They offered three comics and asked readers which one they wanted. Since I was on the Internet, people all over the country had already seen me. They hadn't seen the other strips. I won 100 percent of those polls. Most people said the Internet would kill newspapers; the Internet is what put me in newspapers.

PLAYBOY: Did you always hope to write books?

ADAMS: No, I didn't. I just had hundreds of people writing to me and telling me that I should. Then *The Wall Street Journal* ran an article I wrote called "The Dilbert Principle," which later became a chapter in the book of the same name. I got a call from clever editors at Harper Collins. And I have to say that probably one of the two or three highest points of my life was when *The Dilbert Principle* hit number one on the *New York Times* list. It had been languishing at number two for a long time. I think Dennis Rodman's book was number one. If you're two for long enough you won't make it to number one. I had convinced myself that the difference between being number two and number one is really just one spot. Boy, was I wrong. I really had no idea how much impact it would have the day I received the phone call and they said, "It's number one." Everything was different.

PLAYBOY: Internally or externally?

ADAMS: It's only internal. I don't know that the world treats me any differently. It's something that happened that no one can ever take away.

PLAYBOY: Was it a big thing for you when you no longer had to worry so much about money?

ADAMS: No, and I was disappointed that it wasn't. I was never one who worried that I wouldn't be able to eat. Nor have I had high requirements for physical comfort, though I do love my pool table. But life really isn't much different with or without money. I have always had this low-level anxiety over what would happen if I were to lose all my money, and that hasn't changed. I can run the numbers and see that the odds of my being poor are vanishingly small, but that doesn't change the background worry. I still think I could be poor tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Besides your pool table, do you have other sorts of indulgences?

ADAMS: The freedom to be stupid. That's the best way I can explain it. For example, I'm driving to the store and I need a lightbulb. But I forgot to check what kind of lightbulb I need. Before, I had to drive home and make another trip. Now I can be stupid and buy most of the lightbulbs in the store and throw away the ones that I don't need. There is no way you can define that as anything but stupid. Now I have the ability to buy a bit of stupidity and be totally immune to its impact.

PLAYBOY: Do you take vacations?

ADAMS: I don't. I could take a vacation if I wanted to, but I just don't. I quickly get restless. I always feel like I'm battling mortality. I don't take vacations because I have too much to do. There are a certain number of things I have to finish, and there is something really big ahead.

PLAYBOY: Bigger than *Dilbert*?

ADAMS: Bigger. I feel like I've got to hurry or I won't get there. It's a useful feeling, because it keeps me waking up in the morning.

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CHAMPAGNE (continued from page 83)

Expect to pay $15 to $25 for a nonvintage bubbly. Save your good stuff for the millennium.

ounce of cognac, Grand Marnier or Cointreau has become a common practice. The Bellini, made with champagne and white peach puree, is also a classic. But in the Nineties, when new, diverse products such as lemon rum, vanilla vodka, jalapeño tequila and citrus gin present a wide variety of unusual ingredients, professional bartenders and amateur mixologists are creating their own sparkling versions of the champagne cocktail.

POP GOES THE CORK

Because a champagne cocktail calls for sugar, bitters and often another liquor, you shouldn't use the most expensive champagne. Expect to pay $15 to $25 for a nonvintage bottle of bubbly. The extra ingredients in the cocktail will mask the finer points of an expensive wine anyway, so save that for a worthy occasion—such as the millennium itself.

The glass you choose is also important. Although you may be tempted to opt for a champagne saucer (the shape of which is said to have been modeled after Marie Antoinette's left breast), we recommend a chilled tulip or flute style. Both of these glasses retain the carbonation in the bubbly and concentrate the cocktail's nose rather than dissipate it over a broad surface.

Raise your glass to the following drinks and the establishments that made them famous.

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(LA GRIGLIA, HOUSTON)

5 crushed strawberries
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Put 1 cup of ice in a blender and add strawberries, vodka, Campari and most of the champagne. Blend well. Pour into a champagne flute; top with remaining splash of champagne.

P&P'S BELLINI
(PUCCINI & PINETTI, SAN FRANCISCO)

1¼ ounces Stolichnaya flavored vodka
4 ounces champagne

Fill a champagne flute with champagne. Top it off with peach, strawberry or raspberry Stolichnaya.

DIAMOND CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL
(RAINBOW ROOM, NEW YORK)

1 skewer of crystallized sugar
Angostura bitters
Champagne
Orange liqueur

Soak skewer of sugar in Angostura bitters until saturated; place in a champagne flute. Nearly fill flute with champagne. Float orange liqueur on top.

FALLEN ANGEL
(DROVERS TAP ROOM, NEW YORK)

1 ounce Bacardi Limón rum
Splash of triple sec
Splash of cranberry juice
Champagne

In a shaker half-filled with ice, combine rum, triple sec and cranberry juice. Shake and strain into a chilled martini glass. Top with champagne; garnish with a twist of lemon.

TULIO ORO
(TULIO, SEATTLE)

1 lemon twist
¾ ounce Limoncello
½ ounce Punt e Mes
6 ounces Prosecco (a sweet Italian sparkling wine)
1 candied lemon wheel

In a shaker half-filled with ice, combine lemon twist, Limoncello and Punt e Mes. Shake and strain into a champagne flute. Add the Prosecco; garnish with lemon wheel.

TBILISI ROYALE
(FIREBIRD RUSSIAN RESTAURANT, NEW YORK)

⅛ ounce Stolichnaya Limonnaya vodka
¼ ounce peach schnapps
Champagne
1 orange twist
1 maraschino cherry, skewered onto a stirrer

Pour vodka and schnapps into a champagne flute; top with champagne and garnish with orange twist and cherry.

CHAMPAGNE HASSLER
(OSTERIA DEL CIRCO, NEW YORK)

There are no exact measurements for this drink, which was named for the Hassler Hotel in Rome. Cut a passion fruit in half and, in front of your companion, squeeze the juice of one half into a flute. Top with champagne.

CHAMPAGNE MEDICATO
(LE CIRQUE 2000, NEW YORK)

This four-star restaurant notes that this drink can be made with a number of secondary ingredients. Medicato means "medicated" in Italian, and the drink calls for a glass of champagne that has been strengthened with a drop of a secondary ingredient. Le Cirque 2000 suggests Campari, but in France, Chambord would be the medicine of choice.

"For another $25, how about a souvenir videotape of your performance?"

tiger at play

(continued from page 80)

row. In 1994 he started his run as an amateur, winning the U.S. Amateur a record three years straight.

Since turning pro in 1996 at the age of 20, Tiger has won six times on the PGA Tour. Most impressive was his Masters victory, which he won in record form by 12 shots, making him the youngest winner ever. Tiger's aggressive style worked perfectly at Augusta National. He unleashed his driver off the tee, hitting the ball so far that fairway bunkers, such as the one down the right side of hole number one and the one down the left of number 18, never came into play. Tiger's drives were so long he was able to hit soft, short irons to the flags. His competitors were forced to play longer shots onto the slick greens. Water and sand guarding par-five holes posed no threat to Tiger. He didn't need to be focused. Aggression off the tee and genius on the green paved the way to victory. These advantages are what prompted Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer to predict that Tiger will win more green jackets than their total of ten combined.

After Tiger's 1997 Augusta win, the golfing public and press looked to him to win the remaining three majors: the U.S. Open, British Open and PGA championship. Tigermania had swallowed the golf world, but the more he played on more penal courses, the harder things got. Courses such as Congressional, Royal Troon and Winged Foot, where the other majors were played in 1997, ate him for lunch. They demand accuracy off the tee. It doesn't matter if you hit the ball 350 yards. If the ball comes to rest in six-inch-long rough, the chance of making par is slim.

Finishing no better than 19th in any of the remaining majors, Tiger admitted that he "got beat up" and realized for the first time that pure aggression—playing the driver off nearly every tee and firing at the flagsticks from the woods and rough—is not the formula for winning the other major championships. Looking in the mirror, Tiger soon realized that the coveted majors are much different from the match-play competitions he was nurtured by while an amateur. When you score two double bogies in a row during a major stroke-play championship, you have to score four birdies just to get back to even par. And par won't cut it. In fact, shooting even par in a regular PGA Tour event doesn't earn you enough money to pay for lunch.

Tiger finished at the top of the money list in 1997, becoming the first player to win $2 million. But, still, during the second half of the year he played mediocre golf. Like all of us who play this crazy game, Tiger faced one fact: To shoot the lowest possible score and play winning golf, you must sometimes keep the id at bay and let the ego enter the game. You must be disciplined enough to play an iron or fairway wood off the tee on a narrow hole, disciplined enough to lay up in front of a water hazard if you know it will take your best shot to carry it, disciplined enough to play for the fat of the green when aiming at a sucker pin is foolhardy. You must know when to go and when to go slow.

All of us can relate to Tiger's inner struggles on and off the course. Every golfer has experienced the frustration of hitting the ball great on the practice tee, then poorly out on the course. That's no different from having a speech down cold, then choking at the podium. The only difference between life and golf is that on the course there's no dog to kick. But as Tiger is finding out, what matters most is getting through the day, knowing you have given the game your best—and best thought-out—shot.

Chances are, when the 1998 Masters is over, Tiger will wear another green jacket. However, Tiger's new maturity will allow him to win some or all of the other three majors. Then the question will be whether or not Tiger can remain totally focused on the game that he has changed from its swing to its soul.

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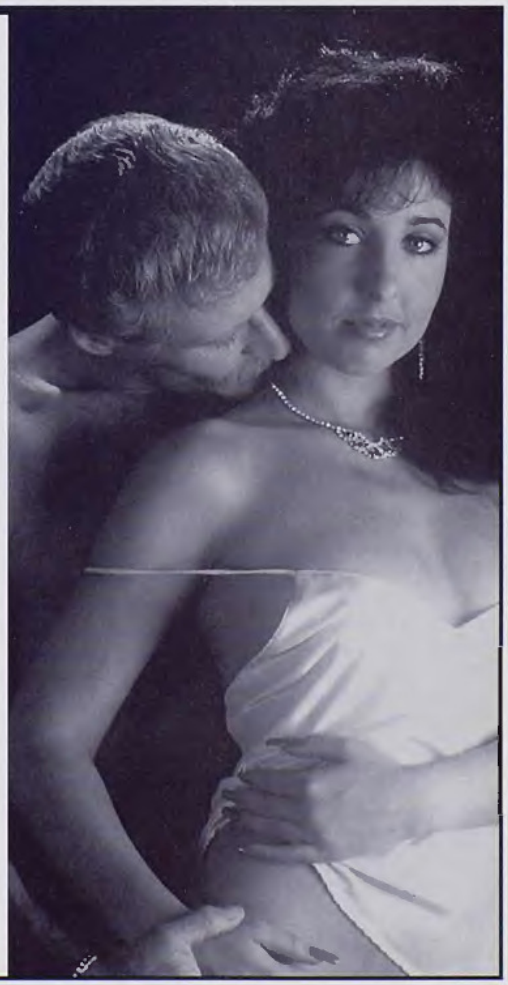

Bunny Memories (continued from page 112)

"We were young women on the move, out there exploring a new frontier. We were like sisters."

One reason I never went to parties or saw the other girls outside the Club was that he wouldn't let me out of his sight. So I finally left the Playboy Club and went to the Bahamas to work in a resort casino with a lot of other former Bunnies. The Italian croupiers used to make pasta for us, and they'd fling the spaghetti against the wall to see if it was al dente. If it stuck, it was cooked enough. I thought that it was the most European thing I had ever seen. And an English croupier who had records by some group called the Beatles told us, 'They're bigger than Elvis—they're going to take over the world!' I was fired shortly before the resort's big grand opening because I wouldn't sleep with one of the owners. It was a Saturday night and all the cruise ships were coming in, but the other girls walked out in support of me. Everybody quit en masse.

"I eventually found myself back in Manhattan, standing with two suitcases in front of Tiffany's on a Sunday morning, not knowing what to do. Then I remembered a Bunny I'd worked with, and I called her. She and her boyfriend, Arnie, a great born-in-Brooklyn kind of guy, let me sleep on their couch until I could figure out what to do. I needed a job, but I couldn't be a cocktail waitress again. Arnie looked in the *New York Times* ads and said, 'Here. You can be a house model for Christian Dior.' You had to be 5'8" but I was 5'6½", so I went in wearing high heels and got the job. Later, when I was modeling for *Vogue* in the Seventies, I was asked to be one of the speakers at a feminist rally held in front of the New York Public Library. Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan were there, and I was proud to have been asked. I stood in the crowd listening to the angry words, and it struck me that I was hearing nothing but a tirade blaming men for everything. I couldn't relate to all that hostility. I turned around and left. My idea of being a feminist is making your own way in the world, being responsible for your decisions and taking care of yourself, not looking to a man to take care of you.

"We were young women on the move, out there exploring a new frontier. We were like sisters learning together how to take charge of our own lives. We protected one another. We were a rare bouquet."

SUSAN SULLIVAN

"It was summertime, and I was working in Manhattan as a showroom model to earn money for my junior year at Hofstra University. The fashion houses always took on extra girls to show the new fall lines, but I needed a part-time job when I went back to school too. It was then that I saw a full-page ad in *The New York Times* announcing Bunny jobs at the Playboy Club. The Playboy Club to me was about PLAYBOY, which represented something illicit and erotic. I didn't read the magazine, but I found it sexy to look at when I would see it in some guy's apartment. I suppose it comes from my Irish Catholic background, but the taboo of sex was very erotic to me. The idea of working as a Bunny titillated the voyeuristic aspects of my nature. I never seriously thought I would be hired, but I decided to at least apply for the job. I wanted to see the Club, and I figured that would be the only way I ever would.

"The fact that I was a Bunny was soon known on campus, and that became a big thing. I was already well established at Hofstra as an actress because I was in all the plays. Then a big picture of me in my Bunny outfit appeared in the school newspaper. I had been dating a very popular guy and we had broken up. I remember him seeing the picture of me as a Bunny and saying, 'Oh my God, what's going on here?'

"That pleased me. I was in school, doing something significant, yet I was also capable of doing this other thing on the side. I was pretty enough to do it. It gave me a bit of an edge. I never thought of myself as terribly pretty, so getting hired to be a Bunny served as confirmation that I was a sexy woman.

"During Bunny training, it was repeatedly emphasized that we couldn't date customers or meet a man anywhere near the Club. Well, a man sat down in my station, a Texan, and I said what I always said: 'Hello, I'm Bunny Sue and I'm applying for a Fulbright. What would you like to drink?' Well, this man became fascinated with me and wanted to help me get the Fulbright. He was intent on meeting outside the Club, and, of course, I told him that wasn't possible. He followed me on the train to Long Island, and when I got off at my stop, there he was. All he wanted to do was give me a set of books, *Best American Plays*, which I still have.

"Many of the gals working at the Club were not necessarily beautiful. They were not the prettiest and didn't have the best bodies, but they were bright. That quality seemed to be of greater importance to the Club. Initially a lot of the women selected were college students. I remember meeting a lot of European girls there, and a good many highly motivated women.

"At the time I worked at the Club, being a Bunny was not the main thrust of what was going on in my life. But when I look back at it, I'm glad I had the experience, because it was just that—an experience. So much of your life goes by with a sameness, but the experience of being a Bunny has a sharp, electric-blue kind of color. The same color as my costume."

POLLY MATZINGER

"I was struck by one of the questions on the Bunny job application: 'What do you feel yourself to be an expert in?' Playboy used that information to select the most suitable Bunnies to do various promotions. I had never been asked that before, and it made me ponder what I would be most qualified to talk about. My answer was dogs. Yes, I felt I was an expert on dogs. Many of the women were going to school, an amazing group. Bunnies weren't just pieces of flesh but

"That must be the artist."

interesting women who were able to talk to people.

"I made the most money playing billiards as a Pool Bunny, earning 40 cents an hour and a dollar a game, with the first $17 going to the Club. If you play dozens of games a night at the same table night after night, you get pretty hard to beat. Then you make some crazy triple bank shot and everyone wants to play you because they think you couldn't possibly do it again. I was able to save a fair amount of money.

"It was actually my waitressing work that led me into a career in science. I got to listen to a lot of great conversations. Two professors would come in and talk science. One day they were talking about animal mimicry—how one butterfly will mimic another butterfly, and how a good-tasting butterfly will mimic a bad-tasting butterfly to avoid being eaten by birds. I had studied biology and asked them a question that I had wondered about for years: 'Why has no animal ever mimicked a skunk? A raccoon with a stripe down its back would have a selective advantage.' Their mouths fell open—a cocktail waitress asking this sort of question? They didn't know how to answer it.

"One of the scientists launched a personal campaign to persuade me to go to college and take up science. He convinced me it was something I could actually do. Otherwise, I could have worked as a cocktail waitress forever because it was a job that never got boring.

"In 1979, after getting my Ph.D. in biology, I went to England to do a four-year postdoctorate at Cambridge funded by a National Institutes of Health overseas fellowship, followed by a six-year fellowship at Hoffman-LaRoche in Switzerland. In 1989 I took up residence at the NIH and began to develop my theory, ultimately named the Danger Model, which London's *Daily Telegraph* called 'potentially the most far-reaching development in immunology this century.'"

DEBORAH HARRY

"I came from the sticks and wasn't at all sophisticated. I was born in Florida, but grew up in New Jersey. The Bunny job had an aura of glamour. I thought I'd give it a try, figuring it might be interesting and fun, certainly lucrative. I was quiet. I did my job and I kept my eyes wide open to everything.

"Being a Bunny involved a rare combination for a woman in the workplace. It was an unusual perception of women as beautiful, feminine and very sexy, and at the same time ambitious and intelligent. At Playboy we women had a place where we could use those attributes to make money—and also be valued as employees. Bunnies *were* the Playboy Club."

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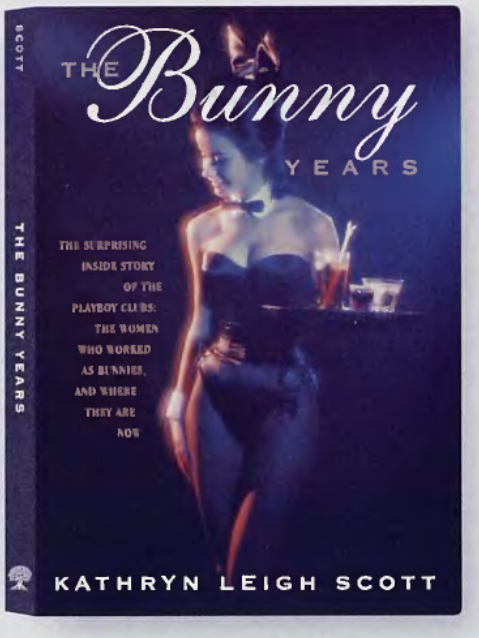
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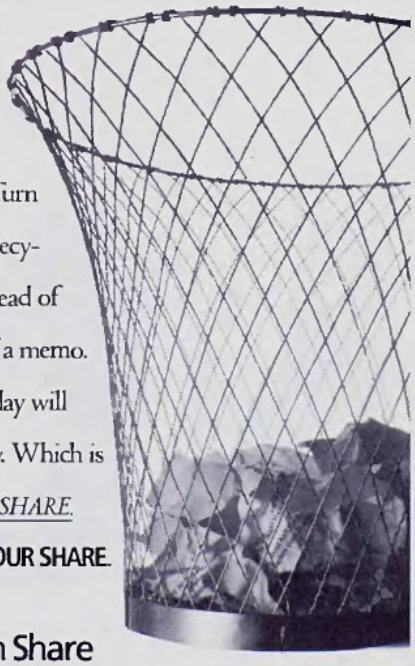

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Earth Share

Baseball

(continued from page 128)

The Braves may be baseball's best team. They have pitching, hitting and defense, but no karma.

Bavasi has seen fit to sign sperm whale Cecil Fielder to replace crack infielder Tony Phillips at DH, exchanging speed for obesity. Will it work? Only if Angels pitchers learn to doctor the ball with flubber.

Last in pitching, last in attendance, last in the AL West, the once-proud **Athletics** may actually be worse than they looked a year ago. With Mark McGwire long gone, Oakland spent much of the off-season pursuing Rickey Henderson, another golden-age A who is five years older than McGwire. Outfielder Matt Stairs clouted 27 homers in 1997 to more than double his career total, but Stairs is 30 years old. Jason Giambi (.293, 20 homers, 81 RBI), underrated infielder Kurt Abbott and signee Mike Blowers can help. Still, a rotation that made for only 29 wins and two complete games will get little help from the intermittent stuff of starters Kenny Rogers and Tom Candiotti. Like Atlanta in recent years, Oakland dominated the game a decade ago but went home disappointed every year but one.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

If not for the postmodern postseason we might be calling the **Braves** the best team ever. Five World Series titles! They had the deepest starting pitching since the old Palmer–McNally–Cuellar Orioles. It was Maddux, Glavine, Smoltz, Neagle and pray for a bagel. Denny Neagle, their number four starter, finished third in voting for the Cy Young award. But Atlanta seems cursed.

The Braves' decade opened with Atlanta's Lonnie Smith freezing on the bases to help give Minnesota the 1991 World Series. In that great Series, four out of seven games were decided on the final pitch. Smith died at third in the last game, starting the Braves on their strange road to last fall's playoff loss to the wild-card Marlins.

The Braves did manage a 1995 Series win over the even more snakebit Indians. Still, nobody compares the Braves to the 1927 Yankees. Instead, they are likened to the early-Nineties Buffalo Bills, and they are touchy about it. Pitcher John Smoltz sounded off about the "loser label" in the losers' dugout last fall: Isn't it better, he asked, to be good every year and win one World Series than to win a couple Series and stink the rest of the time?

Well, no. As Smoltz and manager Bobby Cox keep learning, a decade of excellence isn't good enough. In fact, Atlanta must win this year. If the Braves turn pumpkin in October again, they will officially become baseball's Buffalo Bills, the winningest losers of all.

Disenchanted with fading first baseman Fred McGriff and shortstop Jeff Blauser, GM John Schuerholz signed ex-Rockies Andres Galarraga, *el Gato Grande*, to play first and ex-Rockie Walt Weiss to play short. Galarraga has led the league in RBI the past two years and hit 88 homers to McGriff's 50. Yet he may turn out to be nothing but a pricier McGriff whose stats were inflated by Colorado's thin air. Weiss lacks Blauser's bat, but Cox can count on maturing stars Javy Lopez, Ryan Klesko and Andruw Jones to take up any bat-rack slack. Meanwhile, Atlanta's pitching is among the best the game has ever seen. Greg Maddux' 19–4, 2.20 ERA performance in 1997, in which he struck out 177 men while walking 20, moved him near to the head of the class among pitchers in the game's 130-year history. Tom Glavine and Smoltz are merely the league's best number two and number three starters. Fourth starter Neagle won 20 games. Closer Mark Wohlers, who fights his fear of flying on every team trip, gives hitters high anxiety with 100-mph fastballs.

The Braves may be baseball's best team, but I see them losing again this autumn—perhaps to a seventh-game pinch homer by Darryl Strawberry. They have pitching, hitting and defense, but no karma.

At least Atlanta gets a free pass to the playoffs. No other team in the East looks capable of winning 80 games. The Mets signed Japanese hurler Masato Yoshii to fill a rotation spot behind Al Leiter, Bobby Jones and Rick Reed. Two years ago this was the team of great young arms. Bill Pulsipher, Jason Isringhausen and Paul Wilson were the young guns who could make fans forget Maddux, Glavine and Smoltz. But all three phenoms blew out their arms. Another big hurt came when Alex Ochoa hit more like Dylan Thomas than Frank Thomas, and Carl Everett, another sizzling prospect, flamed out. The Mets have actually done a superb job of surviving such torpedo shots. They aren't about to catch Atlanta this season, but by 1999 they may challenge for a wild-card slot in the postseason party.

Last spring the **Marlins** signed over their future to Gary Sheffield. General manager Dave Dombrowski, the best in the biz, inked moody outfielder Sheffield to a long-term contract for $10 million–plus per year. Sheffield responded with a superb impression of Jeff Blauser—21 homers, 71 RBI. Florida won the big enchilada anyway, with starter Livan Hernandez sending his native Cuba into orbit while shortstop Edgar Renteria, who delivered the winning hit, became Colombia's greatest star. Florida's *salsa y plaintain* year suggested the international flavor of baseball in the next century. Florida's roster and the Dodgers' United Nations rotation presage an era in which every shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo. will have teammates from

"I'm not jealous because she's seeing someone else. I'm jealous because she's getting laid and I'm not."

Caracas and Tokyo. Unfortunately for Marlins fans, owner Huizenga decided to get out while he was ahead, cutting costs in order to sell the team cheap. Kevin Brown, Moises Alou and everyone else was trade bait. The proud Marlins were chum for hungry NL competitors. Young outfielders Mark Kotsay and Todd Dunwoody and new closer Jay Powell are underpriced—the only factor that matters in the Marlins' front office anymore—but the rest of this club looks like a farm team for the dearly departed, long-lamented 1997 champions.

Expos supersub F.P. Santangelo put it best: "This team is like high school. You know the seniors won't be back next year." Small-market Montreal made a habit of dumping its best players: Randy Johnson, Larry Walker, Andres Galarraga, John Wetteland, Marquis Grissom. Every year the list lengthens. Every year Felipe Alou somehow keeps his club respectable, but the cracks in the foundation are starting to show. Last year Montreal finished 78–84, not bad considering the roster Alou had to work with, but still ten games behind the mediocre Mets. Ten games' worth of improvement might be possible with fireballer Dustin Hermanson in the rotation all year and outfielders Rondell White and Vladimir Guerrero maturing into MVP candidates, but Alou can only sprout more gray hair as his best players keep getting traded away. Next year I will be praising the game's finest manager for finishing fourth with a Little League team.

The **Phillies** are hoping for a comeback for center fielder Lenny Dykstra, who earned $6 million last season without playing an inning. Dykstra is 35 and hasn't hit a ball hard since the Ford administration. Of the Phils' gnarly 1993 Series heroes only John Kruk got away safely. Kruk retired years ago, avoiding ugly scenes like Dykstra's comeback attempt and last year's sighting of Mitch Williams, still flipping a few last gopher balls from his grave. The Phils have a fine young manager in Terry Francona, an ace in Curt Schilling, a fab third baseman in Rookie of the Year Scott Rolen and little chance of improving their abysmal 68–94 record.

NATIONAL LEAGUE CENTRAL

Houston will be favored in the Central but won't win. The **Cardinals,** who were an inch from the 1996 Series before backsliding to fourth place last season, won't be as banged up this time around. Even more important, Mark McGwire (24 homers in a mere 174 ABs for St. Louis, 58 for the season) is on hand from the start. That means supporting an improving pitching staff with 70 to 80 extra runs, enough to push manager Tony La Russa's reputation back into genius territory. With rehabbed closer Jeff Brantley saving games for a talented but undistinguished rotation, rejuvenated Delino DeShields at second and an outfield featuring Ray Lankford (.295, 31 homers, 98 RBI in a partial season), Ron Gant (17 homers in a down year) and possibly a healthy Brian Jordan, this year's Cardinals should be 15 games better than last year's edition—just enough to catch the underachievers who beat them out a year ago.

Even with the Cards' fold in 1997 the **Astros** barely eked out a division title before quickly excusing themselves from the playoffs. Now Series hero Moises Alou (.292, 23 homers, 115 RBI), rescued from the Florida fire sale, joins first baseman Jeff Bagwell, second baseman Craig Biggio and outfielder Derek Bell in a lineup chock with All-Stars. Their 1997 ace Darryl Kile signed with Colorado; Kile won 19 games last year but averaged only eight wins in the previous three seasons. Starters Shane Reynolds, Mike Hampton and Chris Holt will try to step up, while bazooka-armed closer Billy Wagner tries to avoid a repeat of last year's streaky performance. Manager Larry Dierker, trashed in this space last year, now returns to defend his title as Central Division genius. But I say the 1997 champion Astros, whose 84–78 record was the worst of the six division champs, will slip by three games this time around, morphing into a .500 club with thinly disguised holes in the everyday lineup, the rotation and the bullpen.

With no money to spend in small-market Pittsburgh, GM Cam Bonifay pulled a pennant contender out of his hat in 1997, when the **Pirates** contended all year and finished only five games out in this weak division. Their total payroll was less than Greg Maddux' current salary. They shocked patrons at Three Rivers Stadium by leaving the clubhouse to shake hands with ticket buyers as they entered the park. Still more surprising were the superb years they got from unexpected sources: First baseman Kevin Young's .300 average and 18 homers, closer Rich Loiselle's 29 saves, second baseman Tony Womack's league-leading 60 steals, even a combined no-hitter by a pair of no-name hurlers. Can such luck hold out? No. Manager Gene Lamont simply doesn't have the firepower to stay near the division leaders twice in a row. Lamont's best player, outfielder Al Martin, should top his 1997 numbers while everyone else loses ground. The Pittsburgh Pirates, who are two or three key injuries away from losing 100 games, are about two bad years from becoming the Charlotte Pirates.

Bud Selig's **Brewers** could challenge Cleveland—correction, St. Louis—in the Central this year. Commissioner Selig, who takes a "What, me worry?" approach to radical changes in the old game, is bringing his team to the National League. He can only hope DH Dave

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Nilsson (20 homers, 81 RBI) can handle switching to left field in the DH-less NL, right fielder Jeromy Burnitz (27 homers, 85 RBI, 20 steals) can match his 1997 numbers and both can stay out of Marquis Grissom's way. Grissom, a huge all-round talent coming off a substandard season, will be the most electrifying Brewer since Robin Yount. Unfortunately for manager Phil Garner, Milwaukee pitching may be scrap-heap material. Closer Doug Jones' soft-and-softer change-ups resulted in 36 saves last year, but the 40-year-old Jones has been written off several times before; in his last NL stint Jones blew five of seven save opportunities for the Cubs.

The **Cubs** tried Mel Rojas in the closer spot after Jones' 1996 flop and got similar results. Rojas flamed out and was shipped to the Mets. The Cubs' bullpen stoppers have stunk up Wrigley Field since Randy Myers absconded after the 1995 season. Since then Myers has saved 76 games for Baltimore while Chicago's bullpen made the blown save its specialty. The new savior is ex–Giants closer Rod Beck, who doesn't throw as hard as his setup man, Terry Adams, but has 199 career saves to Adams' 23. But how many leads will the Cubs hand over to Beck? As statmaster Bill James has shown, the best plan for a team in a hitters' park is to emphasize pitching and on-base percentage. That way you minimize enemy three-run homers and maximize your own. But since letting baseball's greatest starter get away in 1993 this club has consistently done the reverse, using mediocre starters and free-swinging hitters who treat walks like kryptonite. The 1998 rotation is another no-name crew; the lineup is worse than ever. Along with 1997 NL strikeout king Sammy Sosa, who at least managed 36 homers and 119 RBI while whiffing 174 times, the Cubs now feature 1996 strikeout leader Henry Rodriguez plus a new, strikeout-prone double-play combination of Jeff Blauser and Mickey Morandini. The one bat-control man is slap-hitting first baseman Mark Grace. Grace should be batting second or even leadoff, but in the clueless confines of Wrigley Field he is miscast as a middle-of-the-order guy.

Pete Rose will never enter the Hall of Fame. That's the good news. The bad news is that nobody else in Cincinnati will do Cooperstown either. **Reds** shortstop Barry Larkin could have been a Hall contender but his bad wheels will prevent that. And Cincinnati GM Jim Bowden, who has made some brilliant free-agent signings in recent years, must now hope Roberto Petagine becomes Roberto Clemente and outfielder Melvin Nieves becomes Mel Ott. Anonymous starting pitchers Dave Burba, Brett Tomko and Mike Remlinger are actually a talented trio, while Reggie Sanders and Willie Greene are potential 30-homer guys. Jeff Shaw, who had nine career saves before notching an NL-best 42 last year, is the league's newest stud closer. Still, with each passing year the crumbling Reds look less like a contender and more like the ash at the end of Marge Schott's cigarette.

"America's a great country, but we should keep our distance until they make more progress on smokers' rights."

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Dodger blue has begun to signify a bad mood, not just a uniform color. For at least two years the **Dodgers'** talent has been the West's best while the performance of this proud, wealthy team has fallen short. If their heralded hurlers are a bit overpraised—with Ismael Valdes winning just 38 games in three years with his supposedly Madduxian talent, and 14–12 Hideo Nomo and 10-game winner Ramón Martinez slipping toward mediocrity—at least Chan Ho Park is the real deal. The tall 24-year-old Korean, often unhittable in a 14–8 season, may be better than Valdes. Closer Todd Worrell has retired after a calamitous season of blown saves and game-losing homers. Antonio Osuna, who once fanned 13 consecutive batters in the Mexican League, takes over, with Darren Dreifort on hand in case Osuna pulls a Worrell. Dreifort was 5–2 with four saves and a 2.86 ERA in his first full season—stats that barely hint at the 25-year-old Kansan's ability. On Dreifort's best nights his stuff is so evil that hitters have been known to drop their bats and laugh. Oddly enough, that makes him an iffy candidate for the closer role, for his pitches tend to elude catchers, too.

Catcher Mike Piazza has matured into the kind of hitter people talk about forever. A decade ago, Tom Lasorda had to beg his bosses to draft his pal Vince Piazza's kid, but since making the All-Star team in his rookie year Mike Piazza has batted .319, .346, .336 and .362 while averaging 33 homers and 104 RBI. All of this while playing half his games in one of the worst hitters' parks of all. The best-hitting catcher in history now has a higher career batting average than Pete

Rose, George Brett or Rod Carew. His supporting cast ain't bad, either. First baseman Eric Karros is a consistent 30-homer man. Outfielder Raul Mondesi, third sacker Todd Zeile, zippy leadoff man Eric Young and 1996 Rookie of the Year Todd Hollandsworth are all candidates for this year's All-Star fiesta at Coors Field. So why don't the Dodgers win the utterly winnable West every year? Why do they lack personality? Perhaps because they have too many personalities.

Last summer Piazza publicly questioned his team's heart. The Los Angeles roster may be a great advertisement for diversity but it lacks cohesion, he said. The Dodgers were 25 men with 25 cabs and three interpreters.

Can manager Bill Russell lead such a patchwork crew through a grueling season and three rounds of playoffs? It says here that he can, because even in modern baseball the best team occasionally wins. The 1998 Dodgers will blow away the rest of the West en route to a postseason showdown with Atlanta.

The world champ Marlins' fire sale helped the Padres most of all. San Diego traded three minor-league prospects for Kevin Brown, the league's best starter who doesn't work for Ted Turner. Brown's 16–8, 2.69 ERA year was his second straight superb season for Florida. Now he heads a San Diego rotation that also stars Joey Hamilton and Andy Ashby, two of the league's better starters. Ken Caminiti, the 1996 MVP, fell from a .326 average with 40 homers and 130 RBI to .290 with 26 and 90 in a long, sore-shouldered 1997 but should do better this time around. Ditto Steve Finley, who dipped a bit last year to .261 with 28 homers and 92 RBI. The same cannot be said of God Himself, the San Diego right fielder. He had a career year in 1997 by batting .372—35 points higher than his lifetime average—with a sudden power surge at age 37: While lifting his average 19 points he went from three homers and 50 RBI to 17 and 119. Impossible, you say? Hey, Tony Gwynn works in mysterious ways.

The Colorado Rockies believe they have a mean one-two pitching punch with $24 million signee Darryl Kile, who won 19 games with a 2.57 ERA for the Astros last year, and ex-Dodger Pedro Astacio. Well, maybe. Kile's ERA might double in Denver's thin air. Astacio, who came from Los Angeles in the Eric Young trade and had several good outings before getting torched in his last Coors Field start, may soon be a candidate for the loony bin. Coors Field eats pitchers, and a homer-prone guy like Astacio could easily spend much of 1998 swiveling to watch moonshots disappear. The rest of the pitching staff resembles Swiss cheese. Colorado's attack stars MVP Larry Walker, Dante Bichette and

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WIRED

Page 20: "Computing on the Fly": **Handheld PCs:** By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277. By *Mitsubishi Electronics of America*, 800-445-5250. By *Toshiba*, 800-457-7777. By *Casio Phonemate*, 310-320-9810. By *Apple Computer*, 800-538-9696. "Say Cheese": **Color printers:** By *Lexmark*, 800-539-6275. By *Epson*, 800-463-7766. By *Olympus America*, 888-553-4448. "Wild Things": **Power-protection device** by *XS Technologies*, 888-978-3241. **Car security system** by *RoadTrac*, 800-708-1170.

HEALTH & FITNESS

Page 28: "Sweat It Out": **Shower gel** by *Crunch*, at all five NYC Crunch locations and one in Los Angeles, 213-654-4550, or call 212-620-7867 for ordering information.

MANTRACK

Page 33: "Have Blades, Will Travel": **Knives** by *Wüsthof-Trident*, Hawthorne, NY, 914-773-0200. "Bespoke Spoken Here": **Store:** *Turnbull & Asser*, NYC, 212-319-8100. Page 35: "Razor Buzz": **Razor** by *Norelco*, Stamford, CT, 203-973-0200. "Châteaux Cheap": **Wines of Languedoc and Roussillon:** From *Robert Kacher Selections*, Washington, DC, 202-832-9083. From *Alain Junguenet/Wines of France*, Mountainside, NJ, 908-654-6173. From *Kermit Lynch Wine Merchant*, Berkeley, CA, 510-524-1524. Page 37: "The Road Warrior Combo": **Carry-on suiter and computer bag** by *Tumi*, 800-322-8864. "Shredded Neat": **Shredder** by *GBC*, 800-541-0094.

SHIRTS AND TIES

Pages 86–87: **Shirts:** *Best of Class by Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778 and at Nordstrom stores. By *Brioni*, at Neiman Marcus stores. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores. By *Thomas Pink*, NYC, 212-838-1928. By *Burberrys*, at Burberrys retail stores. Pages 88–89: **Ties:** By *Tino Cosma*, NYC, 212-246-4005. By *Robert Talbott* and *Best of Class by Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778, and at Nordstrom stores. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Boss Hugo Boss*, Washington, DC, 202-625-2677, Beverly Hills, 310-379-9515 and King of Prussia, PA, 610-992-1400.

WARP SPEED

Pages 108–111: **Motorcycles:** By *American Honda*, 310-532-9811. By *American Suzuki Motor*, 800-828-7433. By *Yamaha Motorsports*, 800-692-6242. By *Kawasaki*, 800-661-7433. By *BMW of North America*, 800-345-4269.

FAR-OUT PAGERS

Pages 126–127: **Pagers:** By *Motorola*, 800-548-9954. By *Texas Instruments*, 800-842-2737. By *Research in Motion*, 519-888-7465. By *Socket*, from GTE, 800-483-5838.

ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "Get Down! Get Down!": **Dive camera** by *Pioneer Research*, 800-257-7742. **Underwater mask** by *SeaVision*, 800-732-6275. **Dive knife** by *Ocean Master*, 800-841-7007. **Chronograph–chronometer** by *Alain Silberstein*, from Kenjo, 212-333-7220.

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Ellis Burks in a power-packed outfield, plus 40-homer man Vinny Castilla at third, hotshot shortstop Neifi Perez and ex-Expo second baseman Mike Lansing. Watch Lansing's stats soar as he moves from Montreal to Colorado. But can Colorado overtake the Dodgers with minor-league slugger Todd Helton trying to fill Galarraga's shoes at first base? Yes—if Kile wins 20 games for the Rockies, Astacio wins 15, Jerry Dipoto saves 35 and Hades freezes.

San Francisco's defending division champs have nowhere to go but down. Even with Robb Nen's 101-octane gas refueling the bullpen, even with Barry Bonds adding to his Cooperstown credentials, Dusty Baker's **Giants** are about to get dusted. The wondrous Bonds, who hit 40 homers with 101 RBI, had 37 steals (out of 45 attempts) and won still another Gold Glove in 1997, has already earned a spot among the ten or 15 greatest players ever. He somehow notches super stats each year while enemy hurlers constantly try to avoid him. No one gets more intentional—and semi-intentional—walks than Bonds, who leads the league in passes year after year. All of which suggests a fundamental question: Is Barry Bonds better than many of baseball's all-time greats? Is he better than, say, Roberto Clemente? Yes, easily. Is he better than his godfather, Willie Mays? Better than Ty Cobb, maybe even Babe Ruth? It's possible. I may be struck by lightning for saying so, but I say Bonds' one true rival as baseball's finest all-time player may not be Mays, Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb, who all excelled in a slower, weaker game, but his contemporary Ken Griffey Jr.

Phoenix sports mogul Jerry Colangelo annoyed his fellow owners by signing shortstop Jay Bell for megamillions to play for the **Diamondbacks.** Bell may be the 500th-best shortstop ever. Third baseman Matt Williams, however, will challenge San Diego's Caminiti in All-Star voting, while center fielder Devon White, ex-Dodger Karim Garcia and Rookie of the Year candidate Travis Lee fill out a lineup that should finish in the middle of the NL pack offensively. Manager Buck Showalter's mound corps includes starter Willie Blair, who survived a vicious line drive to the jaw last spring to win 16 games for Detroit. That meant free-agent millions for the eight-year veteran Blair, who had never before won more than seven. It won't mean more than ten wins in 1998 as Andy Benes leads fellow Snake starters Blair, Brian Anderson, Jeff Suppan and Omar Daal to the slaughter. The excitement starts March 31 in Phoenix, when Benes or Blair faces Colorado's Darryl Kile in the Diamondbacks' historic first loss.

Happy Opening Day. See you in the cheap seats.

twenty-five things

(continued from page 116)

seconds, just to tease me. When he finally put his fingers in me, it felt that much more amazing."

(8) MEN AIM TO PLEASE

Jennifer, 24: "The first time I had sex with this one guy, he jokingly asked, 'What's your secret formula?' He was giving me permission to tell him what I wanted. That made me relax. For my money, it's not how much you know about women, it's how much you know about me."

Leigh, 29: "My boyfriend follows directions superbly, so he's been able to fine-tune things over the years. And he always lets me come first."

Barbara, 50: "What I love most about men is that they get turned on turning you on."

Katrina, 34: "My husband loves to play with my sex toys. When he takes me from behind and touches one of my vibrators to my anus, it throws me into outer orbit. He'll ask me if I'd like him to make me come with his mouth, a toy, etc., and I'm so excitable that usually just his question gets me off."

(9) MEN HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS

Michelle, 34: "In the middle of doing the nastiest things and talking dirty to me, my boyfriend will stop, say my name and tell me he loves me. Hearing him say that, especially my name, raises everything up a notch."

Mary, 25: "I was dressed in a shabby T-shirt and shorts for painting and my boyfriend wanted to make love. I laughed and said to him, 'C'mon, I'm a mess.' He had me after he said, 'But you always look lovely.' Flattery will get you everywhere."

Tammy, 31: "My last boyfriend was a talker. No one had talked dirty to me before. He would say complimentary things like 'I love your pussy' or 'I love how you stroke me.' It sounds weird repeating it. He was so good that I couldn't wait for the words."

(10) MEN ARE ALWAYS PRIMED

Rachel, 26: "Men are so positive about sex. My lover says that he always wants to have sex with me—he's just waiting for me to say 'Go.'"

Sarah, 18: "The great thing about guys is that they never say no. The other day we were at the library. My boyfriend had a term paper due. I started kissing him, and then, you know. He's always willing, and I'm a very sexual girl. I was wearing a dress, so I slipped off my stockings and we did it against a wall, then finished in a chair. I never would have gone with him to the library if I didn't think I would get sex out of it."

Anna, 34: "My husband has as much enthusiasm for sex as he did the first

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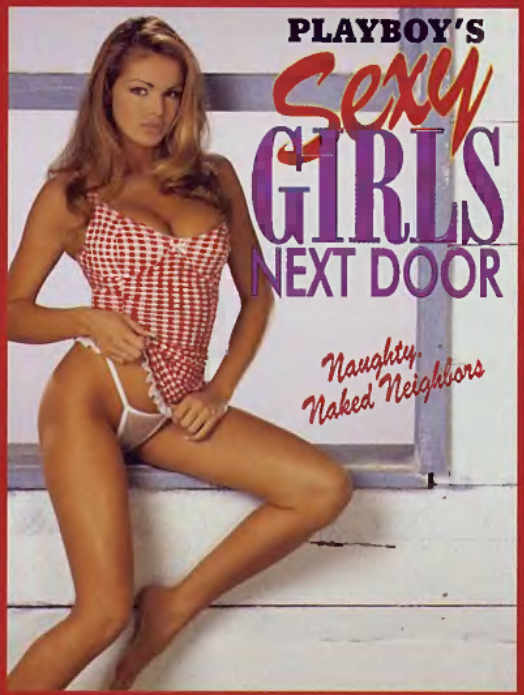

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ten from the men

mitch, 35 "Here's a move that always works for me. Your lover has to be engaged in some activity where she's standing up. Approach her from behind and begin kissing her neck, which is the most erogenous zone on every woman on the planet. The important thing is to keep her facing away from you. Whether you're unbuttoning her blouse, pulling down her skirt or removing her underwear, you create a certain kind of anonymity. The three times I tried this—one woman was combing her hair after a shower, another was brushing her teeth before bed, the third was washing strawberries in the kitchen sink—the sex was nothing less than dynamite. Especially with the strawberry woman, because we used the fruit."

phillip, 32 "I was once in a movie theater with a lover and during one sexy scene I slipped my hand under her dress and inside her panties to finger her. I played—and she squirmed—for a little while, but it was when I removed my hand and slid the finger into my mouth that she gasped. Whenever I speak to her, she still reminds me of it, and it happened seven years ago."

paul, 29 "A surprisingly large number of women seem to enjoy having their hair pulled, or at least gently tugged, during both foreplay and intercourse. Many years ago a girlfriend actually requested that I yank her hair, and almost everyone I've been with since has been turned on by it."

jon, 30 "I always make sure we're in a bed with a footboard. If you can steady your feet at the bottom of the bed, you can use your toes to get leverage so you can rock horizontally and rub your pelvis against her clitoris for a no-hands orgasm. It might sound complicated, but it works like a charm."

vince, 24 "Sometimes I'll slide a well-lubed finger up a woman's ass while going down on her. This trick is not something most women think of on their own, and it's not something they usually ask for, but they have all been happy as hell when I've done it."

alex, 33 "This move works only if you have good banter in bed. Once things start rolling, tell her you need to confess a little bad behavior. Hopefully, she'll get that you're going to go dirty on her. Reveal to her that you've been getting a little on the side—fucking a co-worker or someone from your past or someone you simply met in line at the grocery store. Every now and then say, 'I mean, I felt awful betraying you and all, but I couldn't help myself. This woman knew absolutely everything there is to know about turning me on.' The best fantasies, I've learned, come loaded with details—and throwing in the occasional reference to your guilt over (or thrill at) betraying your partner is one of the most crucial details you can include. This nasty fantasy works only if your partner feels secure in your relationship. A portion of her turn-on is the fact that she can never be 100 percent certain you're not fessing up to a genuine truth."

don, 41 "I tend to rely on the tried-and-true techniques. The trick is to know exactly when to employ which move. At this point it's almost instinct to know when she's ready for me to lick softly behind her ear, nibble hard on her collarbone or slide it deep inside. Know when it is time to go real slow and sensual and when to go wild. Pressure is another important factor. I've developed a knack for a bite or a kiss or a grasp that's extremely gentle and controlled yet rough and abandoned at the same time."

pete, 23 "Here's my favorite move: Hold your dick parallel to her body and rub the tip slowly over her pussy lips and clitoris. After about a minute of this, she'll be begging you to make love to her. I learned this trick from Charles Mingus' autobiography."

dave, 27 "I've never met a woman who doesn't enjoy a good earlobe nibble. My technique is to watch the teeth and keep up a steady stream of sweet nothings, usually customized to the nibblee."

roger, 53 "I am a true believer in the Holy Grail of sexual pleasure, the G spot. It's there, it works, it's mysterious. If you think about it, it's like searching for a pot of gold in a room filled with $100 bills. Even when the G spot has been elusive, my faith in its existence has kept my attention focused. At times my search is even mistaken for prolonged foreplay."

time we were together years ago. Knowing that I excite him is a powerful ego boost. I don't have to make myself sexy for him; I am sexy to him."

(11) MEN INVENTED MULTITASKING

Laura, 28: "My boyfriend does something with his thumb on my clitoris while his middle and index fingers massage my vulva. I can't explain or duplicate it, but it feels like I am being reborn."

Maxine, 19: "Men work hard, and that's good, because a woman can never have too much stimulation. The vibrator covers the clitoris, the fingers go everywhere else."

Gina, 28: "My boyfriend has this move where he fingers my nipples and licks them at the same time. It's wonderful."

Casey, 24: "You know a guy is good when he uses both hands to fondle you."

Dana, 24: "My boyfriend is able to bury his erection inside me while running his tongue along my six-inch stiletto heels. He makes it look easy."

(12) MEN TAKE CHARGE

Liz, 23: "I like it when a guy gets aggressive, pulls my hair, scratches my back, smacks my ass, fucks me hard. Being sensitive doesn't mean being a pussy in bed."

Ashley, 31: "I love guys who make me wait and beg. Slow, hard and steady is the road to orgasm, but fast and mean is the way to get me in a good mood."

Wendy, 22: "I had a one-night stand with a musician who put me in positions I'd never been in, spread my legs apart, put me totally under his control without making me feel unsafe. It was a blur of dreadlocks and biceps. I came even before I knew what was happening."

Monica, 29: "I like a man who lets me know he's the guy and I'm the girl. When he's on top of me and uses a healthy grip to pin my arms above my head, or when I'm on top and he grabs my hips, the pure power turns me on."

(13) MEN ARE CURIOUS

Susan, 30: "One ex-boyfriend had a movie theater seat in his office. He took off my clothes, sat me in the chair and asked me to throw my legs over the arms. Then he sat down and explored with his fingers. He circled, squeezed, probed, stroked, very slowly, with the lights on, while he stared at me to gauge my reaction. I could barely sit still."

(14) MEN RETURN THE FAVOR

Kate, 24: "One guy with whom I used to have relations had a brilliant technique of suckling my clitoris. How can I describe it? He would pull my clit into his mouth and give me a little blow job."

Cindy, 27: "I had a girlfriend who said that every time she gave her boyfriend a blow job, she would get a gift. That's an excellent program."

(15) MEN KNOW THEIR PLEASURE

Paula, 25: "I love guys because their bodies aren't a patchwork of off-limits areas."

Renee, 34: "I have never met a man who is shy about masturbating. There is nothing sexier than a live show, and nothing more telling. I learn his rhythm, his favorite techniques and the amount of pressure to use."

(16) MEN COME PREPARED

Donna, 28: "The best lover I ever had brushed his teeth, clipped his nails and shaved prior to getting under the sheets, kept mints on his bedside table and never ran out of ice for my drinks or for other things."

(17) MEN ARE PROTECTIVE

Deborah, 36: "I will always think fondly of the man who, after our first intercourse, when I had turned my back in a loose spoon position, pulled me against his chest with one arm and held me like that all night. He was a big guy, so I could sleep with my head on his shoulder all night without cutting off his circulation. I haven't found anyone else who can do that."

(18) MEN HAVE HEARTY APPETITES

Liz, 23: "This one guy put Nutella all over me and licked it off because the package said, 'Spread it on something special.'"

Sue, 32: "Things that have done it for me: One: The guy who lapped single malt from the small of my back. Two: The guy who took bite after bite until he had measured my bum in careful mouthfuls. Three: The guy who didn't freak out when I needed a good long cry. He just sat me down on his face and ate me while I sobbed. It was ultravoluptuous and a million times more comforting than the just-hold-me treatment."

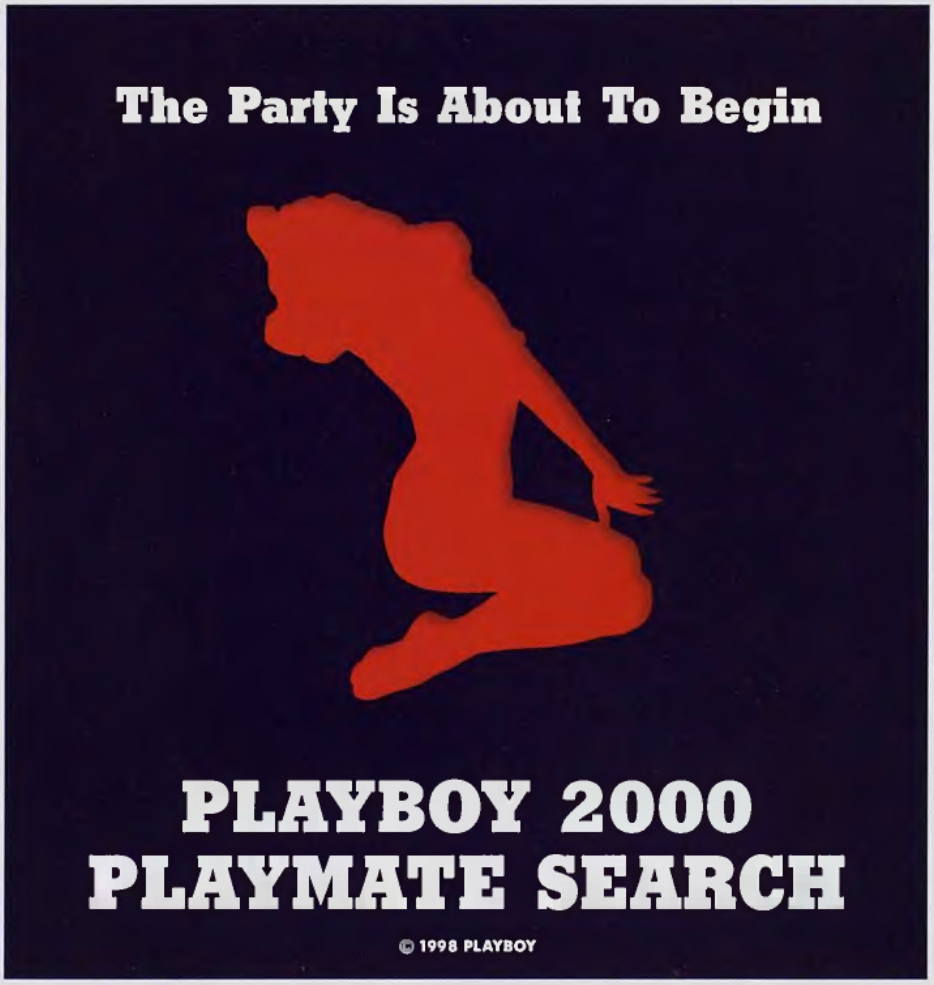
Kim, 20: "My boyfriend drove me to his house and blindfolded me. He took me through the back door and told me to lie down. I felt pillows. I heard a refrigerator door open. I tasted champagne. He unbuttoned my blouse. I felt whipped cream on both my nipples and then his tongue licking it off. More champagne. Then I felt whipped cream between my legs and more licking. At that point I had to rip off that fucking blindfold."

(19) MEN EMBRACE THEIR FEMININE SIDE

Lauren, 32: "One lover poured me a glass of wine as I lay in bed, then painted my toenails and fingernails. After he'd finished—a great job, too—he gave me a massage. Then he licked my pussy, sucked my nipples and made love to me. I was so turned on I still get wet whenever I pass a Cutex display."

(20) MEN ARE EASY TO PLEASE

Danielle, 26: "This may sound crude, but it's not meant to be dismissive. It's just that you have to admire anyone who can be satisfied in bed just having his penis sucked."



(21) MEN TAKE RESPONSIBILITY

Tracy, 28: "I was with one guy for the first time and he reached for a condom at just the right moment. I didn't have to ask, and he didn't make it an issue."

(22) MEN ARE OVERACHIEVERS

Kristen, 31: "My lover practices tantric sex. The first time we were together we fucked for four hours. He came five times and never lost his erection. When it was finally over—he finished by going down on me—I was like, 'What the hell was that?' He must have practiced for months to have that sort of staying power. Once he was upset because he lasted only 45 minutes before he ejaculated. I told him it was OK."

(23) MEN EXPAND HORIZONS

Sara, 29: "There is a store in San Francisco called Stormy Leather that sells latex dresses. Once when we were running errands, my boyfriend said, 'Let's go in there.' I told him, 'I don't think so.' But we went in. I found this expensive silver dress and poured myself into it. I walked out of the dressing room and his jaw dropped. We've broken up since, but he sparked my interest in fetish clothing. Now I love to go to fetish clubs wearing my shiny clothes."

Rachel, 26: "The first time a guy sucked my toes blew me away. I was surprised, but it was sensual. There's no feeling like a wet mouth over your toe. The message was, 'Everything about your body turns me on.'"

(24) MEN ARE FOCUSED

Sandy, 22: "One night my boyfriend went down on me and wrapped his arms tightly around my thighs, holding them together. It caused him to concentrate on my clitoris, but the psychological benefits were what got to me—having him hug me like that made me feel that he was embracing me, oral sex and our lovemaking in general. The visual was cool, too—he has great biceps, and it was obvious I wasn't going anywhere for a while."

(25) MEN LEAVE AN IMPRESSION

Molly, 25: "On a summer night I ended up in a goodnight kiss against my car with a date. He reached under my sundress and slowly pulled down my panties. 'Cooler now?' he said. It was so damn over-the-top, I told him I had to go. I drove away without my panties—I could feel the car seat against my ass. By the time I got home I was so turned on I had to pull out my vibrator. I wrote him an e-mail and said we needed to get together again. I had to sleep with him."

Elizabeth Gracen (continued from page 134)

Sexual risk is pure moment. It is improvisational. It is hot. It is saying, "This can't wait."

time is proof of exploitation or sexual predation. But we believe that all men and women have the right to explore—through as many partners as they wish—their sexual potential. If you accept the testimony of one of Clinton's alleged former sex partners, he is a "profound and imaginative lover." Gennifer Flowers—someone who unfortunately does not share Elizabeth Ward Gracen's sense of discretion—came to his defense when the Paula Jones brouhaha surfaced, saying the alleged incident was not Bill's style. How good are your sexual references?

That most in the media still think in the old scripts of predator and promiscuous slut is evident in how Monica Lewinsky has been described in the press. Old friends have come out to say she is manipulative, oversexed, a woman with an agenda, someone who went to Washington with a set of knee pads and her eyes on the president. Oversexed is the modern term for nymphomaniac—what Kinsey once described as "someone who has more sex than the person using the term." Name a 21-year-old woman who is not oversexed. If a woman is assertive or exploratory, do we need a high school teacher to label her manipulative?

Clinton's sex life is his own. We should not expect men to make sexual choices with the same grim consequence with which they handle the Cuban Missile Crisis or Saddam Hussein. Lighten up. That Clinton can perform with his job pressure is a miracle. That sex can be a relief valve, or a rejuvenation, isn't worth 10,000 editorials or a life on the couch. It is one of the many faces of sex. We don't need the president to make that point. Look at these pictures again. Feel recharged? The controversy gave airtime to the self-appointed experts on something called sexual addiction. These dour souls feel that anyone who likes sex enough to repeat it is caught in a web of temptation. They toss about phrases such as obsessive-compulsive behavior and self-destructive risk.

Gennifer Flowers chimed in, describing Clinton as a high-wire act, a man who wanted to have sex at a party in the governor's mansion while his wife was close by.

What do we think of sexual risk? It is pure moment. It is improvisational. It charges the act when hours of languid foreplay are out of the question. It is hot. It is saying, "This can't wait."

One might say that it's hit-and-run sex, or male oriented—that we somehow rob the woman of her right to hours of adulation, dinner and a movie—the old price of courtship. But we no longer believe women have the sexual inertia of a nun or of Queen Victoria. Sparks fly. If the quickie is the only form of sex that doesn't come with a mortgage, so be it.

Are we immature, or what? The scandal quickly became a national discussion on the meaning of oral sex.

The oral-sex debate took at least three forms. Most had fun with the lust loophole, the notion that Clinton believes the Bible says oral sex is not adultery. Did he find that in the King James version? More likely, in the Rick James version.

We learned that *Black's Law Dictionary* does not technically consider oral sex to be adultery, but we've never turned to law books for sex advice. *ABC News* produced a lawyer who muttered that there is case law to the contrary. Our own expert says adultery is defined by the spouse's reaction. If your spouse were to discover you in the act, would you want him or her to be carrying a shotgun?

Most articles couched oral sex as a politician's obsession. Congressmen have been getting blow jobs from pages and secretaries for aeons.

When PLAYBOY polled college students in 1996 we found that about half did not consider oral sex to be real sex, and that three quarters did not include oral-sex partners in their sexual histories. This may or may not be, as one social psychologist argued, a "moral freebie."

An entire generation has carved out a sexual space that does not involve intercourse. In the Fifties, we called Vassar coeds who did everything but the real thing "technical virgins." Oral sex is a way of being sexual without risking pregnancy. It is recreational sex. It's the most fun you can have without taking off your clothes or mussing your hair.

Then there was the "protect the children" masquerade. We were amused by all the conservatives who whined about having to discuss oral sex at the breakfast table with their fifth-graders.

Look at what passes for sex education these days. Those same children go to grade school to learn about reproductive organs, the role of hormones and AIDS. A curriculum that doesn't mention ecstasy—only grim consequence. (There are nations in the world—Sweden, Holland—where alternatives to intercourse are part of the curriculum.) In this void, Generation Xers have discovered oral sex and made it their own. More power to them. Now oral sex has the presidential seal of approval.

This may be Clinton's greatest legacy. Especially in the workplace. At least one editorial commented that Zippergate had made it OK to discuss sex around the watercooler without fear of being brought up on sexual harassment charges. Clinton embarrassed himself so that we could all be adults again.

The child factor cropped up everywhere. On one NPR show, a famous feminist kept saying that Clinton had

"Of course, I believe that women have a right to control their own bodies. All I ask is that they let me watch."

exploited an intern who was barely out of high school. A fellow panelist had to correct her. Monica Lewinsky was 21, an adult, fresh out of college, not high school.

The feminist quandary: When does a woman become an adult, i.e., when is she responsible for her own actions, up to and including seducing the president and telling tales out of school? The thrust of sexual harassment laws and date rape lectures is that women are passive victims, that they need protection throughout their lives. Victorians felt that way and arrived at a simple solution: Keep all women at home. Should women be kept out of government and the workplace until they pass a maturity test? Should women be licensed?

The famous feminist claimed that the Lewinsky affair was clearly an abuse of power, as exploitative and offensive as the Paula Jones affair. As governor, Clinton could not, by law, have sex with any employee of the state of Arkansas. As president, he cannot have sex with any employee of the federal government or, for that matter, any citizen of the U.S. without violating someone's notion of sexual harassment law.

Perhaps the most hypocritical attitude was that adopted by commentators who took it upon themselves to criticize the president's response to questions about affairs.

How would they respond to the Starr chamber? How would you? There are only three possible responses to a charge of adultery:

- Discretion: My private life is none of your concern.
- Denial: Who, me? No way.
- Defiance: Yeah, I fucked her. So what? Let ye who are without sin cast the first stone.

Clinton is caught between options one and two, but regardless of the truth, he will always be viewed as weak. Hillary did a better job, saying to the press, "We've been married for 22 years. We know everything there is to know about each other and we understand and accept and love each other." She was as powerful as Xena, and in that moment, just as sexy. And should anyone persist, choose your second and meet at dawn.

Clinton could have said: "We are human. We have a marriage that is a partnership. It is not defined by something as absurd as sexual exclusivity. We are faithful to the partnership, not to some sense of each other as property."

The right to privacy should extend to the president as well as to the man in the street. Then again, perhaps we should revert to those ancient rituals in which court advisors gathered in the royal bedroom to watch the king and queen have sex.

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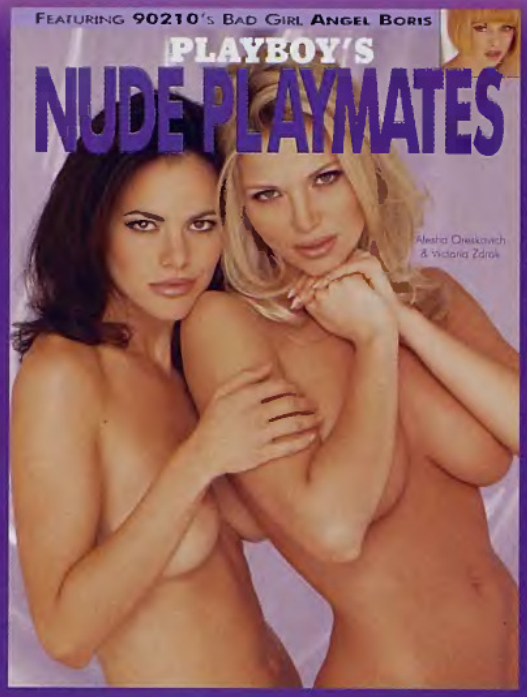

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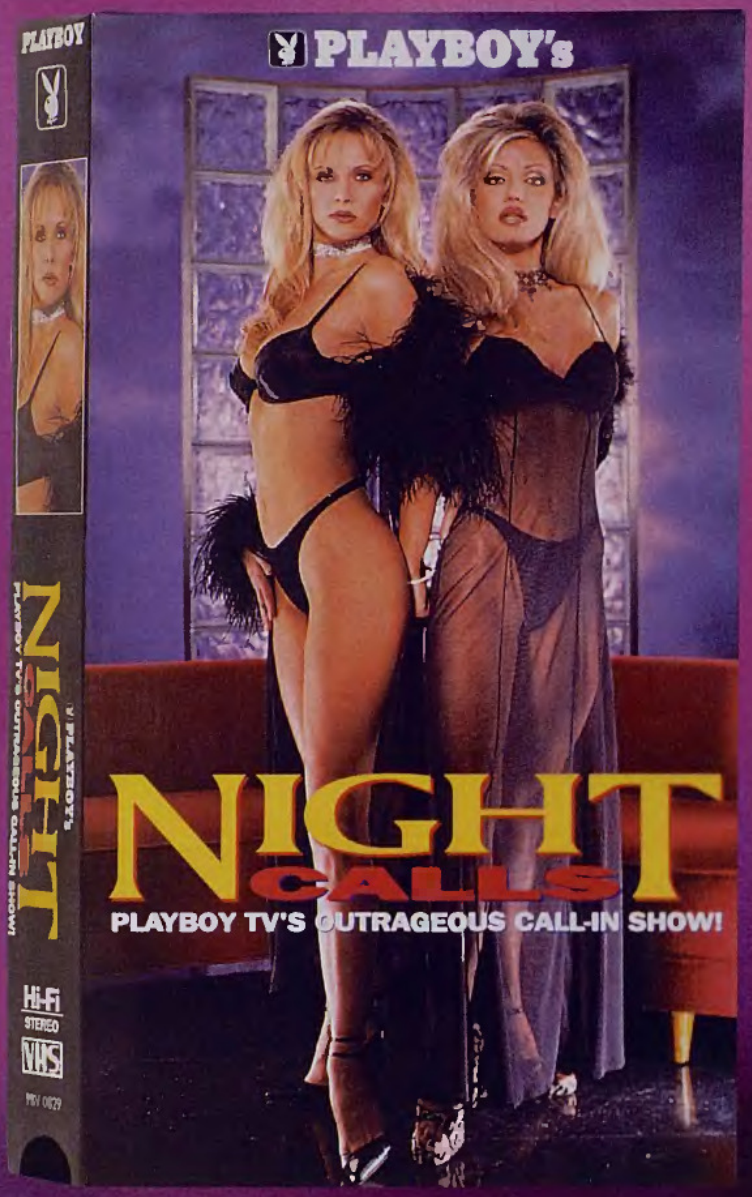

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PLAYMATE NEWS

PAJAMA PARTY

Playboy TV celebrated its 15th birthday with a star-studded pajama party at Los Angeles' hottest nightclub, the Garden of Eden. Playmates,

Before the pajama party kicked off at the Garden of Eden, *Entertainment Tonight* covered the event at a pre-party photo shoot at the Mansion, where Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens and Hef (left) posed in silk robes. The Mansion served as backdrop for *ET*'s cameraman and Miss February 1997 Kimber West (inset). Pictured above, Kimber West, Carrie Stevens, Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Morteen and 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt know they are a great-looking group of women. Other pajama party attendees included Juli Ashton and Dorio (co-hosts of Playboy TV's popular interactive call-in show *Night Calls*) and Playmates Gillian Bonner, Angel Boris, Nikki Schieler, Victoria Fuller, Kelly Monaco, Julie Lynn Cialini, Avo Fabian and Daphnee Lynn Duplaix.

Playboy TV personalities and models wore one-of-a-kind sleepwear fashions by designers Todd Oldham, Betsey Johnson, Elisabetta Rogiani and Syren, among others. *Politically Incorrect*'s Bill Maher hosted the event. Playboy TV's Williamson Howe, host of *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*, modeled custom-made silk PJs that looked suspiciously like the kind Hef's been wearing for the past 35 years. Hey, they've worked for him.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — MAY

Lynnda Kimball—Miss January 1975 will be 46 on May 1.
Tracy Vaccaro—Miss October 1983 will be 36 on May 4.
Joyce Nizzari—Miss December 1958 will be 58 on May 20.
Elisa Bridges—Miss December 1994 will be 25 on May 24.
Gloria Root—Miss December 1969 will be 50 on May 28.

JANET QUIST:
"I was a runner-up in a PLAYBOY photo contest and again for the 25th Anniversary Playmate, but I hit pay dirt in December 1978."

STAR STRUCK

That's Ethan Howke with Miss March 1997 Jennifer Miriam (above left). Jennifer, as Catherine, flirts with Ethan on the big screen in *The Newton Boys* (co-starring Matthew McConoughey and Julianna Morgulies). Tim Allen jokes with Miss December 1992 Barbara Moore (center) at the New Year's Eve Playboy Mansion party. Is that Joonie and Chachi? No, it's Miss June 1992 Angelo Melini and Scott Baio (right), who are ringing in the new year cheek to cheek.

PLAYMATE NEWS

PATTI'S SWEET VICTORY

Justice wasn't swift, but it was sweet for May 1976 Playmate Patti McClain. She was fired from her job as an office manager 17 months ago. She alleged that the company fired her over her pictorial in *The Playmate Book*. Now Patti has settled her lawsuit and feels she has "won for all women. They can't do this to a Playmate again," she says. "I really don't mind if someone says, 'Hey, Patti, you look beautiful today.' That doesn't make me feel discriminated against or harassed. But I think in my professional life I should be judged for my work alone. Now that this is over I hope I've made a difference."

FAN MAIL

Jean Manson has been a recording artist in France since her debut as Miss August 1974. I saw her most recently on a French television variety show. She's the first female French singer to record a country music album, which includes a version of *Stand By Your Man*.—David Reeves, Edmonton, Alberta

Am I the only wife in the world who doesn't have a problem with PLAYBOY? I worked with Victoria Valentino and asked her for an autographed photo. My husband really went into orbit when I gave it to him.—Geraldine Sylvester, Toluca Lake, California

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

O Canada, My Canada

We would like to thank the Maple Leaf for these Playmates born in Canada:
The Sixties: Pamela Anne Gordon
The Seventies: Danielle de Vabre, Virve Reid, Kristine Winder, Dorothy Stratten, Sylvie Garant
The Eighties: Heidi Sorenson, Kelly Tough, Shannon Tweed
The Nineties: Peggy McIntaggart, Pamela Anderson Lee, Morgan Fox

CAROL JUBUR MALLERSON

If you're having a baby or thinking about it, I highly recommend September 1979 Playmate Vicki McCarty's book, *The Girlfriends' Guide to Pregnancy*, one of a series published under her married name, Vicki Iovine. It's practical, down-to-earth, funny and accurate.—Mark Tomlonson, Kalamazoo, Michigan

A Trenton, New Jersey newspaper, *The Trentonian*, features a pin-up–type poster in its Monday editions. This week's model is April 1993 Playmate Nicole Wood, who has moved to the state and started her own cosmetics line. It's great to have such a gorgeous celebrity in our midst.—Bob Schroeder, Trenton, New Jersey

TINA BOCKRATH:
"My mom wos very cool obout PLAYBOY. Her biggest concern wos whether the people who first contacted me were reolly from the mogazine. Even my grondporents were cool obout it."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Fresh from her role in *The Newton Boys* (Richard Linklater's outlaw flick), Miss March 1997 Jennifer Miriam phoned us from Austin, Texas for a brief chat.

Q: In the film, you play one of Ethan Hawke's love interests. Did you like working with him?

A: Ethan was incredible. I have had a crush on him since I was a teenager. He's easygoing and laid-back.

Q: How did you prepare for the role in *Newton Boys*?

A: My character is a girl-next-door manicurist who meets a man and winds up having dinner and drinks with him. I had to cut my long hair into a bob. I originally had one line, but we improvised a lot, which was a bit difficult. The movie takes place in the Twenties, so we couldn't say words like yeah and cool.

Q: What's an ideal night on the town in Austin?

A: First, dinner at Sullivan's, then martinis at the Speakeasy, a place with great swing music for dancing.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss December 1992 **Barbara Moore** can be seen in two music videos, **Phil Collins'** *Wear My Hat* and **Aerosmith's** *Pink*. . . .

Miss October 1978 **Marcy Hanson's** Victorian Inn appeared in *Texas Vacations* magazine in March. . . . Miss August 1994 **Maria Checa** has a part in the sequel to *From Dusk Till Dawn*, a film co-produced by **Quentin Tarantino**. . . . Miss January 1997 **Jami Ferrell** was in Chicago this past winter and she took a turn on the ice at a Blackhawks game. The puck stops here. . . . Miss September 1997 **Nikki Schieler** was this winter's Lange ski boot poster girl. . . . Both Miss January 1994 **Anna-Marie Goddard** and also Miss February 1998 **Julia Schultz** starred on *Pictionary*, a syndicated television game show. . . . This past winter, Miss August 1995 **Rachel Jeán Marteen** and Miss October 1994 **Victoria Zdrok** appeared in south Florida at the club Howl at the Moon, for a promotional event for Smirnoff.

Jami Ferrell

Marteen, Zdrok

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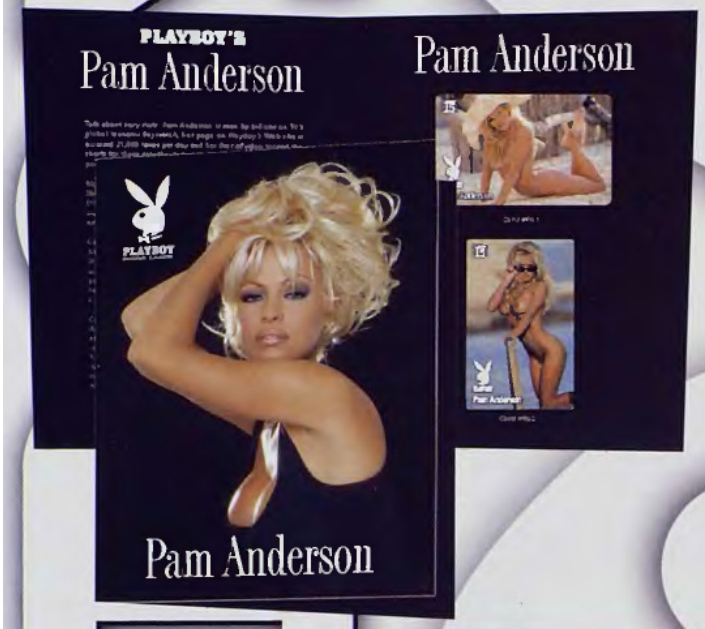

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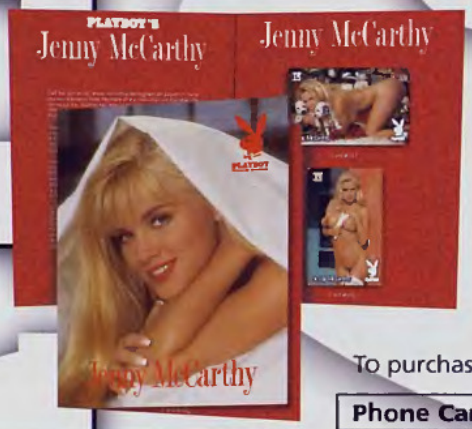

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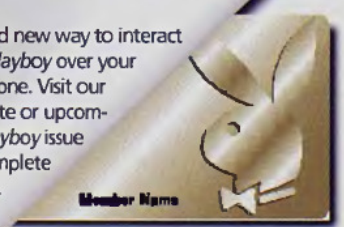

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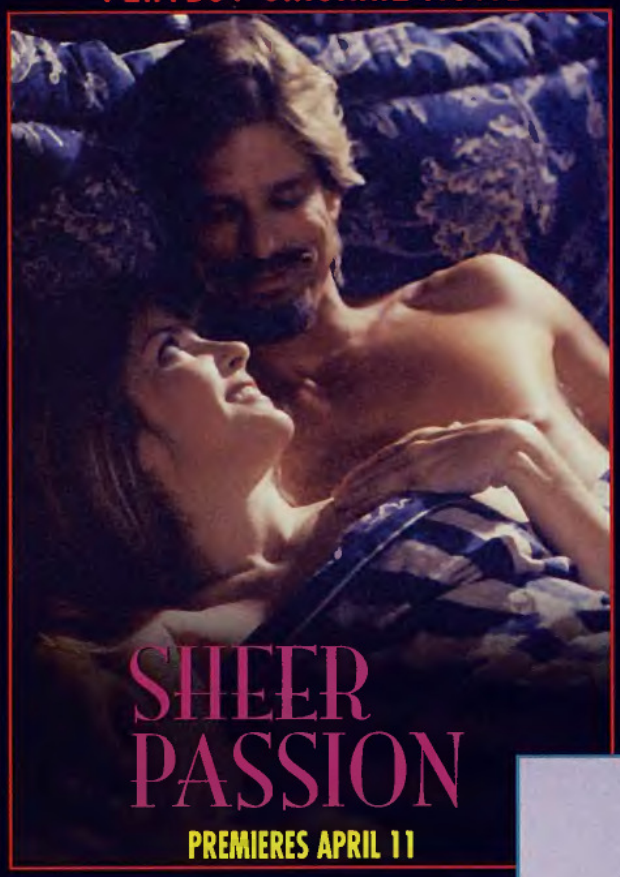


PLAYMATE HOSTS

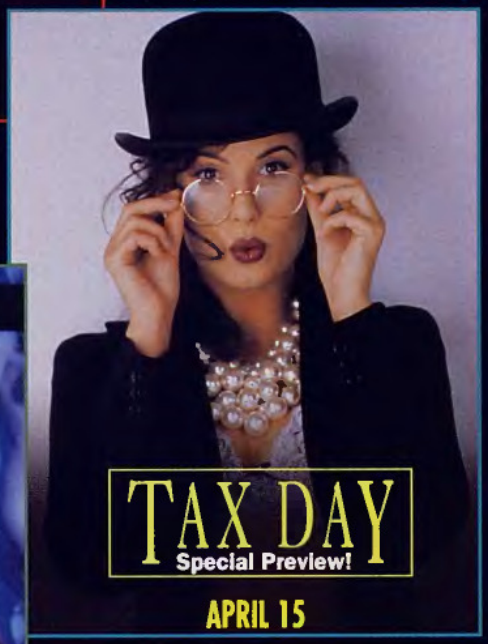
Holly Joan Hart
Miss April

Deanna Brooks
Miss May

more than you ever imagined...

This month, Playboy TV brightens the rainiest days. But stay inside for Playboy's Original Movie, *Sheer Passion*, when a cop-turned-fashion model dishes out law and order with seduction and grace. Then Juli Ashton brings the irreverent charm you love from *Night Calls* to *Essentially Juli: Friends*. You'll be teased and tantalized to the core! Next, a beautiful girlfriend gives an injured man the full treatment in the adult movie *Broken Promises*. And in the adult movie *The Vengeful Heart* a troubled couple attends a swinging social that leads to murder and betrayal. And finally, what better way to close this year's books and relax than with Playboy TV's *Tax Day Special Preview* on April 15? With Playboy TV, we promise an early return to full pleasure and passion — 24-hours a day!

SPECIAL PREVIEW



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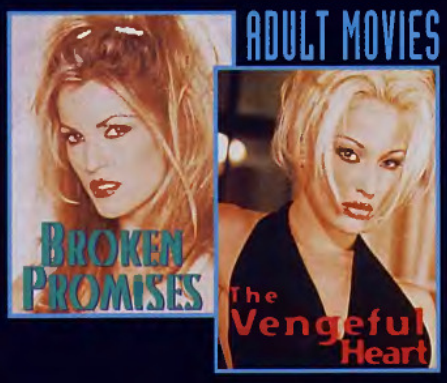

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

Whether you're snorkeling off Bimini or cave diving in the Maldives, you want your underwater gear to be anything but fishy. The Ocean Master knife pictured here, for example, has a five-inch half-serrated titanium blade that won't corrode, not even in the Dead Sea. (Who wants a dull knife when face-to-face with a barracuda?) SeaVision's dive mask features a color-correcting filter that removes or adjusts blue tones, enabling the wearer to see reds and yellows in deepening water. But perhaps the ultimate deep-sea status symbol is the Kronomarine chronograph-chronometer, which is not only water resistant to about 650 feet but also tells you the phases of the moon, among other things. For $6800 it ought to.

Below: The SeaLife ReefMaster automatic dive camera features an f:3.5 wide-angle lens and a "coral flash" that compensates for the blue appearance of close objects, by Pioneer Research ($200). SeaVision's underwater mask has a color-correcting filter (about $100). The Titanium Beta Alloy dive knife almost never needs sharpening and is available in blunt or pointed tip, by Ocean Master ($110, including a sheath). The limited-edition (500) Kronomarine chronograph-chronometer by Alain Silberstein features a full calendar and works at great depths ($6800).

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

Linda Lets Loose

LINDA LEE is a snowboarder, sky diver and belly dancer. You may have seen her on TV in *Silk Stalkings*, *Renegade* or *Pensacola*, or on video in *Hot Rods–Hot Bods*. The legs have it.

Watt Sheds Light

MIKE WATT has been pushing musical boundaries for 15 years. His CD, the punk opera *Contemplating the Engine Room*, is his latest effort. Catch his club act and savor his daring.

© RON GALELLA/GALELLA LTD

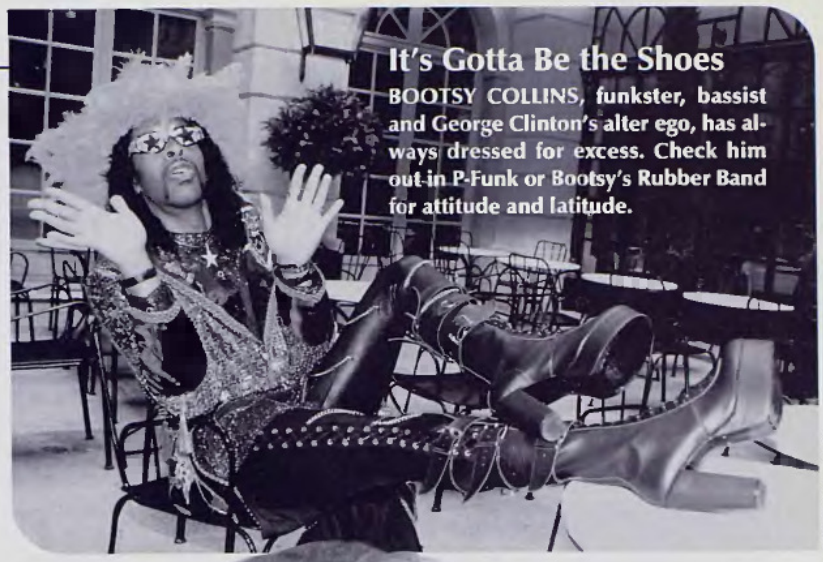
Gwyneth Pops Out

GWYNETH PALTROW can be seen in *Hush* with Jessica Lange and in the fall remake of *Dial M for Murder*, *A Perfect Murder* with Michael Douglas. Offscreen we found her in basic black, showing off her assets.

© STEVE TORRES

Revealing Shannon

Did you catch SHANNON MARQUEZ' swimsuit segment on *Extra*? The Hawaii-based model can be found on the Girls of Bikini Tropix Web site: bikinitropix.com. Click on.



It's Gotta Be the Shoes

BOOTSY COLLINS, funkster, bassist and George Clinton's alter ego, has always dressed for excess. Check him out in P-Funk or Bootsy's Rubber Band for attitude and latitude.

© DOMINIQUE CHAPMAN/RETNA

Tiffany Unzipped

Texas Bikini Team member TIFFANY YEZAK appeared on the cover of *Sport* magazine and was a Page Three girl in 1997. She's page one with us.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Gathering Moss

KATE MOSS commands a runway, and we're grateful. Moss strutted for Stella McCartney at Chloé last fall and also for Chanel this spring. Lord, do we love that see-through fabric.

THE SIN ALSO RISES

Avarice, envy, gluttony, lust, pride, sloth and wrath: Who could ask for anything more? They're all in *The Seven Deadly Sins*, "a wicked anthology of wit and wisdom" compiled by Steve Dobell (who also wrote *Down the Plughole: An Irreverent History of the Bath*). Pick a sin, any sin, and you'll find a pithy comment worth committing to memory, including Mae West's "When I'm good I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad I'm better" and Groucho Marx' observation that "a man is as young as the woman he feels." Price: $11.95, in bookstores.

GRAB A BITE

No, Mike Tyson and Marv Albert aren't spokesmen for Bite, the first and only imported (from Austria) sour-apple liqueur distributed in the U.S. Downed as a shot or used as a mixer, all-natural, unfiltered Bite has a tanginess and a 30-proof punch that make it a fun drink for the beach. Down a shot with a Gummi Bear for a sweet-and-sour effect. Price: about $18. Call 847-678-0685 to find out where it's sold.

DAVE CALVER

RINGS ON HER FINGERS AND SMELLS ON HER TOES

Want your girlfriend's fingertips to hint of jasmine and her toes to reek of roses? Or how about red hots and licorice or roasted nuts and bubblegum? (Well, maybe not.) Tuff Scent-ence has created the world's first scented nail polish, available in more than 50 colors and aromas, from berries (berry red) to rainy day (metallic gray). Nordstrom, Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue and other top-notch stores carry Tuff Scent-ence, priced about $12 a half-ounce bottle. Call 888-649-TUFF for more information.

ABBE SENNETT

HELLO, BABY FACE

In the wake of cigars and martinis comes another smooth ritual: the straight-razor shave. *The Art of Shaving*, a 15-minute instructional video that was listed by the *Los Angeles Times* as one of the most "see-worthy tapes" of the year, shows you how to achieve a clean, close, barbershop shave at home. On the tape, Nick (a guy who yearns for a shave that doesn't end in bloodshed) searches southern California for shaving guidance, stopping at 17 barbershops and consulting the region's master barbers along the way. Helpful tips: how to get hot lather from a cold shaving-cream canister, how to shave the face as an entity separate from the neck, how to prepare skin before a shave and how to shave with the grain of the hair shaft. Price: $10. Call 213-662-2778 to order.

TOBACCO MODE

As far back as 1914, the Parisian firm Parfums d'Orsay advertised that its perfume Chevalier d'Orsay "harmonizes with the aroma of a cigar." In France, there's a revival of the d'Orsay line of fragrances, and Chevalier d'Orsay is available again. The scent is fresh, settling into a base that hints of amber and musk—just like a vintage smoke. A 3.4-ounce splash bottle costs $75. Call 800-218-4918 for info.

JOHN LARGE

SATURDAY EVENING PIN-UPS

Known as "the Norman Rockwell of cheesecake," pin-up artist Gil Elvgren created some of the most memorable calendar and advertising art of the 1900s. *Elvgren: His Life & Art*, the artist's first complete biography, includes 350 color images and is co-authored by his son, Drake Elvgren. Price: $39.95, or $69.95 for a version with a centerfold and a slipcase. To order a copy, call 800-423-1848.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL NAUGHTY DOLL

Now that Barbie has been politically corrected, Racy, an 11½" blonde stripper doll with realistic adult body features, is turning Ken's head like a pinwheel. The "world's first erotic fashion doll–adult action figure" (according to the maker, R.C. Inc., an Internet-based adult merchandising group) is number one in a series of limited-edition naughty dolls (a sexy nurse and a wet–T-shirt doll are in the works). Visit Racy at her Web site, www.racydoll.com, or call 302-834-2215. Price: $30, including tiny play money to tuck into her teeny-weeny G-string.

LEAGUES OF THEIR OWN

Most of us recognize major league baseball uniforms past and present, but now Blue Marlin, a company in San Francisco, has duplicated much of the gear of the Latin, Negro and minor leagues. Pictured here: a Cuban Sugar Kings T-shirt ($29), a Havana henley ($60), a Jersey City Giants hat ($30) and a New York Black Yankees zip-front sweatshirt ($75). All are on sale at Urban Outfitters, or call 888-258-6756 to order a catalog.

LEGENDARY LEVINE

Readers of PLAYBOY are familiar with the work of David Levine, whose black-and-white caricatures have accompanied many personality profiles in the magazine, including John Holmes and Don King. Levine is also a prolific watercolorist and his works from the past five years will be exhibited at Manhattan's Forum Gallery, 745 Fifth Avenue, May 13 to June 13. Pictured here is *Past and Present, 1993*, a watercolor that's part of Levine's Coney Island series. The price: $27,000. Caricatures start at $3000; a $25 catalog can be obtained by calling Forum Gallery at 212-355-4545.

NEXT MONTH

SMOLDERING SIXTIES

VARGAS LLOSA FICTION

CUBA LIBRE

IT'S A *BAYWATCH* WORLD

THE FABULOUS WOMEN OF BAYWATCH—SURF. SUN. SAND. SKIMPY SWIMSUITS. IT'S A *BAYWATCH* WORLD. CHECK OUT OUR SPECIAL TENTH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE TO TV'S LUSCIOUS LIFESAVERS, INCLUDING OUR VERY OWN **PAMELA ANDERSON LEE, MARLIECE ANDRADA** AND **CARMEN ELECTRA**

BARRY SCHECK—THE FIERCELY PASSIONATE LAWYER WHO DEFENDED O.J. SIMPSON AND THE BOSTON NANNY PRESENTS HIS CASE ON LOST SOULS AND DOING GOD'S WORK, AND TALKS ABOUT THE FIRE THAT TORE HIS FAMILY APART—PROFILE BY **PAUL SCHWARTZMAN**

NASCAR—THIS YEAR'S DAYTONA 500 HAD PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT, WITH ROUGH AND TOUGH DALE EARNHARDT BEATING BADASS JEFF GORDON. **GEOFFREY NORMAN** VISITS THE WILDEST PITS IN THE SOUTH

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—SEX, DRUGS, ROCK AND ROLL, BUNNIES, BOND AND WOODSTOCK. **JAMES R. PETERSEN** RECALLS THE SEDUCTIVE SIXTIES (WHAT REALLY HAPPENED DURING THAT BLURRY DECADE?) IN PART SEVEN

THE NOTEBOOKS OF DON RIGOBERTO—A WOMAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE WITH ANOTHER MAN TELLS HER HUSBAND OF HER AMAZING ADVENTURES—FICTION BY **MARIO VARGAS LLOSA**

HOW TO PICK STOCKS—YOUR BEST BETS ARE—PENCILS READY—UNDERVALUED ONES. **CHRISTOPHER BYRON** REVEALS THE DOS AND DON'TS OF PORTFOLIO BUILDING

PAUL REISER—THE QUIRKY COMEDIAN AND AUTHOR KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS, BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR HIS COMIC MUSINGS ON *SEINFELD*, HELEN HUNT AND HIS FUTURE WITH NBC—A MAD PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

PLUS: GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS, THE MINIDISC INVASION, A PICTORIAL TO BREAK THE ZOUNDS BARRIER, AND CUBA'S HOT EXPORT, **MARIA LUISA GIL**

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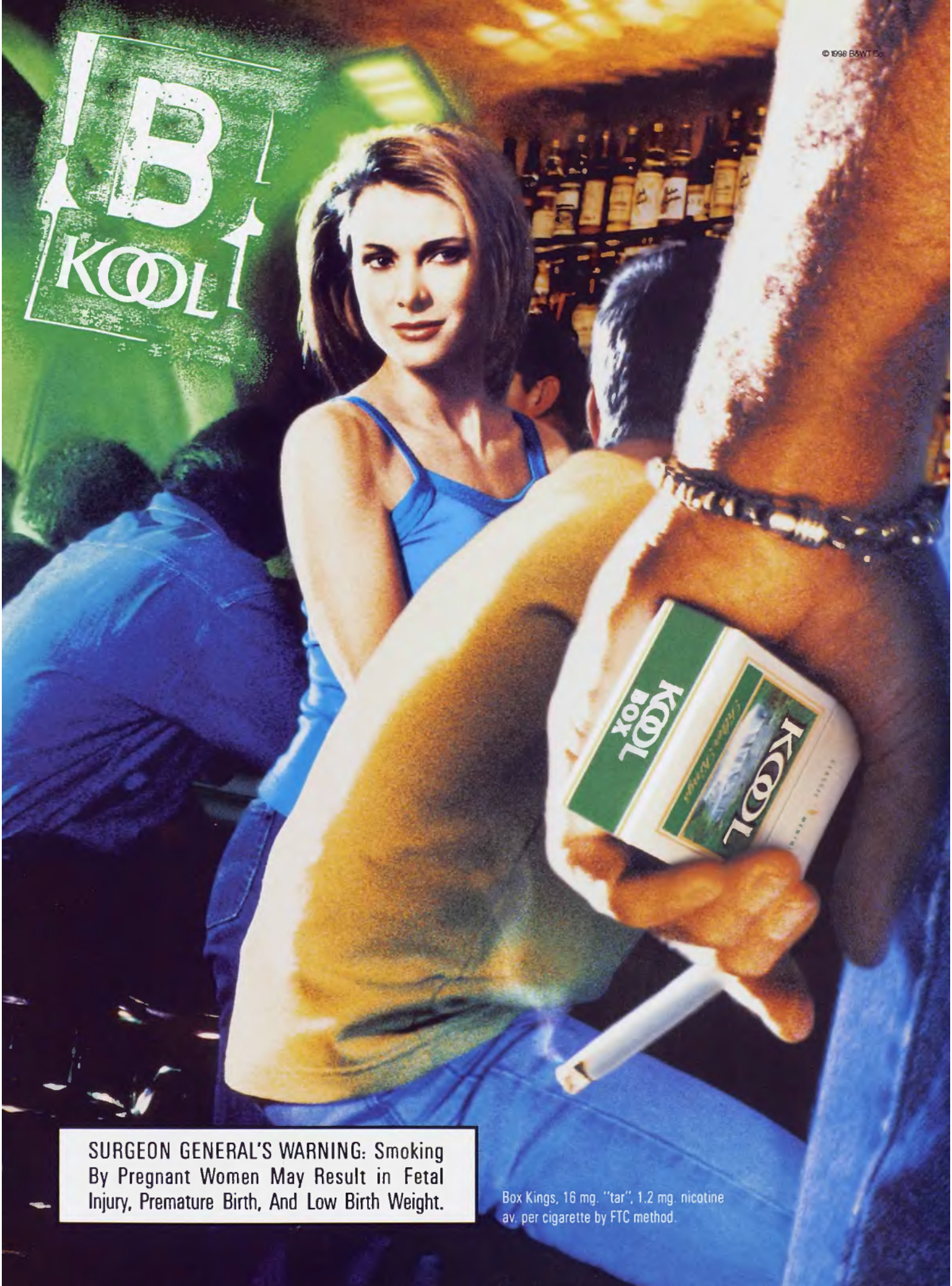
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